COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE – *The Pirate Sa*

MRS W J WHITZEL
1652 VIRGINIA AVE
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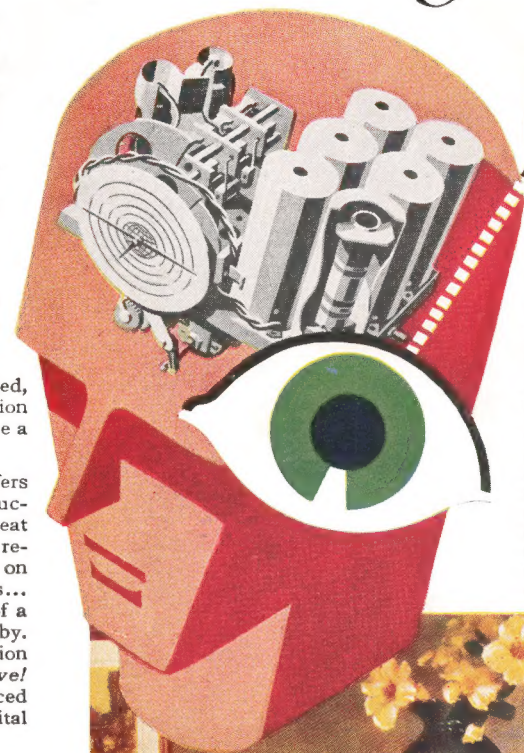
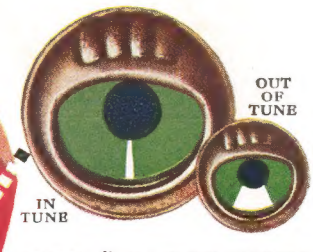
RCA's New 1936 "Magic Brain" has an Eye!

Thrilling new sets bring you even greater performance by the famous "Magic Brain" and the "Magic Eye"

—ANOTHER RCA VICTOR FIRST!





THE "MAGIC EYE"

How it brings you perfect tuning!

The "Magic Eye", an electronic "beam"... which looks much like a human eye... tells when you are precisely in tune. No more blurred reception or "off-center" tone. Turn the set on, a colored shadow appears on the "Magic Eye". Dial, and it gets larger or smaller as if focusing on an object. When the station is tuned in for its most perfect reception, the shadow is smaller. You have tuned in with your eyes... more sharply than any human ear could.

RCA Victor's "Magic Brain" brings you the finished, realistic performance you've long wanted! And, in addition to a startling "Magic Brain", the 1936 models also have a new, scientific development—the "Magic Eye"!

New Precision of Reception—The "Magic Brain" offers a new thrill in home radio—"Studio Tone"! Reproduction so clear and true, so vivid it actually seems to seat you right in the broadcast studio. This sharp, precise reception is possible because the "Brain" *concentrates* on the program you want. It may come from foreign lands... may be a flyer above the clouds... police in pursuit of a criminal... amateurs... or a domestic station nearby. Whatever it is, wherever it is, you get the best reception possible, giving you full tone, making reception really *live!* Annoying noises, and other interferences, are reduced more than ever by the "armoured watchman" tube, a vital part of all "Magic Brain" receivers!

Micro-matic Tuning—RCA's latest achievement—the "Magic Eye"—makes tuning a real pleasure. With this super-sensitive electronic eye you see faint signals you might never hear, tuning them with new ease and accuracy.

Still More Features—The new radios have RCA Metal Tubes—the greatest tube development in 28 years. *More* tubes than ever. The "Selector", a new range dial which exposes *only* the wave band in use. New cabinet design which scientifically affords better tone reproduction. Advanced cabinet styling for truly luxurious beauty. And prices to please your purse!

See and hear these magnificent sets at your RCA Victor dealer's today. And meet the miraculous "Magic Eye"—eye to "eye"! RCA Manufacturing Co., Inc., Camden, N.J. A subsidiary of the Radio Corporation of America. *Put new life in your present radio—install RCA Radio Tubes.* You can buy RCA Victor radios on C. I. T. Corp. easy payment plan.

PRICES FROM $19.95 to $550.00

(*subject to change without notice*)

f. o. b. Camden, New Jersey, including home, automobile and farm radios and radio-phonographs. And remember, any set works better with RCA Antenna systems.

RCA Victor Super De Luxe Console Model C-15-3 (Right). A 15-tube "Magic Brain" radio with "Magic Eye". 5 bands. Oversize speaker. New "Selector" dial. Automatic volume control. Magnificent cabinetry. $250.

METAL TUBES TOO!

RCA Victor Console Model C-11-1 (Left). An 11-tube "Magic Brain" radio with new "Magic Eye". 3 bands, long and short wave. New "Selector" airplane dial. Automatic volume, high tone control. Voice, music control. Exquisite cabinet. $150.

RCA VICTOR

The world's greatest artists are on Victor Records

1725-1798
CASANOVA
Chevalier de Seingalt
THE WORLD'S GREATEST LOVER

Take a tip from *CASANOVA*

HE left a trail of broken hearts from Warsaw to Naples and from Constantinople to Paris, this swashbuckling, diplomatic, engaging soldier of fortune known to history as Casanova. Women high and women low, women brilliant and women dull, all found him fascinating . . . And not the least of his charms was his astonishing fastidiousness. Centuries before halitosis was a household word, he realized that unpleasant breath was a fault that could not be forgiven even in him. Consequently, before he awooing went, it was his habit to chew the leaves of certain fragrant herbs that would quickly render his breath sweet and agreeable.

If halitosis (bad breath) were an uncommon condition, few would be concerned about it. Unfortunately, however, it is an ever-present threat. Everyone is likely to have it at some time or other for this reason: even in normal mouths fermentation of tiny food particles constantly goes on. Unpleasant odors are released *without the victim knowing it.*

Don't take a chance

Since it is impossible to know when this condition is present, the wise course is to take sensible precautions against it. The quick, wholly delightful method is to use Listerine as a mouth rinse before any engagement at which you wish to appear your best. Because it is antiseptic, Listerine instantly halts fermentation. Then it overcomes the odors fermentation causes. The breath—indeed the entire mouth—becomes cleaner, purer and sweeter.

Keep a bottle of this delightful mouth wash handy at all times. It *is* your assurance that you will not offend others needlessly; that you will be welcome.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

Listerine puts your breath beyond offense

QUICKLY CHECKS HALITOSIS

NOVEMBER 1935 • THE MAGAZINE OF TODAY AND TOMORROW • VOL. CXX NO. 5

THE American MAGAZINE

EDGAR WHEELER, MANAGING EDITOR SUMNER BLOSSOM, EDITOR ALBERT LEFCOURTE, ART DIRECTOR

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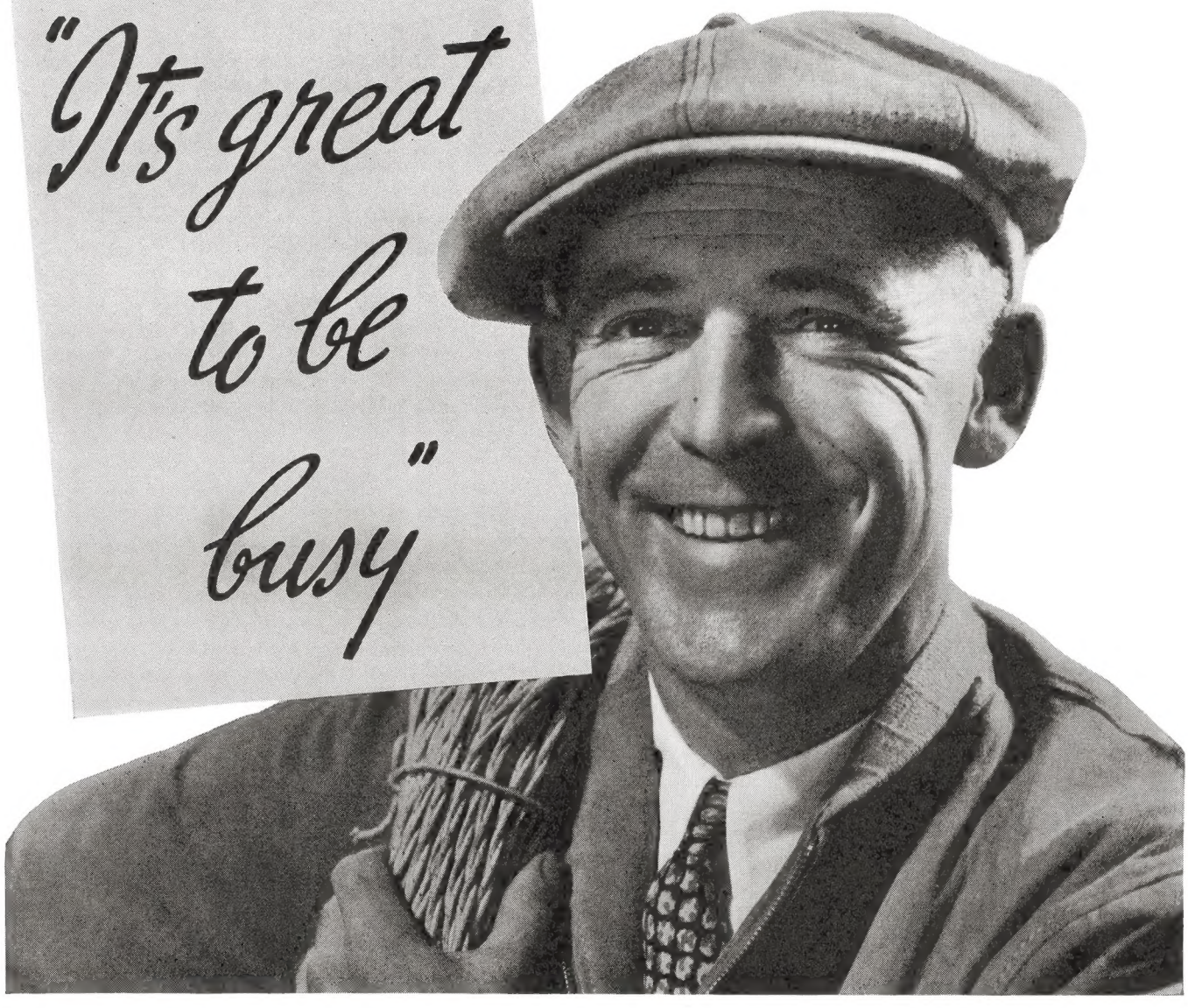
"It's great to be busy"



"I'm a telephone installer and I like to be busy. A good many people are calling up these days and saying they would like to have a telephone put in.

"Often they will make an appointment and it's my job to be there on the dot. The company is a stickler for that. More than 97% of the appointments made with subscribers are now met at the exact time requested. We're trying to do even better than that.

"Seems to me it's something worth while—putting in a telephone. People always seem happier when I tell them they are connected and everything is O.K. Especially if they have been without the telephone for a little while. Most everybody says the same thing—'We missed it.'

"Well, I hope it keeps up. It means a lot to have a telephone in the house and it means a lot to us fellows who work for the telephone company."

The Bell System employs a total of 270,000 *men and women. They are your friends and neighbors. Good business for the telephone company is a sign of prosperity in the country.*

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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The Bounty Sails Again !

THREE years ago all the world thrilled to the story of one of the greatest exploits in history—the voyage of the "Bounty"—penned by the master hands of Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall.

Now out of the pages of this romantic adventure comes a picture which captures all the spirit, all the glamour of the original. To witness it is to be one of the crew of the "Bounty" . . . for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have left nothing undone to assure absolute fidelity to the story—a story of hardship and peril on the open sea—of young love on an enchanted tropical island.

An M-G-M production unit journeyed 14,000 miles to tropical waters to film scenes in the exotic and colorful locale of the story. The "Bounty" was faithfully rebuilt down to the smallest detail from the original plans loaned by the British Admiralty. Nearly two years of preparation—produced at a cost of more than $2,000,000 . . . and all that has been learned during 20 years of motion picture production poured into it. High adventure awaits you at the theatre which shows "Mutiny on the Bounty"!

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY

with

CHARLES LAUGHTON · CLARK GABLE · FRANCHOT TONE

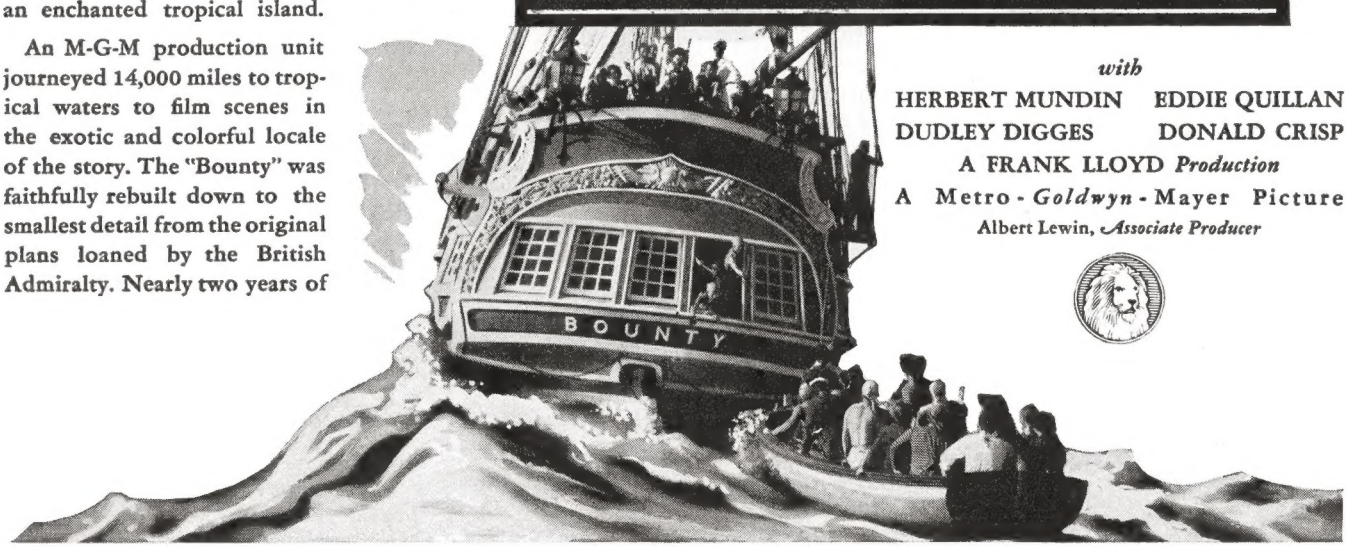
with

HERBERT MUNDIN EDDIE QUILLAN
DUDLEY DIGGES DONALD CRISP

A FRANK LLOYD *Production*

A Metro-*Goldwyn*-Mayer Picture

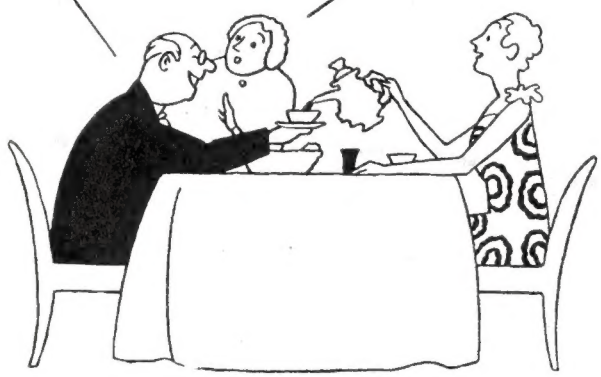
Albert Lewin, *Associate Producer*



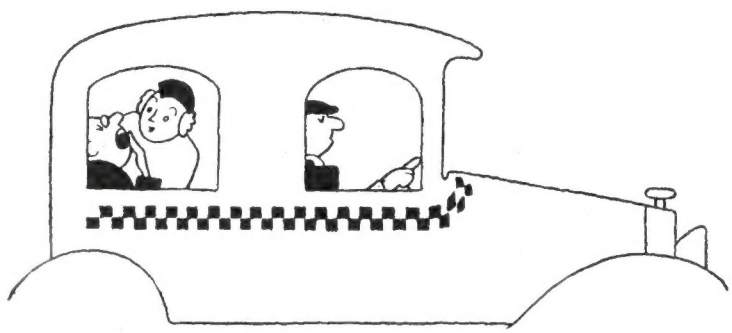
The joke was on Jane!

"JUST A LITTLE MORE, BETTY. THAT'S THE MOST GLORIOUS COFFEE I EVER TASTED. WHERE DID YOU GET IT?"

"NOW JACK! YOU *KNOW* YOU'LL NEVER SLEEP!"



(LATER) *BUT JACK WAS READY FOR THE SANDMAN BEFORE THE TAXI REACHED HOME.*



(NEXT MORNING) "BETTY, WHAT WAS THAT COFFEE? JACK'S STILL RAVING ABOUT IT. AND HE SLEPT LIKE A CHILD."

"IT'S KAFFEE-HAG COFFEE, JANE, PERKED TWICE AS LONG AS ORDINARY COFFEE."

Kellogg's

KAFFEE-HAG COFFEE

(Pronounced Kaffee-HAIG)

REAL COFFEE • FINE COFFEE • 97% CAFFEINE-FREE

Here is a coffee that will arouse the cheers of all your friends — yet let them sleep like three-year-olds. Kaffee-Hag is a blend of the world's best coffees—with all the flavor in, but 97% of the caffeine out. At your grocer's or send 15c for 20-cup sample to the Kellogg Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Are You Being Fair To Yourself?

HOW many times have you been told "You couldn't earn money—whatever could you do!" With a sinking heart you have accepted this fact—but you aren't happy. You don't like to feel that you are entirely dependent on others. Your hands—you've looked at them and thought "I can sew, I can keep house, I can prepare food, but doing these things doesn't bring me the extra money I need to keep happy."

What a pity—for I know that you, like thousands of other girls and women, are capable of earning money at home. You don't need experience and right now you should do what Mrs. Hornbeck of California did six years ago—and that is write to the Pin Money Club—a money-making department of The American Magazine. Last year Mrs. Hornbeck earned over $150 in her spare moments.

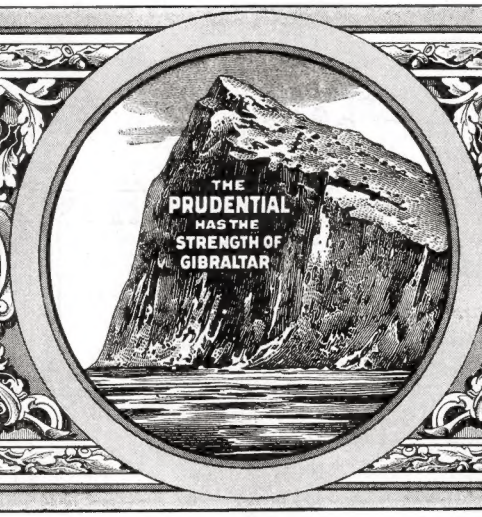
Perhaps you want money for a facial now and then, or for a permanent wave, or for new winter clothes, possibly a fur coat. Do you often find that you can't afford to take the money from your weekly budget to have lunch in town or for a matinee? Lots of women do, but not Pin Money Club members. They do not sit at home with folded hands, wishing for the good times others enjoy. They earn money in their spare moments.

Won't You Make This Test?

WRITE me today and say, "I am tired of not being fair to myself." Then I'll immediately send you our Club booklet. It tells you how you can make money easily and, if necessary, right in your home.

Margaret Clarke

Secretary, Pin Money Club
The American Magazine
Department M
250 Park Avenue New York City



Use Some of Today's Dollars for Tomorrow's Needs

YOUR incoming dollars go or stay, as you direct. You spend them now or conserve them for later use.

Are you content with the portion you are now retaining? If not, consider life insurance as a wise method of deferred spending. Your dollars change into goods and services, for you or your beneficiary, in the day of greater necessity.

We will gladly prepare a plan to meet your particular needs and means. Liberal death benefits if your first thought should be protection; or ample old-age funds if that seems desirable; or a practical combination of the two.

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NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

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AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS

FOUNDED IN 1884 BY FRANKLIN H. SARGENT

THE foremost institution for Dramatic and Expressional Training in America. The courses of the Academy furnish the essential preparation for Teaching and Directing as well as for Acting.

Fall Term, opening October 26th; Winter Term begins January 15th.

For Catalog address the Secretary, Room 266-K, Carnegie Hall, New York

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Practical training. Students play in stage productions; also before casting directors. Auditions secured for screen "tests." Chance to act in "Theatre Stock Co." Our graduates now on stage, screen. Write for Free Booklet "A9," "Broadway," New York's Oldest Screen School. **Harrison Lewis Screen & Stage School, Steinway Hall, New York, N. Y.**

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(41st year) Graduates: Lee Tracy, Peggy Shannon, Fred Astaire, Una Merkel, Zita Johann, etc. Drama, Dance, Speech, Musical Comedy, Opera, Personal Development, Culture. Stock Theatre Training appearances while learning. For catalog write **Sec'y Ely, 66 West 85 St., New York**

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A school with a winter home in Florida. Preparation for college under ideal climatic conditions all year. Oldest private military school in America. For booklet, address **Col. Chas. B. Richmond, Pres., Box M, Lyndon, Ky.**

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The American Magazine
NOVEMBER 1935

Individualism

THE only way to make the world really better is by improving the men and women in it. Government improves so little from generation to generation because too much attention is given to system, too little to personnel. . .

These lines are the substance of an editorial I read not long ago in a college publication. I quote them here, not only because I believe they are true, but because they sprang from the mind of a young man at a time when various systems of government were capturing the imagination of Youth, by the belief that by their adoption real benefits would automatically ensue; that some new law would accomplish those things which depend for their accomplishment upon individual character and initiative.

I WOULD add to his utterance only one thing—namely: that the only method which will make the world better by improving the men and women in it is for the individual to improve himself.

Character is not developed from a statute book. It is created and developed in ourselves. No government can make an individual honest. It can merely punish him for dishonesty. Nor can it make him efficient, charitable, friendly, or successful. We certainly have demonstrated that it cannot make him temperate. About all that government can do is to protect the individual while he develops into what he chooses to be and do. If his choice interferes with the right of others to be and do what they choose, then government can and should interfere, because individualism has been violated.

We have all seen individualism go mad. All of us can name persons who, by abusing the right to exercise their powers as individuals, have done more to create socialism and communism than any soapbox orator. The system under which they worked was not at fault. *They* were. I believe in individualism, but by individualism I mean the right to make oneself a better individual, more useful to others and to the community.

Any system of government you can propose—democratic, communistic, monarchical—must be administered by individuals. The only difference is the method by which the individual administering the government is selected. What those individuals are counts far more than the system under which they function. If they are chosen by the people, the results attained will be dependent upon the individuals that choose them. The character of a nation is simply a composite of the characters of its people. A good people ultimately have a good government, no matter what their system.

THERE may be a tendency among the people of our nation at present to rely too much upon the power of government. Of course, the hungry must be fed, the naked clothed, the sick and injured cared for, and, when the necessity arises, as it has now with us, the government must see that all these things are done. But an emergency should not be accepted as a normal state of affairs. Recovery should mean the lessening of government aid and the increase of individual effort.

If we are to continue with a good government, it is not so necessary to reconstruct its system as to reconstruct ourselves. We must do many of those things voluntarily which some think should be imposed upon us by law. Good citizenship requires the self-obligation to be honest, just, understanding, and industrious, not for oneself alone, but for society.

If we are going to have freedom of the individual, we must have individuals who justify that freedom.

Mr. Duffield is the president of The Prudential Insurance Company of America

EDWARD D. DUFFIELD
Guest Editorial Writer

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The Pirate Saint

SIMON TEMPLAR woke at the shout. He thought he was back in New York, and he jerked himself into full consciousness. He sat up, every sense alert.

Then the gentle lapping of the water against the sides of his boat reassured him, and he laughed softly to himself. He was cruising along the north coast of France in the ketch Corsair. His job in New York was finished. He had cleaned out a nest of racketeers in the only possible way, New York politics being what they were. He had used racketeering methods, cutting off a number of very unwholesome careers in their prime, and earning the wholehearted, if unofficial, gratitude of the New York police chief.

Simon Templar, known as "The Saint," turned over and prepared to go to sleep again. He deserved this vacation. He wasn't going to investigate strange noises. . . .

And then he heard the sharp voice of a gun, a yell, fainter, and a splash. . . .

He slid from between the blankets and swung his long legs over the side of the bunk with the effortless natural stealth of a cat.

On deck he stood motionless, listening. He heard the rumble of a train somewhere behind the strip of almost imperceptible luminousness that was Dinard. The murmur of indistinguishable voices somewhere across the water he heard also, and could build up his own picture from the plunk of shoe heels against timber and the grate of an oar slipping into its rowlock. But none of these sounds had the exact pitch of what he was listening for.

He heard it, presently—an ethereal

Fiction's modern Robin Hood in a thrilling story of sunken treasure and deep-sea adventure

An automatic flashed from the Saint's pocket and aimed with cold and murderous precision at Arnheim. "Get away from those controls!" he grated

By Leslie Charteris

SEE PAGE 45

swish of water a tiny pitter of stray drops from an incautiously lifted head tinkling back into the oily tide. Over in the fog where the voices had been muttering he heard the whir of a lanyard whipped from its coiling, and the sudden splutter of an outboard motor taking life.

Still Simon Templar did not move, but his immobility had an electric tension about it. And then he saw her.

He was standing so motionless, half cloaked by the deep shadow of the deck-house, that she had taken three more long strokes towards the ketch before she saw him. She stopped swimming abruptly, and stared up. And then, as the monotonous chugging of the pursuing outboard circled round and came closer, he caught in her upturned eyes a frantic forlorn-hope appeal, a desperate, voiceless entreaty.

HE LEANED over the side and grasped her wrist; and her first revelation of his steel-wire strength was the amazing ease with which he lifted her inboard with one hand. Without a word he pushed her down in the companionway and unhitched a fender, dipping it in the water to repeat the faint splash she had made as she came out.

At that moment the outboard loomed up through the mist and coughed itself to silence. The boat was gliding up under its own momentum, and he was able to make a swift summary of its occupants.

There were three of them. Two, in rough seamen's jerseys, sat in the stern sheets. The third man was sitting on one of the thwarts forward, but as the boat slid nearer he rose to his feet. From his position in the boat, his well-cut reefer jacket and white trousers, and the way he stood up, he was obviously the leader of the party. A tallish, well-built man with his hands resting in his coat pockets—a typical wealthy yachtsman. For a couple of seconds the Saint saw his face as the outboard hissed under the lee of the Corsair—a long, swarthy, black-browed face with a great eagle's beak of a nose.

Then the beam of a powerful flash-light in the hands of one of the seamen blazed on Simon's figure, and he knew that the dryness of his hair and his pajamas were noted and reduced to their place in the scheme of things. The light swept on, surveyed the ketch from stern to bow, rested on the name lettered there, and went flickering over the surrounding water.

"Lost something?" inquired Simon

Simon hastily pushed the girl into the cabin and turned to meet the search party. "Lost something?" he inquired genially

genially; and the light came back to him.

"Not exactly." The voice of the leader of the party was clear, and almost lackadaisical in its complete lack of expression. "Have you seen anyone swimming around here?"

"A few unemployed fish," murmured the Saint pleasantly. "Or are you looking for Channel swimmers? They usually hit the beach further east, towards Calais."

There was a barely perceptible pause before the man chuckled.

"No—nothing like that. Just one of our party took on a silly bet. I expect he's gone back."

Simon stood and watched the search party vanishing on their way into the fog, the seaman's flashlight blinking through the mist until it was lost to sight; and then he turned and slid down the companion into the saloon, switching on the lights as he did so. He drew the curtains over the portholes before he turned to look at the girl.

SHE had pulled off her bathing cap and her hair had tumbled to her shoulders in a soft disorder of chestnut rippled with spun gold. Her red mouth seemed to be of the quality that triumphs even over salt water; and the purely perfunctory covering of her attenuated bathing costume left room for no deception about the perfection of her slender, sun-gilt figure.

"A bit wet in the water tonight, isn't it?" Simon remarked coolly. He pulled open a drawer and selected a couple of towels. He detached a bathrobe from its hook and dropped that also on the couch.

"D'you prefer brandy or hot coffee?"

"Thanks, but I think I'd better be getting back—to collect my bet." She held out her hand, in a quick gesture of final friendliness, with a smile which ought to have left the Saint gasping dreamily after her until she was lost again in the night.

"Oh, yes." Simon took the hand, but he didn't complete the action by letting go of it. "Of course, I did hear something about a bet—"

"It—it was a rather stupid one, I suppose." She took her hand away, and her voice steadied itself and became clearer. "We were just talking about how easy it would be to get away with anything on a foggy night, and somehow it got around to my saying that I could swim to Dinard and back without their finding me—I suppose it all sounds very idiotic—"

The Saint smiled. He slipped a cigarette in his mouth, and then he stretched out his hand again. "By the way, that's a jolly-looking gadget."

THERE was a curious kind of thick rubber pouch strapped on the belt of her swim suit, and he had touched it before she could draw back.

"It's one of those waterproof carriers for cigarettes and a vanity case."

"No. May I look?"

But she stepped back before he could touch the case again.

"I—I think I'd better be getting back. Really. The others will be starting to worry about me."

"Perhaps they will. But I'm not going to let you swim. I'll run you back."

"It's sweet of you," she said hesitantly, "but I couldn't give you any more trouble."

"Then you ought to use those towels and decide about the brandy and—or coffee," said the Saint amiably. "Of course, it may compromise you a bit to stay here, but I'm broad-minded. And if this is going to be Romance, may I start by saying that your mouth is the loveliest—"

Her gray eyes darkened with a scrap of half incredulous fear. Then, as if she was putting the ridiculous idea away, she came forward resolutely and tried to pass him.

One of his long arms reached out effortlessly and closed the remainder of

the passage. She fought against it; but it was as immovable as a bar of iron. In a sudden flash of panic savagery she beat at his chest and shoulders with her fists. He laughed softly, without resentment; and she became aware that his other hand had been exploring the form of the little pouch on her belt.

"I thought it clunked," he murmured, "when I pulled you in. And yet you don't look as if you had a cast-iron vanity."

HER breath was coming faster now, and he knew that it was not only from her exertions.

"Have you thought," she asked, "what would happen if I screamed?"

There was pure delight in the Saint's chuckle. "Sister," he countered, "have you stopped to consider what would happen if *I* screamed?"

"What?"

"You see, it isn't as if this was your boat. This tub is mine, and you're trespassing. Presumably, you couldn't put up a story that I kidnapped you, because you're wearing a wet bathing costume, which would want a lot of explaining. Taking it by and large, you'd have to answer a lot of embarrassing questions."

The gray eyes cut him with ice-cold lights.

"I didn't think you were that sort of man."

"Oh, but I am. I want to know what this gay game is that starts shooting in the night and sends you swimming through the fog. I want to know what sort of bet it is that makes you go bathing with a gun on your belt."

The last fragment of his speech was not quite accurate. Even as he uttered it, her hand flashed to the pouch; and he looked down the muzzle of a tiny automatic.

"I'm going now," she said. "I'll count five while you get out of the way."

THE Saint's hand slid up the bulkhead and touched the light switch. For the first instant the darkness was absolute. And his fingers closed and tightened on her wrist. She struggled, and tripped against the couch, falling with him on the soft cushions. Her hand was numb, so she had no power to pull the trigger, and he took the automatic away.

As they had fallen, his lips were an inch from hers; (*Continued on page 136*)

Good Men Plowed Under

THE temperature was 103 degrees when I rode into the town of Missouri Valley, Iowa, on a truck. My driver, who was hauling new farm machinery into the wheat fields, had outbid the taximan at my last stop by $1.50 and two hours. The taximan couldn't accommodate me until he had met the local train. Business seemed to be looking up in the Middle West.

All the way up the slab, I kept telling the truck driver to keep his eyes open for relief men—he knew everybody in the county—who were working in the harvest fields along the road. And he kept telling me that all the relief men he knew were sitting on the curbstone in Missouri Valley by now, simply because they would not work in the harvest for more than two or three days at best. I told him to keep a sharp lookout, anyhow.

"You look on that side and I'll look on this," he said. "You can find them easily enough. But don't look in the fields. Look under the trees. That's where they'll be lying."

I didn't believe him. W. C. Cameron, federal relief administrator of Harrison County, had just stricken 150 able-bodied men from the relief rolls to force them to work in the harvest fields out of sheer want. And all through the Missouri River Valley, across southern Iowa, Nebraska, and the Dakotas, relief administrators had followed his example. The farmers had come to town for harvest hands, and the relief workers had turned them down. Too little money, they said, for too long hours. . . .

MY FRIEND, the truck driver, didn't quite tell the truth—not quite. Some of the relief men, deprived of their government income, I found, were shocking and bundling wheat with a will, really toiling for hard-earned cash for the first time since Uncle Sam put them on a pension. They had been accepting relief money, first from the Public Works Administration (PWA), then the Civics Works Administration (CWA) then from the Federal Emergency Relief Administration (FERA)—all the same relief system under different names.

But they were toiling now only temporarily while waiting for the organization of the Works Progress Administration (WPA) to carry them through the winter.

To prove his point that relief workers weren't working, the truck driver unloaded me right in front of a line of curbstone sitters near the pool hall.

"There y' are," he said. "Ask 'em yourself."

"Ask 'em what?" smirked a tall, lanky youth with an Adam's apple.

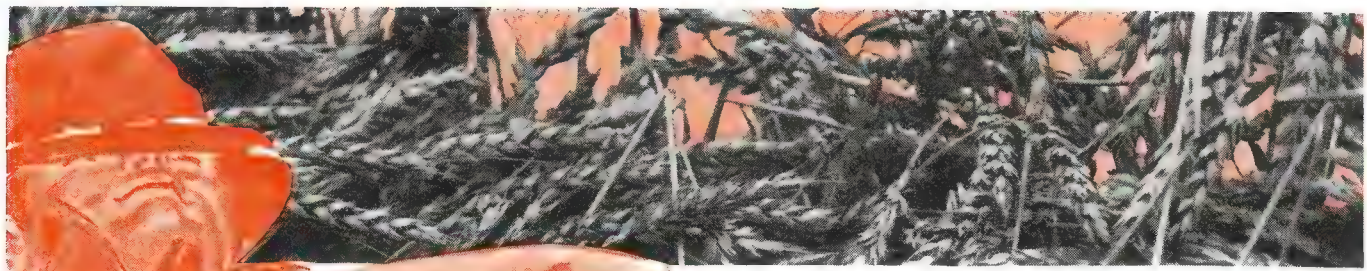
"Why you won't work," roared the truck driver, throwing her into gear and starting away.

Nobody seemed abashed. I had expected more of stalwart, self-sufficient Midwesterners, among whom I had been

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C. W. MARSH FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

While the harvest offered jobs . . .

relief workers went on strike . . .



DRAWING BY FRED FREEMAN

Two years ago they proudly refused relief. . . . A year ago they accepted it gladly. . . . This year they demand it

By Hubert Kelley

reared, myself. They used to be a proud people, out here in the corn and wheat lands.

"Guess he means the harvest fields," said the lad with the Adam's apple, sniggering.

They looked at one another all down the line, some of them sullenly, some of them with curious—I thought cunning—smiles. I just stood there, somewhat taken aback. They didn't even ask me who I was. They reminded me of children, who take inquiries for granted without resentment.

"I'm back on relief, myself," said the Adam's apple. "Ain't you, Fred?"

"Yeah," said Fred. "Cain't work. Cain't stand the sun."

"Underpayin' me," said the first plaintively. "'Spected me to work ten hours a day for $1.50. Cain't be done. Jes' couldn't stand the heat . . . too weak and hungry."

"But you don't make $1.50 a day on relief," I suggested.

"But I don't work no ten or twelve hours a day, neither," he retorted, while the line on the curbstone guffawed. One man spat in the street and whooped. . . .

I went to the government's county relief office at Logan, fifteen minutes away. Mr. Cameron, the administrator, had "purged" the relief rolls of able-bodied men and had gone away for a vacation. His assistant, a (*Continued on page 130*)

. . . or stood in line for government doles

Helpful Herman

BECAUSE of the inclination of the earth's axis to the plane of the ecliptic and the position of our planet in the solar merry-go-round, a hard winter broke up along the Atlantic seaboard. Apple Tree Lane flowed down toward Burnley with a gentle, gurgling sound. The presiding genius of Tinkham's Garage shed two layers of protective coverings as he went about on his errands of healing mercy. And one sunny morning Virginia Baylor, fair, slim, and twenty, navigated her car to the headwaters of the lane, ran into the office of the garage, and gave Tink his annual kiss. In other words, it was spring.

George W. Baylor, eminent New York lawyer who spent half the year in Burnley, had been a customer of Tink's for many years, and the blond, blue-eyed, radiant Virginia had had the run of the shop since childhood. The Baylor family held Tink in affectionate esteem as a motor mechanic, friend, and member of the human race.

"How you been, Jin?" he asked in his high, squeaky, complaining voice. "You don't look a day over forty." This was as near as the cantankerous bachelor ever came to paying a compliment.

Virginia climbed up on the desk among the catalogues and bills payable, and lighted up the little office like a hundred-watt bulb. She was fine, thank you, only a little tired from a busy social season in New York and glad to get back to the peace and quiet of Burnley.

"Tink, I have something important to tell you."

The lanky garage man stuffed his pipe and said, "Shoot."

"A lovely new gemp'man has come into my life."

"Now the traffic jam in Mayfield Road will be worse than ever." Tink thus referred to the cars of admirers which clogged up the scenery around Virginia's home.

"No, this isn't a boy friend. It's an uncle. Uncle Herman Vogel, and he's a perfect darling."

He was Mother's older brother, it was explained. He arrived yesterday, driving his own car from St. Petersburg, Florida, where he had spent the winter showing the smart alecks a few things about pitching horseshoes.

"He's sixty-five, but he goes like sixty. You'll get a big kick out of Uncle Herman. He wouldn't come with me this morning because he's down-cellar fixing a leaky pipe."

"Comes in handy to have a plumber in the family."

"Uncle Herman can fix anything. He's a retired business man and a widower, and he has nothing to do but

A Tink story

By Howard Brubaker

The twins were determined to give Uncle the works . . . to run him ragged with entertainment until he would wish he had never been born

visit around, brightening people's lives."

"I suppose Jane and June are still in school?" Tink asked. "I haven't seen their names in the crime news."

"Yes, the twins won't be home till late in May. Don't change the subject, Tink. Uncle used to be a big pickle packer in Larabella, Indiana."

"A pickle king, huh?"

"Well, no, maybe grand duke. He sold out to Chicago interests a few years ago and he's supposed to have soaked them for a good, round sum." Virginia looked around as if to make sure she would not be overheard. "I hate to peddle scandal but I'd better tell you the truth about Uncle. You'll only hear it in some low beer joint. He made his money out of a delicacy called—'Bitzie Witzies.'"

Tink rallied from this blow.

"Even so—if he's trying to lead a better life, let's not condemn him for one false step. None of us is perfect."

"That's very broad-minded—"

Here the telephone interrupted, and Tink said into the transmitter:

"Yes, she's right here, Mrs. Baylor. Just a minute." As he handed her the receiver he said, "Your mother sounds kind of jittery."

Virginia took the message and reported to Tink:

"It's nothing serious. Uncle Herman set the house afire when he was plumbing. They put it out, with no damage, but Mother needs me."

"The second day here and he starts to burn the house. Uncle seems to be a rapid little worker."

TINK was a man who could bear other people's troubles with fortitude.

"I'll bring him around to see you soon."

"Okay, baby. I've got fire insurance."

Such was the introduction to Burnley of Helpful Herman, the former Grand Duke of Pickledom, little friend of all the world, free-lance nuisance, cello player, sobbing baritone, trouble shooter, busybody, and pain in Tink's honest, rough neck.

The next day Virginia brought the perfect darling up the Lane and introduced him.

Uncle Herman was a short, round, cheery little man with iris-blue eyes. From under his hat there protruded, surprisingly, a mass of curly, fluffy, golden hair. This was merely a fringe, however, for the rest of his head proved to be quite void of vegetation. A heavy watch chain across his mid-section bore the image of a rabbit suspended by its ears, the emblem of the White Rabbit Lodge, of which he was a high official.

"Happy to meet you, Duke," said Tink. "Have you burned any houses this morning?"

The round face broke into dimples,

and the new visitor told Tink: "They ought to've let it burn up and used the insurance money to build something up-to-date."

"Uncle Herman doesn't think so much of our lovely colonial house," the girl said.

"You folks here in the East are 'way behind the times." Mr. Vogel gazed around with wonder at the converted barn which was Tink's workshop. "If this isn't the darn'dest place. What's the idea of having a garage way down here where nobody can get to it?"

Tink explained this:

"You see, Duke, practically nobody ever pays me anything and I lose money on every job. So the less work I do, the better off I am. It's very simple."

"I'll have to give some thought to your problem, Tink."

"No, thanks. I'm satisfied."

"You ought to see the Okay Garage out in Larabella, Indiana."

"Is there a town by that name?"

TINK was sorry he asked, because he let himself in for a free lecture upon this modern paradise with its twenty-six miles of paved streets, its thirty-nine miles of sewers, its wealth of plate-glass windows, automobiles, radios, and oil-burning furnaces.

"You don't see any of these old-fashioned houses around there. No, siree, sir. Burnley is old-fogy."

Tink looked out through the open door of the garage, and his face darkened.

"Who," he asked, "left that roller skate out there? Somebody's liable to step on it and sprain their ankle."

"That is Uncle Herman's Tom Thumb car. It needs a valve and carbon job. When could you—?"

"Be yourself, Jin! Would I stoop so low as to work on a Tom Thumb? Next thing somebody will ask me to fix a motorcycle."

"She's a mighty good little bus, all right," said Uncle Herman. "I can get better than thirty miles to the gallon of gas out of her. You don't catch me throwing away good money hauling a heavy machine around. No, siree, sir."

"Well, take your kiddie car to the Servatory on the Post Road. Those guys have no principles. They'll do anything for money."

Virginia tactfully changed the subject, but presently she backed Tink into a corner and cajoled him. She could not bear the thought that someone near and dear to her should have repair work done at the Servatory.

"I'd hang my old gray head in shame."

She made such a personal matter of it that Tink finally agreed to work on the revolting midget, and a date was made for the next day. So the Baylors' attack of uncleitis promptly spread to Tinkham's Garage. . . .

At nine the next morning Virginia drove her own car up Apple Tree Lane, her uncle following in that low form of mechanical life, the Tom Thumb, which he drove into the shop.

"I hope nobody saw you coming here," Tink growled.

"I tried to pretend he was a total stranger to me," snickered Virginia.

"You can bring him back for it in the late afternoon," the mechanic said. "I wouldn't drive the thing home myself."

"No, siree, sir. I'll stay here and give you a few pointers," said the smiling pickle duke.

Virginia threw Tink a derisive grin, ran out to her car, and drove away. A fine friend she turned out to be, dumping her dippy uncle on him that way!

"I'm a great one for getting acquainted with folks and trying to give them a helping hand," said the self-made guest.

He took a little cigar out of a paper packet, lighted it, and made himself at home. Tink was trapped. He could not kick Mrs. Baylor's brother out of the shop and make him walk home through the mud. There was nothing for him to do but listen to the old boy's tiresome chatter about Larabella.

After this had been going on a while Tink said, with that bluntness for which he was justly famous:

"If Larabella's such a swell town, I don't see how you can bear to stay away from it."

"I can't hardly, but my people here need my help. They're the most impractical lot of folks you ever saw. Every little thing that goes wrong they have to phone for somebody to come and fix it. Spend? You never saw anything like it. I've got my work cut out for me. Yes, siree, sir."

ANOTHER thing that was the matter with the Baylors was Virginia. She was a nice girl and not bad-looking, but here she was twenty years old and not even thinking of getting married. The place was crowded with young fellows nights, but she made no effort to land anybody.

"I'll have to see what I can do for Virginia while I'm here."

"Sometimes," said Tink, "the best thing you can do for folks is to let them alone."

"No, siree, sir. That's just selfishness. A person should do what they can for others. Now, you take your own problem here—"

Before the terrible day was over the helpful Hoosier had taken Tink firmly in hand and remodeled his life. In his fancy he had Tink installed in a magnificent garage on the Post Road, with a corps of courteous, uniformed attendants. He planned an advertising campaign—newspapers, calendars, blotters, and radio.

"I hear you're a good repairman. You ought to capitalize on that reputation. Don't be a stick-in-the-mud."

Goaded to desperation, Tink lost control of himself, and cried:

"Aw, go climb a tree, Duke!"

The old gentleman was not offended.

"I know it will seem strange at first. I was that way myself once."

The pest now launched into an extensive autobiography, beginning with his first batch of pickles and working up to the magnificent plant he had sold to the trust. He told of the birth of the baby cucumbers and their rapid rise to public favor under the inspired name of "Bitzie Witzies." Far from being ashamed of this shady chapter in his life, Uncle Herman was proud of it, displaying a copy of the label which he had put on the jars. It bore the shameless words: "Bitzie Witzies . . . the Life of the Party." An artist had depicted little cucumbers with arms and legs making whoopee.

It was a terrible ordeal.

WHEN the job was done, Uncle Herman paid cash for the work, thanked Tink for a pleasant day, and promised to see him soon and often.

"I'll be thinking over your problem, Tink."

"Don't give yourself brain fag," was the ungracious answer. . . .

The next day Virginia drove to the garage alone.

"What, no uncle?" asked Tink with heavy sarcasm. "No cheery little playmate to spend the day with me?"

"I left him down-cellar playing a violin and cello duet with Tony Moresi, the barber. Tink, I'm just heartsick."

"Let's take down our hair and have a good cry." He had not forgiven her for yesterday's shabby trick.

"You haven't heard anything yet. You know that rock garden of mine by the little pool in the back yard. Well, Uncle Herman got up at dawn and whitewashed all those lovely old stones. He thought it would be a delightful surprise for me. I'll never be able to get the stuff off. It looks like a graveyard. What shall I do with that man?"

"That's not down my alley, Jin. I can get rid of knocks in the engine or obstructions in the oil feed, but not uncles. Have you thought of slipping something in his coffee?"

"He'd be such a nice guest if he didn't

Virginia put down the phone and reported to Tink: "I guess I'd better go—Uncle Herman's trying to set the house afire"

try to be helpful. He's just a philanthropest."

"I found that out. He wants to set me up in a garage on the Post Road—something like the casino at Monte Carlo, as far as I can make out. He's got plans for you, too." Tink rubbed it in: "He's going to save you from being an old maid."

Weeks passed, and the pickle duke continued his mad career of helpfulness. He had driven the Baylors to distraction, reduced Tink to helpless rage, and brought pain to the authorities. He had inserted his genial personality into everybody's affairs, and there was one complication in particular which was bringing his relatives keen disquietude.

On a morning in late May Virginia came up the Lane and told Tink she had interesting news for him.

"Uncle Herman has passed away?" There was the light of hope in the repairman's weary eyes.

"No; the twins are coming back. We're going over tomorrow to see them graduate. They'll be home the next day."

"They'll give Uncle the works," said Tink. "They'll make him wish he had never been born."

It was not, Virginia pointed out, as simple as that. The family would be greatly relieved to have this problem uncle subtracted from their lives for a while, but the situation required tact, not rough stuff.

"After all, Uncle Herman is well-to-do and—you know how it is."

"I get you. The Baylors might be subtracted from his will."

As usual, Tink spoke with brutal frankness.

"Listen. You've knocked around with those kids a lot and you can handle them better than I can. If I ask them something, all I get is that dying-codfish look. Maybe you can get them to cooperate. They're crazy about you and they'll do whatever you suggest."

"They will if it's something they want to do, anyhow. Otherwise not."

He thought it over and agreed to have a talk with Jane and June:

"Don't give them the low-down on Uncle, Jin. Leave the dirty work to me."

Virginia laid affectionate hands upon him and told him he was an old sweetie to do this for her.

"Don't be silly! It's just self-defense. I've got all the Uncle Herman my system can stand."

As he went about his daily task of spring-cleaning his customers' cars, he evolved a plan of action. In the past years he had been tangled up in a number of enterprises with the Baylor twins and he knew pretty well how their minds worked. They were fundamentally sound, but they craved excitement, they enjoyed giving (*Continued on page 101*)

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

PHOTOGRAPH BY VANDAMM

"Cornell may think she is no beauty, but she can make *you* think she is—"
America's most talked-of actress seen through the eyes of her husband

By Guthrie McClintic

THE fame of first-ranking actors and actresses of the American stage extends, as a rule, not far beyond Broadway. Katharine Cornell, my wife, is an exception. Hers is not only one of the best-known names on Broadway, but one of the most famous, I think, in the American theater today.

Yet, strangely, little is known to the public about her private life—perhaps because it really is private. She seldom goes to large social affairs and is almost never in theater audiences. She does not like to meet strangers. When she travels for pleasure, it is usually through remote places, like the Austrian Tyrol. She dresses inconspicuously. On her last return from Europe the captain of the liner invited her to dinner at his table. Following her usual custom of remaining strictly private, Kit declined. Later, when the captain saw her, he remarked to another passenger, "That may be Katharine Cornell, right enough, but it's not the actress. She hasn't a piece of jewelry on her."

When I have dinner guests, it is usually understood that Kit will not be at table, unless, of course, they are particular friends of hers. She dines in her own rooms on such occasions. She drops in before theater to pass the time of day, but she stays only a moment. The ostensible reason for her remaining apart is that the excitement would distract her. And it would. But that is not the only

Kit and I

DRAWING BY ROBERT FOSTER

Two people who knew what they wanted—and got it

reason. Frankly, she is shy and rather self-conscious. In the world of theater, she is the certain artist. In the world of realities, she still suffers from a super-sensitive and frightened childhood.

IT IS very difficult for a husband to write of his wife. If he is adulatory, the public may accuse him of sentimentality and prejudice. If he is too conservative, he must answer to his wife. Yet I think I am peculiarly qualified to write of Kit, because for eleven of our fourteen married years, I have been her only director, aside from my work of directing other productions. But, even here, I strike a snag. I begin to talk about myself. And yet, if I seem to write about myself at times, it is only because what concerns me concerns her, and vice versa. Our lives—hers as actress, mine as producer and director—are inextricably bound together. Before our marriage neither of us was known, but immediately after our wedding fame fluttered down to her shoulder and a modest measure of success came to me. Hers was truly a great success, because it was a conquest, not only of the stage, but of her own shy and self-conscious spirit.

Kit was born thirty-six years ago in Berlin, Germany, two months before she was expected. Her mother had been shocked by a suicide in a near-by apartment. The baby weighed only three pounds and, of course, was not expected to live. But Kit did live—more acutely and intensely than most children. Her father, Peter Cornell, who is living today in Buffalo, N. Y., once told me that Kit used to walk in her sleep because her energy was so much greater than her waking activity. The family was living then in Cobourg, Ontario, in a grand, old-fashioned house with a rotunda and galleries. It was around those galleries in her little white nightie that the sleeping Kit used to trot, like a diminutive Lady Macbeth, while her father watched. He understood such things and did not disturb her.

When Kit was born, Peter Cornell was in Berlin, studying medicine, but he abandoned the profession for his first love—the theater. He and his father were first-rate amateur actors. When the family moved to Buffalo, Kit's grandfather built a small theater in his own home there and appeared on the stage with some of the best amateur and professional actors of his day. But Peter Cornell, impelled by the bread-and-butter urge, gave up acting to run a theater chain in Buffalo. Theater was in the Cornell blood, and the sensitive child from earliest years lived in a theatrical environment.

Kit, as a child, was about all that a better family, with leanings toward theater as an art, could not desire as an offspring. She was a grotesque little tomboy in everything but her courage . . . I mean the kind of courage it takes to walk boldly up to a tame elephant and offer it a bun.

Once, at her own request, her father took her to a theater to see an elephant act. The bills announced that after the performance the children in the audience would be invited to the stage to feed the big beasts. At her insistence Mr. Cornell had bought a sack of buns for Kit. When the act was over he took her by the hand to lead her to the stage. She jerked away and began to scream.

"What on earth is the matter with you?" he cried.

"I'm afraid," she gasped. "You feed them."

FOR weeks she had tormented him with her pleadings. Now, when the great moment had arrived, she revolted. It looked like devilish temperament to him. So he pulled her forward, anyhow. In another moment she was standing face to face with an elephant and her father was pressing a bun into her resisting hand.

"Now, feed the elephants," he commanded sternly.

She flung the bun at the beast and ran screaming from the stage. For years she could not endure the sight of an elephant.

But she is very fond of animals. She has always had at least four dogs and never travels without one of them. On her last trip to (*Continued on page 164*)

Two of a kind

By Edwin Rutt

Julie believed she could vamp the professor into giving her favorite halfback a passing mark

WHEN Professor Jonathan (Old Mutt) Bailey saw young Prescott slouching across the campus, he thought suddenly that there might be a lot in this business of history's repeating itself. Young Prescott was almost as good a football player and equally as bad a mathematician as his father had been before him.

Gazing now at the broad back and curly black head of young Prescott, Old Mutt felt as if he were seeing ghosts. Never in the three years that he had been at Wardwell had young Prescott reminded him so forcibly of old Buck. Now it was as if some optical trick had unexpectedly tossed this same campus, and Old Mutt Bailey with it, back twenty-seven years into a world that to all intents and purposes was gone, yet seemed strangely to be still a part of the present. Old Mutt quickened his pace, caught up with young Prescott.

Prescott wheeled at the crunch of the gravel. "Oh, hello, Prof!" Those eyes were black and snapping, just as old Buck's had been.

"A word with you, young Prescott," said Old Mutt.

The boy's eyes went down. Old Mutt had never been a particular favorite of his.

"Yes, sir," said young Prescott.

"H'm!" Old Mutt's shrewd, cold blue eyes sought the black ones. But the black ones were on the toes of scuffed shoes. "Football seems to run in the family, eh, Prescott?"

"I don't know, sir. I—I guess so. Dad taught me a lot, anyhow."

"H'm! He could. But not about mathematics, young Prescott."

"No, sir. Not about mathematics."

"Strange. And yet, not so strange. Tell me, Prescott. You'd like to say 'The heck with mathematics,' wouldn't you?"

YOUNG Prescott's eyes came up then, a glint of defiance in them. He drew a breath. "I sure would, sir."

Old Mutt smiled, rather a cold smile.

"Humph!" he commented. "You're honest, at any rate."

"I can't get the stuff," said young Prescott suddenly, flinging caution to the winds. "It's all Greek to me."

"Precisely, Prescott. Greek. Many a man has had the same reaction."

"I study, sir; really I do,"

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK CHAPMAN

"Julie," Pete said, "if I shouldn't get in that game, it—it wouldn't make any difference to us, would it?"

said young Prescott, in extenuation.

"Oh, I've no doubt you do study," said Old Mutt. "At least, you sit long over your books, we'll say. But you don't seem to sit to much purpose, Prescott."

Young Prescott was getting mad. He growled defensively, "Well, I can't help it if math's over my head, can I? It's not because I don't try. I—I guess I'm just dumb, that's all."

"WELL, do you think that one who by his own admission is dumb should be allowed to play on the football team?"

"I—I don't know about that. I don't really see, sir, what it's got to do with football. But"—then blazing suddenly, as old Buck would have done, had done, in fact—"look here, Professor Bailey, what's the idea of riding me?"

The cold smile was still on Old Mutt's face. "You're mistaken, Prescott. I'm not riding you. I'm warning you. In as friendly a way as a—ahem—dried-up old mathematician may warn."

There was a pause. Then Prescott said, "I get it, sir. You're going to keep me out of the Carteret game?"

"Not so fast, Prescott. You've got ten days, you know."

"Listen, Prof," said Prescott, "in ten days I won't know any more about math than I do right now. But," he exploded, "it won't be for lack of trying."

"I commend that statement, Prescott, and the fiery spirit back of it." Old Mutt's eyes were as encouraging as those of a basilisk. "But, in the deplorable language of the day, they don't pay off on trying."

"I know it, sir. And, if you feel like that, I might just as well turn in my uniform now."

"Oh," said Old Mutt, "go through with the trying, at least."

Young Prescott blazed again: "You don't seem to care, Professor Bailey, whether Wardwell beats Carteret or not."

"On the contrary, Prescott"—Old Mutt never turned a hair—"I should be delighted if it did. But are you, by any chance, suggesting that your presence is absolutely necessary to any such—er—gratifying occurrence?"

THE boy flushed.

"No, sir," he said. "I didn't mean it that way. I wouldn't be that conceited. But, after all"—with a kind of defensive modesty—"I am a regular. I might—help."

"Precisely, Prescott. Help. I see your point of view. . . . Well, I turn here. Good-by, Prescott."

"Good-by, Prof. And—er—thanks for warning me."

"Oh," said Old Mutt dryly, "don't mention it, Prescott."

Old Mutt went on to his rooms in the southeast corner of Blankenship Hall.

He entered his study, sat down in that quick, jerky way he had. Old Mutt carried his sixty-two years well. He was slim, wiry; a kind of dry wiriness. He lit a pipe now, frowned for a second at his well-filled bookshelves, books that the world at large, the Prescott-inhabited world, would have cheerfully fed to bonfires.

WELL, only fair to warn young Pete Prescott, as twenty-seven years before he had warned Buck. That had been—Old Mutt passed a hand over his thinning hair—that had been in the fall of 1908.

But it might have been yesterday, so clearly did it stand out in his ordered, pigeonholed mind. Buck Prescott, unanimous choice for All-American quarterback for two seasons and the world's worst student of mathematics. Worse—yes, now that he remembered—worse even than young Pete of 1935. Buck Prescott—Wardwell's hope against a strong, scrappy Carteret eleven. That had been the year when the talk of overemphasis on football, pretty continuous ever since, had started among the Wardwell faculty. Professor Jonathan Bailey, a little more zealous, possibly somewhat more literal-minded at thirty-five than he was now at sixty-two, had agreed definitely that there was overemphasis.

Football? Humph! Of course, a man whose classroom marks were below a passing grade should not be allowed to represent Wardwell on the gridiron. And why should Buck Prescott, All-American though he might be, stand as an exception?

The faculty had been divided. But Professor Jonathan Bailey had headed a section which proposed and put through a rule. And, with that fine disregard of the professorial mind for matters of genuine importance, he had been instrumental in pushing it through two weeks before the Carteret game. No student, it became known, could participate in this traditional battle unless his class averages were satisfactory. Buck Prescott, lamentable in both mathematics and French, had been cut like a rotten bough.

Well, there'd been a fine furor. But Jonathan Bailey had stuck to his guns. Undaunted he had faced an aroused university. Petition, round-robin letter, editorial in the college paper had been of no avail. Professor Bailey, it appeared, was out to make an example of the mental laggard. And in this endeavor he had been immovable. A rule to Professor Bailey at thirty-five and at sixty-two was a rule. And this rule happened to be one that he had fathered.

"I'm sorry," he had told the outraged Buck Prescott, "but it can't be done. I've given you every chance, every warning. And you've fallen down, Prescott. You'll have to pay the penalty."

"But, Professor Bailey," Prescott had said, almost tearfully, "don't you realize what this means to me? Don't you know this is my last game?"

"Does that count more," Bailey had inquired, "than your college career?"

And Prescott had forgotten himself to yell, "A blame' sight more! Let me play and you can fire me out of college afterwards, for all I care. But, gosh, I've just got to be in that game!"

THE wrong attitude. Absolutely the wrong attitude. Professor Bailey had compressed his lips. Buck Prescott and every other Wardwell athlete would have to understand that the curriculum came first. "I'm sorry, Prescott."

Old Buck, young Buck then, had looked away. "Another thing, sir! I—I've got my girl coming on just for this game. All the way from Denver."

"The more reason, Prescott, why you should have made a better scholastic effort. I really don't see how that can alter your status. Now you may as well go. I've said my last word on this subject."

Then the game. Old Mutt could almost hear again that dejected groan from the Wardwell stands as Dodo Milner trotted out in the quarterback's

That game of 1908 might have been yesterday, so clearly did it stand out in Old Mutt's mind

position. And somewhere in the stadium—Professor Bailey had seen them—were Buck Prescott and a certain starry-eyed girl, presumably from Denver. Pretty, Bailey had thought, as they passed him with Prescott's eyes averted. But what had one whose life dealt with curves, angles, and the abstruse to do with prettiness?

WELL, in spite of Dodo Milner, things had gone satisfactorily at first. Wardwell had scored a field goal in the first quarter. Then the teams, evenly matched, had settled down to a nip-and-tuck battle. No score in the second period, none in the third. None up to within five minutes of the game's end and the ball in Carteret's possession, seemingly safe on their own 18-yard line.

Remembering, Old Mutt closed his eyes. He saw again that Carteret halfback starting what should have been an ordinary end run. Nothing to get excited about. Nothing to bring the crowd to its feet, roaring. And then, quick as a thunderclap, the Wardwell end out of the play, the Carteret interference bowling over the secondaries, and, suddenly, a streak loose down there on the field.

Now—good heavens! His mind was envisioning that scene as if it had occurred this morning—the stands were up as one man. Thunder from the Carteret side. Dismayed shouts from Wardwell. And Dodo Milner, his face pale, coming in from the safety position at midfield.

Milner came in quickly, too quickly. A scissors-motion of legs, a snakelike twisting of hips. Then Milner slithering on his chin along the turf and the whirlwind racing up a clear field, and the Carteret stands going crazy, crazy. . . .

Professor Bailey had sat down then, breathing a little heavily. And, despite his conviction that, after all, these things were of negligible importance, his mind had been obsessed with one thought, the same thought that, he knew, gripped that entire glum, stunned Wardwell cheering-section. It would never have happened with Buck Prescott out there in the safety position.

For some time afterwards life for Professor Bailey was a kind of fearful nightmare. The enraged and outraged student body of Wardwell saw to that. By every device known to pitiless, vengeful youth he was made to feel the sting of sudden unpopularity. For days his classrooms were a shambles, notable for concerted foot-stamping, whooping, and catcalls. Yes, Professor Bailey went through the furnace.

But Jonathan Bailey had faced the guns without flinching and had come out of the battle unscathed, save for a lasting unpopularity with that generation of Wardwellites and the opprobrious nickname of "Old Mutt." By the end of three or four college years the unpopularity had degenerated into careless toleration of a necessary evil. But the nickname had stuck. "Old Mutt" Bailey, knighted, so to speak, in 1908, was still "Old Mutt" Bailey in 1935. . . .

Julie's hair was a golden drift threaded subtly with copper, and her eyes were blue and eager. Julie was nineteen. You caught a suggestion of swiftness from her free, swinging figure, decisiveness from the flash of her quick, slim ankles. Professor Colwyn, Julie's father, taught economics at Wardwell. To young Pete Prescott it had always been one of the world's wonders how a man who specialized in such an uninteresting subject could have such an interesting daughter. Ordinarily, on the bottom step of Professor Colwyn's porch, young Pete filled in the time convincing Julie that she was very interesting, indeed, to him. But tonight his mind was clouded by another issue.

"Well, can you beat it?" he inquired.

"I think," Julie said, "that it's just a darn' shame. Listen, Pete, I've always had a drag with Old Mutt. What if I should talk to him?"

Young Prescott shook his head dolefully. "It wouldn't do any good. He doesn't care about anything except his math course. He—by gosh, I think he'd just as soon see us lose."

Julie put a hand on his coat sleeve. "I might really be able to do something, Pete. I've known Old Mutt ever since I was old enough to know anybody. He's got to listen to me, if only because of that. And, gosh, Pete, you know as well as I do, that without you the team will look sick."

Pete blushed in the sheltering darkness. "Don't kid me, will you, youngster."

"I'm not kidding you, worse luck. You're the—the hub of that team. They all work around you. . . . Oh, I know what I'm talking about. I haven't watched practices and games all the season for nothing."

Young Prescott squinted, and made a considered statement.

"That's a good team, Julie," he said. "We've got speed and plenty of punch. Gee! If Carteret was lousy this year it wouldn't be so bad. But they're not. They've cleaned up everything on their schedule, and right now they're favored five to four over us."

JULIE nodded. "All the more reason for my talking to Old Mutt."

"Well," said Pete resignedly, "go ahead. We've got nothing to lose by it. But"—he looked at her suddenly—"if I shouldn't get in, it—it wouldn't make any difference to us, would it, honey?"

Her fingers tugged at his thick, wiry hair. "Silly! Of course not. Oh, Pete Prescott, why do I want to be such a fool over you?"

"Maybe it's because I'm twice as big a fool over you."

"You're sweet. But now you've got to run along. You're still in training, you know."

"I might just as well break it," Pete said. "Old Mutt's out for me with a gun." He paused, struck by a sudden thought. "Funny thing! I've just remembered Dad didn't play in his last Carteret game. Had an injured kneecap or something. Carteret took us that year, too. Oh, gosh, Julie, if you can vamp Old Mutt I'll love you for life!"

"And if I can't, mister?"

His big arm slid around her. "Guess I'll sort of go on (*Continued on page 112*)

By Margaret E. Sangster

Career Woman

SHEILA ELLIOTT looked at the girl who sat opposite her, across the damask and silver of the square table. She forced her lips to smile, but in her soul she was wondering what Don saw in this fluffy, fluttery young person.

"She's like a piece of French pastry," Sheila told herself, "sticky and indigestible and bound to get stale very soon. She fairly reeks of almond flavoring and candied violets." Aloud she said:

"I'm sorry, Miss Kerwin, my mind was a million miles away. I didn't hear—"

Don Sheridan laughed. He had a nice laugh. Paul Kent, Sheila's official escort, grinned sympathetically. But the fluffy girl did not join in their mirth.

"I was saying," repeated the girl, "that you're too, too marvelous, Miss Elliott! It must be wonderful to be a career woman—"

Sheila was startled out of herself. "A *what?*" she wanted to know.

The fluffy girl made a bewildered, futile gesture with small, ruby-nailed fingers. She murmured:

"A career woman. A woman who does things."

Don said, "And people, eh, Sheila? Where do you get this career-woman stuff, Mimi?" He was addressing the fluffy girl.

"Her name *would* be Mimi," Sheila thought. She said swiftly, "So you call it a career to work at a cluttered desk from nine till five, writing stuff about zipper pants for Baby and aluminum saucepans for Mamma and never-slip garters for Dad and biteless biscuits for the Scotty!"

Mimi Kerwin made little trilling sounds of appreciation. Her bright, small finger tips came together in ecstasy.

"You're so dreadfully clever, Miss Elliott," she said. "I don't wonder that Donny is always raving about you. I just—don't—wonder—"

Sheila turned dark red. "Darn it," she scolded herself silently, "when'll I grow up? When'll I get so I don't blush?" Aloud she said:

"Don raves about me, does he? That ought to be good for a raise in salary! After all, Don's my boss."

Paul Kent spoke—he had a deft way of stepping into a conversational gap when he was sadly needed:

"You're Don's boss," he amended; "the way you bring him to heel is nobody's business. Eh, Don?"

But Don didn't answer. He was staring fatuously at a dimple that played hide-and-seek with the corner of Mimi Kerwin's mouth. Sheila, watching him, felt as if her heart were made of lead.

AS a matter of fact, Paul spoke the simple truth when he said that Sheila Elliott was Don's boss. Ever since she had come to work for him, Sheila had been the top. Ostensibly the copywriter of the small but tidy Sheridan Agency, she was also office manager and treasurer and mother-confessor and puller of the budget strings. It wasn't the brilliant Sheridan salesmanship that was putting the agency in the hit-and-run class—it was Sheila! Larger, richer agencies realized it and offered her larger, more important salaries for her choice trick with word mosaics and phrase fittings. Paul Kent, owner of Kent's Kitchen Garments, the agency's best account, realized it. That was why he stayed with the agency, commuting from the Middle West for semi-yearly conferences, when interlopers sought to lure him to greener pastures. In a fashion Don realized Sheila's worth, too; he'd a way of looking at her and saying:

"I don't know how I'd get along without you, Sheila. You're"—this was how he spoiled everything—"my right-hand man!"

Don, you see, had ceased, because of her very cleverness, her very stability, to think of Sheila as a woman. She was his right-hand man—only that. Somebody to seek for advice and praise. Somebody to ask for comfort and help and not infrequent back-pattings. Somebody to take to a show when he had two last-minute tickets and practically every other girl had a date.

But not, alas, to ask for the warm comradeship that she was so ready to give him. Not to ask for love!

This party—with Paul Kent and Mimi Kerwin—was typical of Sheila's social contacts with Don. Typical, and yet not typical. There had been a succession of encounters with a succession of his girls, some of them prettier than Mimi, most of them brighter. But Sheila, watching the progress of Don's enthusiasms, had never worried before about the ultimate decision. She used to laugh at her own complacency.

"He'll come to me yet," she'd say

There were two men in Sheila's life . . . and one question that bothered her: When she was with one, what was the other doing?

mentally, as she framed a bit of ardent copy with one hand and listened with both ears to Don raving about a new flame. "He'll wake up some day. It'll strike him with a flash that we belong together, and then he'll be done with all this nonsense."

But the very second Don asked her to meet Mimi everything became different. Perhaps it was because Don had never mentioned Mimi, perhaps it was because she burst upon Sheila like a rocket held in a child's careless grasp.

"Paul Kent's due in town," Don had said, "and I've invited him to dinner with Miss Kerwin and me this evening. Do you want to make it a foursome? We can go dancing later."

Sheila didn't need to be told that Paul was due in town. Her flat was fragrant with his roses, and a telegram announcing his impending arrival was on her desk. But she did need to be told about the other woman.

"You've never mentioned anybody named Kerwin," she said. "Not holding out on me, are you, Don? Sure, I'll come. I was going places with Paul, anyway."

Don stared (*Continued on page 119*)

Do you point your toes when you dance? . . . Kick up your heels? . . . A famous dancing master tells how ballroom mannerisms reveal your character

You can't hide

By Arthur Murray

I HAVE a reputation for reading people's characters by their dancing. I think I can. But a dancing student of mine, a well-known scientist, took issue with me not long ago and remarked, "Character, my dear Murray, is in the head and is measurable only with psychological tests. You, I think, are concerned with the feet."

The remark did not surprise me—not after my experience with him on the dance floor. He wanted to measure every step with a yardstick, find out to the inch just how far to extend his foot. He insisted upon my diagraming the angle at which he should hold his elbow, and asked me to tell him upon which vertebrae of his partner's spine his right hand should rest.

Now, I do not need to tell you I had read that scientist's character. You probably have read it already. He insisted that everybody in his household rise at the same time every morning—6:30 o'clock. He insisted upon having baked beans for dinner Monday night, sauerkraut on Tuesday. His home life was as colorless as a railroad timetable. He judged his wife and children, and his disciplinary action was severe and unfeeling. He had no imagination. But he was very successful in applying invariable scientific laws to problems. He was most unsuccessful in the art of living. . . .

THERE is nothing mysterious in reading character by dancing. Anybody with a sharp eye and a little imagination can have a lot of fun sitting on the side lines and figuring out his friends. It's really a job for a wallflower with a forgiving nature and a sense of humor. But he mustn't let his findings prejudice him against his friends. While dancing, a man may betray a flaw in his character, and yet be conscious of it and have it under control at other times.

I once saw one of my friends trying to dance with the long, free strides of a big-hearted man. But his muscles seemed to be cramped and his feet moved with uncertainty. He happened to be a banker. Bankers usually take short, precise steps. They seem to be feeling the floor to be sure it will bear their weight. Well, here was a banker trying to dance like a spendthrift. He was lying to his partner. Now, I could have branded him as dishonest, but he really wasn't. He was simply a tightwad trying to do better.

The more you practice reading character from dancing, the simpler it is. I believe I am particularly adept in it because for more than twenty years my life has been intimately devoted to dancing. I have taught 650,000 people to dance, 10,000 of them personally, not to speak of 500 dancing teachers to whom I gave finishing courses.

When I watch dancers, I appraise them not only for their performance,

behind your feet

but for their characters. Everybody is influenced by the expression on a person's face. I am more easily influenced by the expression of a person's dancing.

Take the case of the investment broker, for instance. He lived in a wealthy suburban community of New York and was considered its foremost citizen. He stood head and shoulders above us all, bore himself well, and was most gracious. He had clear eyes, a straight and penetrating glance, a simple, honest smile. I admired him.

And then I saw him dance. His character seemed to change completely. He leaned forward, thrust his head over his partner's shoulder and glared defiantly at everybody who glanced his way. His long arm encircled the woman as if he had just captured her in a tribal battle and was daring other barbarians to take her away from him. He crouched as he danced, and his feet seemed to lurk one beat behind the rhythm of the music.

"Have we any money invested with that broker?" I whispered to my wife. "If we have, let's get it before it's too late."

She smiled doubtfully. A week later his house failed and he was indicted for embezzlement. And he was a board member of his church, too—the most proper man in town.

Music and rhythm tend to put the conscious mind to sleep. A dancer is in a state akin to hypnosis. His subconscious mind is nearer the surface than usual and some of the things hidden there express themselves in little ways.

I danced with a charming woman not long ago. At first I thought she was a most agreeable partner, soft and pliant. Then, gradually, she began to resist and work at odds with me. I strengthened my lead and she became almost unmanageable. I do not mean she struggled. It was all quite subtle. When I let down, she tried to lead me. Yet all the time she seemed unconscious of it. After several dances I discovered that her attempt to dominate her partner developed when her conscious mind was lulled by the rhythm.

"Heaven help the man she marries," I remarked to Mrs. Murray. "She'll dominate him to his dying day."

"Oh, no, she won't," my wife retorted. "Three of them helped themselves. They simply resigned."

I discovered later that the woman I speak of is a well-known interior decorator, strong-willed and self-reliant. She is a leader in all she undertakes—and a successful one.

I do not think (*Continued on page 74*)

ILLUSTRATED BY RUSSELL PATTERSON

FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN OIL

The Captive Bride

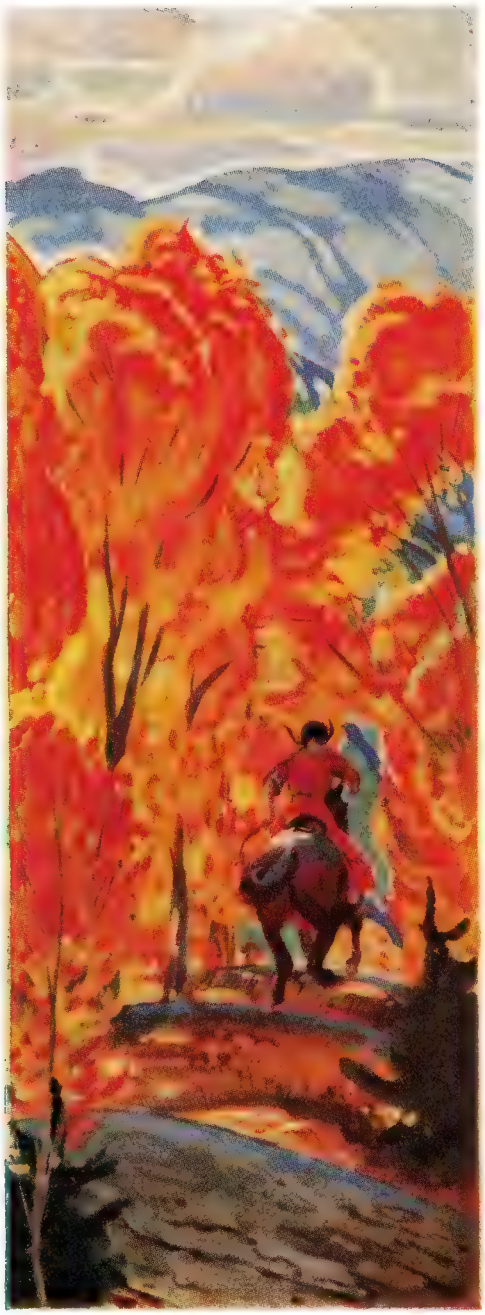
Copyright, 1935, by Barrett Willoughby

What has happened so far:

"THE Stikine—it's a witch river," Sylvia Keith had told her daughter Denise. "It won your father away from me." For when Larry Keith, outfitter for big-game hunters, wouldn't give up his free river life, Sylvia had divorced him and taken Denny to California.

Six weeks ago he had died, leaving his Stikine estate to Denny, provided she went to Tarnigan and spent a hunting season at River House before she sold it. And she had come North to fulfill the conditions of the will and sell the property before returning to California to marry Murray Hart, her wealthy young fiancé.

On the deck of the Stikine Maid, go-



BY HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

As they passed, the Indian girl wheeled her mount and fled. Denny laughed. "I believe that child is following me," she said

By Barrett Willoughby

ing up the river that her father had loved, it seemed to her that she had always been dimly conscious of this northern stream, remote, yet waiting to influence her life.

"Hello, Miss Keith," Harper MacFarlane, manager for her father, greeted her jovially. "I've heard about you ever since you was knee-high to a clam." And he pointed out some of her fellow guests on deck. "That's Rio Carew." He motioned to a cheaply pretty girl talking to one of the guides. "She was here last year—divorced her husband since then, and wired Derek Haskell to meet her this year. He's Larry Keith's crack big-game guide, that half-breed. That citified chap is Dr. Van Cleve. And there's a colonel from Ireland and three young Austrians coming in for the fall hunt, too."

At ten o'clock, the Maid tied up to the bank. It wasn't safe to navigate the Stikine waters at night. The passengers were going ashore to dance to the ship cook's accordion.

Denny witnessed a meeting between Captain Revelry Bourne, young master of the Stikine Maid, and Jack Page, captain of the Taku Wind, another river-boat, which had followed the Maid down the river.

"Hello, Jack, what are you doing on my river?" Bourne demanded.

The other laughed. "Your river? since when?"

"Ten years ago your dad and mine made a compact. The Bournes would leave the Kama River alone provided the Pages agreed to keep off the Stikine."

"That old agreement between our fathers is off. The Kama River's played out, and I'm going to buck you on the Stikine. That means the best white-water man wins."

"All right," Bourne said easily. "Let her ride as she looks. Come along and join our party."

Page danced with Denny, and when he had drawn her away from the crowd, out under the trees, he bent and kissed her. She broke away indignantly, and ran back to the campfire, where Revelry Bourne asked her to dance.

As they danced through the trees to the riverbank the music ceased. Denny, under the spell of the river's beauty, reached up with a single movement of her hand and brought his face down to hers. Then, as their lips met, mind and body dissolved in a fearful ecstasy that wiped out the night.

"I made a mistake. I'm sorry," he said. "But—look here!" As if in quick decision he raised his hands to her shoulders and held her off at arms' length. There was an admonitory seriousness in his manner. "I'm going to tell you something, Larry Keith's daughter. In this country no girl dares do"—his voice caught in an intake of remembrance—"what you did tonight, unless she expects to grant all privileges. There is no halfway—in the North!"

The story continues:

DENNY never clearly remembered the ensuing headlong flight that brought her back to her stateroom.

She flung herself on her berth and lay, swept by shame and humiliation, trying to shut out the memory of Bourne's naked, brutal words. . . . No halfway! She, of all girls, to be spoken of like that! The situation was incredible, unbearable. She felt she could never bring herself to face him tomorrow. Her mind, groping for some means of escape, fastened on the Taku Wind tied up a short distance downstream. She would finish her journey on Captain Page's boat!

She was on her feet reaching for her suitcase to begin packing, when another sickening recollection of the night halted her. Page, also! Within the space of an hour two strange men had held her in their arms and kissed her, each in a way that stripped her of her pride and self-esteem.

Yet, she told herself passionately, it was not she, the self she had always known, who was to blame. It was another strange Denise Keith who had come to birth as she stood by the river's dark, mesmerizing flow.

She became aware of the sound of water flowing past the boat's hull . . . the River Stikine saying things in the quiet of the night. The witch river that had taken Larry Keith from Sylvia. A superstitious awe crept into her heart.

SHE was looking in the mirror smoothing back her tumbled hair when she noticed an envelope propped up on the shelf just beneath. It bore her name in unfamiliar handwriting. Someone must have placed it there while she was in the grove. Puzzled, she tore it open and read the enclosure:

Dear Miss Keith:

Will you forgive me for being a presumptuous idiot tonight?

I heard after you left me that you intend selling your father's holdings at Tarnigan. I am planning to operate a line of river-boats on the Stikine next summer, and it would help me materially to get hold of the Keith business. Please do not consider any other offer until I have a chance to talk the matter over with you.

Yours very truly,

JACK PAGE.

She stood thoughtfully, the note in

her hand. But the other man—Revelry Bourne, after all, was the one who loomed largest in her scheme of things. . . . She would make him pay for the things he had said. . . . But perhaps the score was nearly even. She had shattered his sphinxlike calm and for a timeless interval rendered him oblivious of everything else in the world—including his river. . . . A mad, sweet pang of memory ran through her, blurring everything for an instant. Then she shook herself. No halfway! She would retaliate for that insult!

Captain Page wanted to buy River House. And Bourne had told him, "There's room for only one outfit on the Stikine." If she sold her father's business to Page she would be placing in his hands the winning card in the game these two rivermen were going to play.

Hours later she started out of heavy, dream-ridden slumber to find herself lying, still fully dressed, upon her berth.

The violent, explosive snort of starting engines had awakened her. The Maid began to vibrate to the turnover. Hurrying feet sounded overhead, a directing shout, a clang of gongs and a series of jingles. She opened the door and stepped out to the forward rail.

SHE WATCHED the splendor slowly flush the eastern sky, flame on the far, faint, snow-capped peaks, and gradually make its way down, touching the hanging glaciers with frosted rose. It descended the timber slopes, turning them to a warm, silvery green. At last it flooded the valley where the river ran, and the whole northern world lay before her, pristine, sparkling in the crystal brightness of a new day.

"It's a lovely, friendly river," she thought. "A beautiful, young, young land." And she drew up her slender figure, panoplied once more in pride and self-respect.

"Hello!" came a pleased, surprised voice behind her. "You're the first passenger up this morning."

She swung about, to see Revelry Bourne, freshly shaved and very blond. He did not wait for her reply, but turned toward the shoreline, flung out his arms, and took a deep, long breath.

"Just move back them thar mountings, Lawd!" he exclaimed with boyish exuberance. "Move 'em back, I say, and give me room to spread ma wings! . . . Gee, Miss Keith—" He swung back to face her again, his face radiant with health and youth. "Doesn't it make you feel just like that? How about coming up to the pilothouse with me? I'll have Boom send up some hot coffee and buttered toast."

Despite herself, his eagerness struck a responsive chord in Denny. It seemed suddenly rather ridiculous to maintain a displeased aloofness when his natural, happy attitude made the happening of last night of no moment. She answered him with a cheerful unconcern that matched his own: "All right, Captain. I'll join you in the pilothouse in five minutes."

The Big Canyon! All the way upriver, Denny had been hearing of this deep gorge that split the Coast Range—a narrow box canyon through which the Stikine's compressed waters roared for nearly a mile over boulders the size of a house. During the spring floods the current rushed through it with such velocity that the Maid, going up with engines wide open, was unable to gain an inch. Then the barefooted pilot, Shan, had to climb one of the rock walls, with the end of a cable tied to him, and carry it on ahead to fasten it to a "dead man." The other end, made fast to the Maid's bow, was wound up on the capstan, and thus the boat slowly and precariously hauled herself through.

Shan, who had been a pilot on the Stikine for forty years, was pacing back and forth in the pilothouse behind the captain, pausing every few minutes to peer over Bourne's shoulder. He was a short, sturdy, likable old savage, the son of a Wrangell chief who had operated a fleet of freighting canoes upriver half a century ago.

The pilot, after one of his intent glances ahead, suddenly drew a beaded pouch from his shirt pocket, selected something from it, and, with the air of one performing a rite, tossed it into the swirling stream. This was his offering of tobacco to the Stikine river gods for a safe passage through the canyon.

Ahead Denny saw a mountain of stone, apparently blocking the river. But as the Maid moved up toward it the solid rock seemed to split and slowly slide apart, forming a gorge, a hundred feet high and no wider than a city street. Rushing through it, came the furious, constricted volume of the Stikine, combing to a center crest that swung from side to side, hitting the walls in explosions of spray.

WHITE water! Denny's heartbeats quickened. Was it possible to take a boat up against that awful current?

With a deepening roar of propellers the Maid struck the mouth of the canyon, and paused, staggering under the battering impact of the current. Then,

with a violent shudder, she forged slowly ahead again, a thing of life, straining, groaning, belching vapor from either side. Spume drenched the lower forward deck and splashed the pilothouse windows. As the dripping walls closed in, the bellow of waters and the blasts of the laboring engines resounded deafeningly in Denny's ears, confusing and alarming her. But when the Maid was irrevocably into the wild glory of the canyon a strange thing happened. Magically, her fear vanished, leaving her more keenly alive than she had ever been in her life before. Alive, and thrilling to the tremendous power, the unleashed splendor, of thousands of tons of water leaping, hollowing, bending in polished velocity over boulders, and shaking the air with exultant bombilation.

The Maid forged on, guided by the slim hands and split-second decisions of the man at the wheel. Denny watched him swaying there. She felt a deep, impersonal admiration for him; for his coolness, for the perfect co-ordination of eye, hand, and brain that enabled him to cope successfully with the ever-changing hazards of the canyon.

WHEN she looked ahead again, a low waterfall, perhaps three feet high, seemed to bar the channel from wall to wall. Smooth as glass it rounded down to the canyon floor. She felt the Maid veer, leap forward, and could almost have sworn that Bourne sent it climbing to the upper level. Then she discovered that the high walls no longer hemmed them in. The Maid had, in reality, slid off to one side, made a half-circle round the fall, and was now in the eddy above it.

Bourne was patting the wheel of the Maid. "Good work, baby!" he said to it, before turning it over to Shan.

Harp thrust his head in at the door. "Skipper," he cried, "that was as pretty a piece of river work as I ever saw!"

Bourne laughed and hooked his cap over a peg. . . .

The Maid made several landings that day, sometimes to put off freight at a homesteader's cabin, sometimes at a prospector's tent; and often in answer to the hail of some khaki-clad man who

He started with surprise when a soft, husky voice spoke behind him: "Ja-ack!" "I told you not to come!" he snarled

The location of the story—and the surrounding country

came out of the forest and stood on the bank. Harp informed Denny that the skipper did the shopping in Wrangell for all those who lived along the river.

The next point of danger on the Stikine was the Three Sisters. Shan, with many eye-widenings and gestures, explained them to Denny. A long time ago, he said, three Indian maidens, carrying baskets of berries on their backs, attempted to ford the river at that point. In those days an Indian woman was forbidden to look at her brother. Unexpectedly, the brother of the three appeared on the opposite bank and the sisters, unwittingly, glanced up and saw him. Instantly they were turned to stone where they stood in the middle of the stream.

The boat drew near the spot at an hour when the birch-covered hills were gold-misted with sunset and the river held the glow of the sky. Above the tinted water the sisters loomed, three jagged pyramids of granite twice the height of the Maid. They stood lengthwise of the (*Continued on page 94*)

THE roof of the side porch was glistening in the rain. David watched the water rilling along the gutters, glazing the new clusters of cherry blossoms around his Tree House, dripping from the eaves. His mother was still asleep and he knew he must not disturb her. She had called him into her room just before she had gone to sleep.

"I want you to stay home this afternoon," she said. "Your grandfather is coming to call."

Now he was watching disconsolately out the window for the first glimpse of his grandfather's car and Ernest, straight and black, in the driver's seat.

He was naturally a quiet child, not given to destructive banging or rough play. For several weeks he had busily outlined in pencil the designs of the wallpaper in his room, and the vandalism of this act was weighing heavily upon him at the moment. No one, not even Stella, had as yet found the marks, but he expected any day to be punished for them. The paper was of gay hunting scenes . . . red-coated riders and chestnut mounts, dogs, hurdles, woodland. He had shaded every tree and horse on the south side of the room, up as high as he could reach, and now he was considering a mustache upon each rider's face, when he saw Ernest rounding the car into the driveway. His guilt forgotten, he went down the broad stairway.

The child and the old man faced each other in the hallway. They were very much alike in gesture, carriage, build. The man was dark, with a thin, narrow face, heavy white hair, a closely trimmed white mustache. The child was dark, with the same thin face, the narrow, pointed chin, the crest of blond hair rising in a wave from his brow. But his eyes were very different from the piercing dark eyes of the man. They were a purple-gray, wide, changeable, gorgeous. They were the eyes of the woman upstairs.

Whenever the old man looked into these eyes that the boy had inherited

Deep

from the woman he hated he was disconcerted by their beauty. He had always been disconcerted in the same way by his daughter-in-law's beauty . . . as if no spirit sheathed in such loveliness could cause the grief and disgrace this girl had caused.

His son's death . . . a matter two years past now, although the time had smoldered along with slowness . . . the death of his only son had marked the old man and the young widow as enemies. So far they had remained remote from each other, covering their hatred with a veneer of cordiality. But he could never forgive her for Dave's death. That careening car, filled with her friends, that heartbreaking delay after the wreck, when all the occupants were too dazed or too drunk to summon help, and Dave lay under the car talking to them . . . "I'm all right, honey; don't tell Dad or he'll stop our allowance" . . . all the cruelly unnecessary affair, he laid at her door.

Irene and her beauty were the talk of the town. How could a spirit sheathed in such loveliness bring so much grief and disgrace!

Perhaps in time he would have softened toward the girl, seen that she too had been left hungry and bereft, but the rumors of her escapades followed him wherever he went. Dave's remark about the allowance had been an amusing fiction tossed in the face of death when he lay crushed under the car. Dave had had his own fortune, and now it was his widow's. She spent it lavishly for travel and high-handed entertainment. She was the talk of the town.

But what Judge Pendleton found most difficult to forgive was the influence she had upon this boy whom he now had safely cuddled on his own lap . . . an influence he was constantly trying to counteract without open warfare. It was for this reason he was now making one of his rare calls.

"How would you like to go to the

Pool

By Eleanor Griggs Thompson

FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN WATER COLOR
BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

country with me, David?" he asked the child. "I think we could manage a pony there."

The little boy craned around on his grandfather's lap, his gorgeous eyes brilliant with delight. They were talking happily of their plans when Irene Pendleton came down the stairs.

Today she was wearing a new dress of blue which fitted her slim body closely. Her pale hair clustered against the back of her neck in a hundred little curls, and the top was all smooth where she brushed and brushed it before the mirror. Just by her ears she wore two bright clasps of sapphire stones, to hold her hair away from her face, David supposed. They were the brightest clasps she had, lovelier than any of her diamonds, so blue, like her eyes. Her slippers were blue and pointed, and she didn't wear any stockings at all. Her legs were so much whiter than his, and smooth, smooth as the golden sheen on the top of her head where she had brushed her hair so brightly.

Whenever his grandfather came to call she wore her gayest dresses; if she had a red dress she wore it, or a new one like this tight one of blue. David noticed her scarlet fingernails suddenly . . . they were fluttering among the decanters and glasses like little valentines. Her voice was cold and sharp.

"Would you like to have a drink with me?" she said to the old man.

His grandfather answered quietly, shaking his head. She always asked his grandfather if he would like a drink, smiling a little, looking straight into his eyes.

"I came today, Irene, to ask you to allow me to have David for a month in the country."

His grandfather's hand was narrow and white, curved against the boy's knee, a fine old hand trembling a very little, as it always did.

"I couldn't think of allowing him to miss school!" his mother answered swiftly. "I never take him on my own trips, you know."

"Yes, I know," his grandfather said, looking steadily at the young woman.

She flushed a burning color and moved quickly away from the man and the boy, turning her back to them.

"He is always well taken care of," she murmured. "Wayne and Stella . . ."

"Yes, I know," his grandfather repeated.

THERE were no words for a few moments and the child's heart beat heavily. He was frightened. Suddenly his mother turned.

"I know what you're trying to do!" she burst out. "You want to get him away from me! It's clear enough to anyone . . . you think if you have him awhile by yourself he will forget me, forget his home . . . love you just because you spoil him. Well, you can't do it. You'll have to go through a lot of red tape to get him away, and if you do . . . if you do . . ."

Now it was his mother's hand trembling. She was in one of her black moods, David realized, and there would be bitter words before she was through.

His grandfather shoved him gently from his lap, rising slowly, walking over to where Irene waited, panting a little. David had never seen his lower lip pushed out so stubbornly. This was a stranger, this red-faced man taking steps across the room to where his mother waited angrily.

"You won't ruin this boy as you ruined my other!" he cried in a deep voice, a new, changed voice the child had never heard.

"What do you mean? *I* harm Dave? *I* cause his death? Get out of my house! Get out!"

THE child could run to neither for shelter, for neither noticed him in their anger, until with the defiance of hot blood his mother reached out with pinching fingers, gathering him against her, holding him locked in her arms. The old man and his daughter-in-law gazed with hatred across the head of the child. Two pairs of fine eyes flashed mutiny, while the child's own eyes brimmed over with tears.

Down in the living-room his mother's angry voice was suddenly stilled. David heard the door open and close, and he pushed the curtains aside to gaze down at the walk for a glimpse of his grandfather's figure.

The man emerged from the shadow of the porch, walking with dignity to where Ernest was holding the car door open. His back was very straight, his cane firm on the walk with every step he took.

David yearned to fly down the stairs, worming his way into the car with his friend, holding the gloved hand firmly all the way to his grandfather's big house. He longed to fly across town under the dripping elm trees, and find his grandfather in the library or upstairs lying down, and tell him how much he wanted to go to the country. Instead, he turned to his scrapbook and looked through the crooked clippings with blurred eyes.

Among David's things were other mementos of his father—a napkin ring of silver, a watch, a pen—but only the scrapbook was live and real. It had been only half full, a small book, with a few clippings pasted carefully. An engagement, a marriage, several pictures of a beautiful girl, the announcement of the birth of a son to Mr. and Mrs. David Chantis Pendleton. When David found the clippings he had been amazed to see his own birthday printed upon the yellow paper . . . yes, his own birth.

"May I have this book?" he had asked his mother. "See, there are pictures of you." And he had shown her the young girl smiling faintly out from the paper. She had bridled a little, pleased.

"I never knew he kept *those*," she had said. "Why do you want the book, sonny?"

He had not been able to explain.

NOW he turned to the filling pages with the passion of a collector. Item by item, he pasted the book full of news, and the news was all of two persons, himself and his mother. More went to her, and it seemed right to him that this should be so, for was she not covered with a glamor no little boy could achieve? Her frequent absences from the town of his birth, the accounts of her travels, her ecstatic returns from her journeyings, her parties, her friends . . . all these covering the year and a half since he had found the book. Some, it is true, he had disregarded . . . the rumor of her engagement to Clem Halloren, the account of her having been arrested for speeding, neither disgrace was recorded.

He knew something had hurt her . . . oh, a long time ago; perhaps before ever she had him . . . and in some way his grandfather, for all his kindliness, had inflicted the hurt. He knew by the way she cringed when his grandfather's name was mentioned, by the way she drew herself up (*Continued on page 80*)

What Would You Do?

IF you had the power to do anything you wished—would you enrich yourself? Make the world a better place in which to live—or what? George Fotheringay had to answer these questions. His experiences, which make a story such as you've never read before, are told by

H. G. WELLS

in

The Miracle Maker

IN it a full-length moving picture is brought for the first time to the pages of a magazine. As you read you can actually see in your mind's eye a picture—exactly as it will appear on the screen. The spectacular first reel starts in next month's issue of

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

America's Interesting People

Cap'n

SHADES of the river boat Robert E. Lee! Railroads put her pilots on land. River traffic was as scarce as the famed dodo until Captain Mary B. Greene, almost singlehanded, brought back prosperity. She's one of two licensed women navigators of large vessels on American inland waters. Since her husband's death in 1927, she's built his line up to four big boats, eleven terminals, many wharves. Plies the Mississippi and its tributaries unloading whisky, paint, and canned goods. In seven years passenger traffic has been upped 1,000 per cent. At twenty-two, she left Marietta, Ohio, to marry Captain Gordon C. Greene, one of the last of the river giants. She's been known to steer boats through hurricanes and ice gorges when men wouldn't touch the wheel. Today in her cabin there are a kiddie car and other nursery objects. There 68-year-old "Ma" Greene entertains her 3-year-old granddaughter, Mary, Jr. Never tires of reading Mark Twain. Has a framed copy of his pilot's license in her stateroom.

Dentist

PHOTOGRAPH BY N. THORP HUMPHREYS FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

DR. GORDON C. PECK pulls rabbits out of hats as smoothly as he pulls wisdom teeth out of home-town folks at Glens Falls, N. Y. He is recognized as one of the world's foremost amateur magicians. But he sticks to dentistry because he can't fool enough people enough of the time. Before dental conventions he lectures on inlays and crowns. Before magicians' meetings and audiences in theaters, prisons, churches, and hospitals he conjures adults from tiny houses, makes crystal balls glide into audiences. Best known for his version of "the Blooming Rosebush." Makes American Beauties bud and bloom in 1 1/2 minutes right before your eyes. Spare time (the busiest men always have most spare time) he breeds dogs, goes flying, trains chickens for his acts. Prize pet: "Mickey," a rooster that adds and subtracts. Has practiced magic 30 of his 41 years; dentistry, 18. Can't stand anyone monkeying with his own molars. Labors hard to become a good golfer but is afraid it's one trick he'll never master.

Toreadora

BY HARVEY WHITE FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

A POLITE bull wouldn't lock horns with pretty but fiery Portia C. Portar, first U. S. woman bullfighter. But Mexico City's bulls know nothing of Latin chivalry, so this 18-year-old San Antonio, Tex., lass has to fend for herself like ordinary toreadors. But she's no ordinary fighter who gets into the ring only after six years of training. In less than a year and a half she's met and vanquished many bulls. What's more, her tutor, José Romero, dean of Mexico's fighters, says she's so advanced in the technique she can turn pro. Portia crossed the Rio Grande as a dancer. Wanted to perfect a bullfight dance; mastered the sport instead. Began dancing at 8. Composes music, but can't read a note. Friends transcribe for her. Ambitious to make parachute jumps. Every time she draws a salary check she spends it all on earrings and cameos. Creates her own costumes. Won't sell old ones—burns them. She's flying down to Rio this fall, and from there she'll go to Spain.

Planter

PHOTOGRAPH BY WILL CONNELL FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

IT TAKES Karena Shields 2 days to commute to and from work. A licensed air pilot, twice a month she swoops between her home in Los Angeles, Calif., and Palenque, State of Chiapas, Mexico. It's a little hop of some 2,100 miles, taken in easy stages. She's a small and blond business woman managing her own 25,000-acre cocoa plantation there. Reopened the old family plantation, abandoned 18 years ago. Born in Lorain, Ohio, in 1905, her father shortly whisked her to far-off Mexico. From 4 years up she rode horseback through the wilderness. Forgot U. S. life. Feasted on Chinese and Indian philosophies taught by her best friend—a Chinese cook. At her father's death she came back to U. S., married Frederick Shields, tried to civilize herself in California. She's never converted her family to her favorite diet of black beans, corn coffee, and avocados. Swims each morning with her two young daughters—Evelyn and Sylvia. Next spring she'll explore some newly discovered Mayan ruins near Palenque.

Maestro

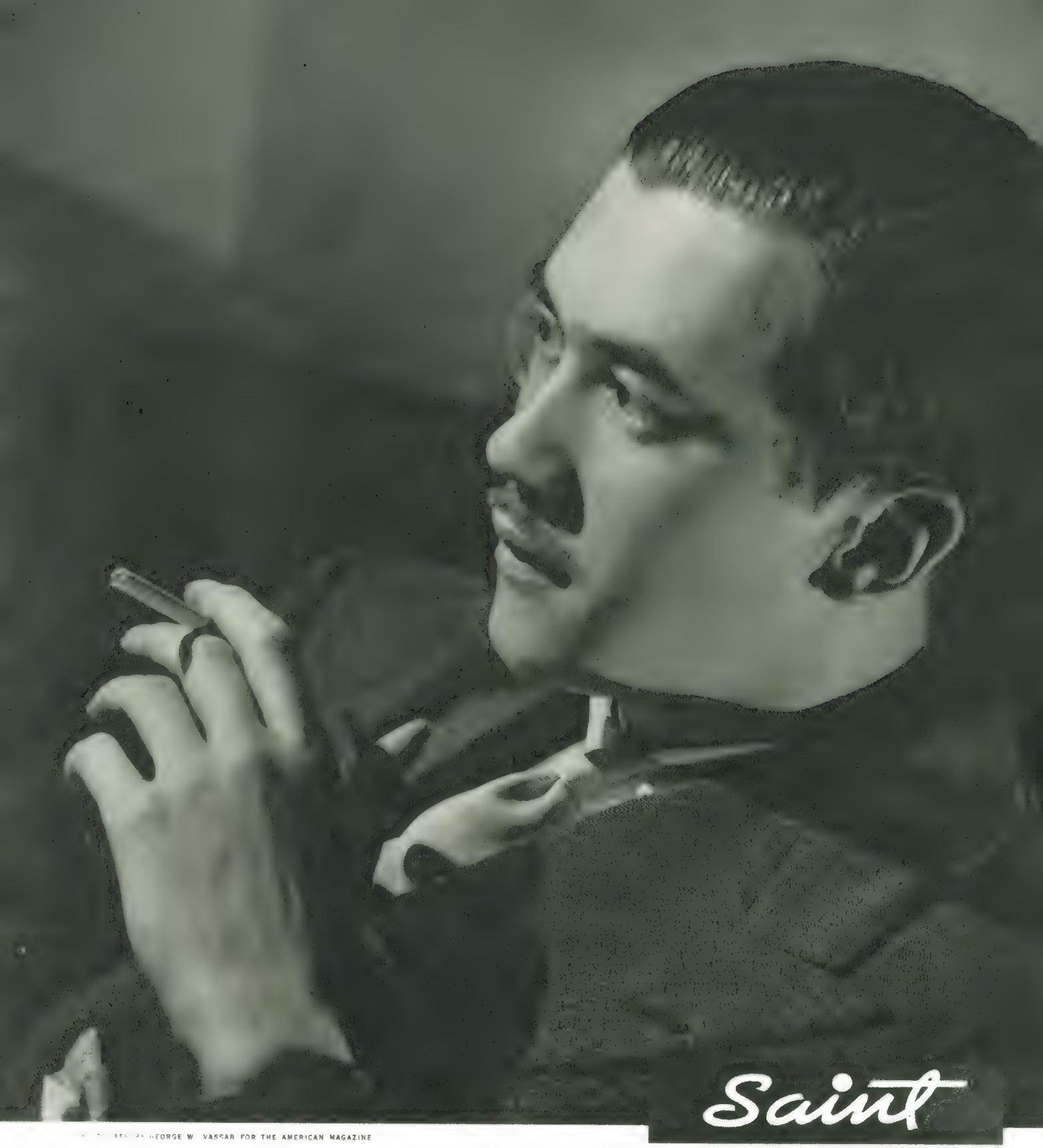
PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE W. VASSAR FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

IN VENICE, Italy, your neighbors drop in with musical instruments under their arms. Before dawn you have a full-fledged symphony. New York's Municipal Judge Leopold Prince has gotten up such a 100-piece orchestra among his neighbors. For the last four summers the Prince Ensemble (all amateurs) has been dispensing Beethoven, Bach, Kreisler in Manhattan's parks. Twenty thousand fans wait on the grass for hours before a concert begins. The Judge started out playing violin duets at home with his son Dan, 25. The janitor lugged his bass viol up from the basement and sat in. Then the family barber, grocer, butcher came along. Mrs. Prince served hot dogs and pop when rehearsals were over. When the group numbered 22 they overflowed the Prince parlor and hired a hall. The judicial maestro was born in Konitz, Germany (1880). Came to New York in 1891. Took degrees at City College of New York and N. Y. U. Has been on the bench 28 years. Crazy about waltzes; dislikes telephone jabber.

Hewer

PHOTOGRAPH BY EUGENE HUTCHINSON FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

THEY raised him to be an architect (honor man at M.I.T.), but Sidney B. Waugh, of New York, had other ideas. Today, at 31, he hasn't designed even a doll's house. Instead has cut his own path to world distinction as a designer of engraved glass and as an American sculptor of heroic figures. Been at it for 12 years. Got into glass only 18 months ago. Yet last spring the Victoria and Albert Museum in London bought for $1,200 his best center bowl, beautifully engraved with signs of the zodiac. Spare time in college he spent carving. Won scholarship to work in Rome. "Great!" said Italy's king when he saw his work—and bought some of it. Right now he's chiseling a 145-ton block of limestone into a statue, "The Guardian," for the Federal Archives Building in Washington, D. C. Born in Amherst, Mass. When he gets mad, works his temper out on stone statues. Saves a lot of glass and clay that way. Believes in "very tolerant parents." And why not? He has gone and done what he wanted to.



GEORGE W. VASSAR FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

HERE, complete with monocle (you never see him without it), is Leslie Charteris, creator of fiction's modern Robin Hood—*The Saint.* Before The Saint began his mysterious adventures, Charteris "wrote four bad books which were nevertheless published." Born in Singapore, May 12, 1907, his age "alters every day and you can figure it out to suit yourself." Lives near London now. His father is a doctor. "Paddy," his 3½-year-old daughter, makes an infinitely better pet, he says, than a dog or a monkey. As fourth mate on a roach-infested steamer, as rubber planter, tiger hunter, and barman, he's been around the world three times. Plans to spend this winter in Hollywood. (It's swell!) Chief hobby: sun bathing. Others: knocking kill-joys, flying (holds a pilot's license), and shooting. To complete a story usually takes him "two years of thinking and two days of high-speed dictating." His latest mystery novel, *Pirate Saint,* is complete in this issue. "My favorite writer," he says, "is myself."

Swapper

PHOTOGRAPH BY SARRA INC. FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

SAVINO MORIZZO is the modern David Harum. Since 1933 he's built up a $500,000 business swapping crutches for guitars, dumbbells for cameras, bathtub faucets for tomahawks. His exchange, crammed with an amazing variety of wares and knickknacks, covers three floors of a large Chicago office building. Publishes a magazine of swap ads. Barters articles in every state, many a foreign country. Came to the U. S. when he was 8 years old from Forenza, Italy (1906). Immediately started swapping marbles and knives. Got his idea of a big-time barter business during depression, when money was scarce. Takes time out to lecture on everything from character analysis to economics and to debunk spirit mediums. Teaches public speaking. Plays Romeo in amateur theatricals, also violin. Likes people and small pets. Chief dislikes: fortune seekers hot on trail of Shakespeare first editions and Rembrandts. Fort Dearborn was Chicago's earliest trading post; Morizzo's is the latest.

What's Wrong with Business?

By General Hugh S. Johnson

IN THE past few months I have talked for hours about the New Deal with business men of all ranks and grades in all parts of this country east of Kansas City and Tulsa. These men, when the New Deal was sold to them, had been told that our old economic setup was outmoded because it unbalanced the domestic market by concentrating economic power in favored groups. They had been told that while this served to create the large pockets of wealth so necessary in developing a new country, it eventually had failed to keep consuming power sufficiently spread among the population to maintain consumption abreast of production.

The essential theory of the New Deal as these men had understood it—the single basic kernel to which all else was chaff—was that we should balance our whole business setup by bringing the four great general divisions of our economic structure—agriculture, industry, labor, and finance—into harmony, none oppressing or fattening on the others. In a general way it was to provide a government of equal opportunity for everybody; a government which would act as a sort of referee and see that no foul tactics were used by those in the lead to hold back or oppress others; a government which would give full scope for natural ability and willingness to work, but which would prevent the abuse of acquired or inherited power.

The original New Deal proposed to activate business by spreading consuming power more widely among our people. It promised to do this, not by any "soak-the-rich" taxes or "share-our-wealth" scheme, but simply by altering those governmental policies which make for concentration in the hands of the few.

It promised to balance government expenditure with revenue and to borrow the billions necessary for relief in the orthodox manner, without resorting to any tinkering with the currency. It was recognized that the whole plan depended for its success on a scrupulous conservation of the credit of the United States. It was a plain business proposition to lay a sound foundation for a permanent prosperity.

And, as I have gone about the country recently, I have found that all but one of the elements of a regular tidal wave of new business are present. There is a starved demand, the world's finest facilities for production and distribution waiting to be used, and an abundance of cheap money praying for a chance to be invested.

What is it, then, that has prevented a swift upturn in business and that seems to be rapidly resulting in a bitter business revolt against the whole New Deal and all its works?

TO KNOW the answer to that question it is only necessary to talk ten minutes with investors, executives, bankers, and all the class who bear on their shoulders the responsibility for making ambitious future business plans and risking other people's money. The reaction is practically unanimous.

The missing element is confidence that everything is on the level. These men doubt that what I have described *is* the New Deal. They go down to Washington on business with some Department and hear important officials say quite openly that the government is going to demand unlimited searches and seizures of their books, peg their profits at, say, 5 per cent, and dictate their appropriations for advertising or even what they shall pay for material or wages. These officials are either close to the Administration or working under other men who *are* close—*and the visitors don't hear this sort of thing definitely repudiated.*

They hear proposed a confiscatory tax on estates. Deep in their hearts I doubt if those who have amassed great fortunes care very much whether their children shall start life burdened with the curse of Croesus or not. But they don't like to think that the institutions they have built may be put under the hammer at a sale and broken up. It makes a constantly caving market—crash liquidation on all sides and at all times. It absolutely defeats both the purpose of the tax to get revenue and the stability of continuous going business on which millions depend for wages and for the security of investments. It is just Hunnish economic vandalism which in primitive rage and vindictiveness defeats its own purpose when *all* the results desired could be accomplished in another and a far more effective and less destructive way.

Yet no one hears any official expression of interest in any course other than one proposed by impractical visionaries. And these visionaries are apparently not only unsympathetic toward the men who recognize and shoulder the ordinary responsibilities of prudent business management, but (*Continued on page 106*)

Blue Ribbon

By John Reid Byers

STRAINING joyously against the breast band of his harness, wire-haired Tam was very deep in the ever delightful pretense that he was really a brewery horse. At the end of his taut leash Nancy followed him, scowling darkly. After all, three broken engagements in less than ten months might be a new local record, but it wasn't necessarily an international standard of unmaidenly behavior—which was more or less what her mother, two aunts, and a married sister had been insinuating for the last forty-eight hours.

"But, just the same, I guess they're partly right," Nancy reflected gloomily now. "I'll probably just go on and on and on being too—too choosy. And then some day I'll wake up with a start and discover that I'm old, and I'll grab desperately at the first man who comes by. And people will shake their heads and say, 'Poor Nancy!' . . . Tam! Oh, Tam! Come *back*, sir!"

For, with a frenzied sideward leap, Tam had jerked the leash from her hand and was hurling himself toward the opposite sidewalk, where a tall young man led a coal-black Scotty. With equal enthusiasm the Scotty hurtled to meet Tam. His course took him between his master's legs; with a half-turn of the Scotty's leash snubbed around his ankle the young man sat down, suddenly and very hard, upon the cement sidewalk. And Nancy began to run.

Tam and the Scotty had combined into a snarling, delirious black-and-white pinwheel before Nancy finished her sprint. The young man, his eyes slightly dazed, was beginning to scramble

Nancy and Bob hated each other so much that even their dogs fought . . . but hatred, they say, is only a step away from love

FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN WATER COLOR
BY ALFRED PARKER

to his feet. Nancy grabbed for the nearest leash and tugged. The feet of the young man jerked toward her; with an agonized grunt he sat down a second time. Nancy dropped one leash and caught at the other. An instant later she was scooping a passionately reluctant Tam into her arms. The tall young man was pulling his dog toward him now and getting to his feet, rather cautiously this time. With Tam's unwilling head tucked under her chin Nancy faced him fiercely.

"Why didn't you have sense enough to pick up your dog when you saw mine coming?" she cried. "If you've let that ravening black beast of yours hurt Tam—"

The young man's still dazed eyes cleared suddenly. "Has it by any chance occurred to you that your dog started the trouble?" he inquired in an icy voice. "Not that I think you'll find him seriously damaged. As a fight it was mostly sound and fury. Of course, if Cully had really wanted to hurt him—" He looked complacently down at the bristling Scotty. "But he didn't. . . . Though I can't see," he added, with a scornful glance at Tam, "that it would matter much if he had."

Nancy's arms tightened around Tam. "Oh, wouldn't it?" she said hotly. "Tam is an especially valuable dog. Why, his father—"

The tall young man smiled. He had an infuriatingly superior smile. "Spare me!" he requested. And he turned and walked away, the Scotty trotting at his heels. Nancy glared viciously after him. With difficulty she restrained a violent impulse to shout at him the names of the three international champions in Tam's expensive pedigree. She had an even stronger impulse to put out her tongue at his supercilious back. . . .

Margery Allen phoned Nancy that evening. "We've decided to roll up the rugs and have a party," she announced. "I'm phoning everybody. And listen, Nancy—there's a new man in town! His name is Bob McKenzie, and he's come from New York to take charge of the Updegraff office here. You know—"

where Ted works. So we're having him over tonight."

Margery's highly informal dance was already under way when Nancy arrived. Margery deserted her partner to greet her. "But there's a complication," she whispered. "Tommy Jennings has wandered in. And he's feeling very sorry for himself. Ted is listening to his troubles in the kitchen now, but he can't keep him there forever. I hope—"

Nancy made a slightly wry face. "It'll be all right, I guess," she decided. "We didn't really quarrel, you know. Anyway, I'm still perfectly willing to be an old friend or a big sister to him."

Margery caught at her hand. "Oh, here comes the stranger within our gates," she breathed excitedly. "He's really quite nice-looking, isn't he? . . . Nancy, I want you to know Mr. McKenzie. Mr. McKenzie, this is Miss Waring."

Nancy said something which sounded very much like "Oof!"

THE tall young man was still smiling, and his smile was still infuriating. "Did your dog pick up any scars in the battle?" he inquired blandly as Margery danced off again. "Cully didn't, I'm glad to say. But then, Cully's a show dog. With your dog it wouldn't be so important."

Nancy had managed to catch her breath. "No?" she said acidly. "Well, it happens that Tam took first in the puppy class last year. He's entered in the show next month, and he's going to win at least the blue in his class and the Courtney Cup! That's all he'll do!"

Bob McKenzie was considering her. "And just what might this Courtney Cup be?" he asked.

"It's a special cup that old Judge Courtney puts up every year for the best terrier in the show," Nancy informed him coldly.

"Well, I won't say anything as to how your dog will do. I don't pretend to know anything about a wire-haired; I've never been interested in anything but genuine terriers. But—"

"Genuine terriers!" Nancy cried fiercely. "What do you mean? Why, Tam—"

Bob McKenzie shook his head at her. "Suppose you look the word up when you get home," he suggested kindly. "But I'm afraid you'll have to give up your hopes of that cup. You see, I'm planning to enter Cully in your little two-day show. And Cully—well, he took his first blue last fall, too; in the puppy class, of course. But that was in a three-day New York show, if you know the type of competition that means. And Cully's breeding—"

Nancy managed a superior smile of her own. "Spare *me!*" she said sweetly. She was going on to say other and angrier things when she saw something. The something was Tommy Jennings, sidling wistfully along the wall toward her. It was obvious that Tommy was trembling on the verge of sad reproaches. Nancy looked up at Bob McKenzie. "Ask me to dance!" she ordered.

Bob McKenzie's eyes were mildly startled, but his arms extended automatically. Half a dozen leisurely steps took them away from Tommy Jennings. And at the end of half a dozen more Nancy had forgotten Tommy and Tam and very nearly everything else in the shocked realization that she had spent the best years of her life being trundled around dance floors by ten-ton trucks. This was marvelous.

"Do you know this one?" Bob McKenzie demanded.

Nancy didn't know the intricate new step, but she managed to follow his lead, not too clumsily. And when the music from the Allen radio gave way to an announcer's voice Bob McKenzie nodded almost approvingly down at her.

"Do you know, you're the first girl I've danced with in months who seemed to have some vague notion what she'd been given feet for," he told her.

Nancy thought suddenly of Tommy Jennings. Yes, Tommy was still sidling mournfully along the wall, but he was aiming at Elinor Prentiss now. Nancy breathed a sigh of relief. Elinor and Tommy could go out and sit in Tommy's car for the rest of the evening. Elinor had always wanted Tommy. And Tommy wanted to tell his troubles.

Then music began to pour out of the loud-speaker again, and she and Bob McKenzie were dancing.

"I didn't think anybody but a professional could dance the way you do," Nancy said. Her voice was—for Nancy—very nearly respectful.

"You might say I am one," Bob McKenzie replied carelessly. "At any rate, I've been paid for it. I worked my way through Columbia University by towing kittenish dowagers around."

NANCY remembered that infuriatingly superior smile of his. "Oh," she said brightly. "A gigolo!"

Bob McKenzie was once more considering her, with tilted head. This time he was not smiling. "The only man who ever pulled that line on me has been wearing his nose a little to one side ever since," he said levelly. "Of course, you're a girl. And I hardly know you well enough to turn you over my knee. I might stop dancing with you, though. Would you like that?"

Nancy made up her mind, angrily but instantly. Nancy liked to dance, and she had just discovered that she had never really danced before tonight. "No, I wouldn't," she said. And then, as Bob McKenzie continued to regard her expectantly, "I—I apologize!" she added, bitterly and with some difficulty.

Nancy made no more attempts at conversation; and Bob McKenzie seemed quite content to dance in silence. They were still dancing together forty-five minutes later, when with a final barnyard squawk the Allen radio ceased to produce music. Ted Allen conducted a brief autopsy and rose with a headshake. "Tube gone," he announced.

It was Dick Warren who suggested driving out to his bungalow at the lake and going for a swim. Everybody accepted; and everybody seemed to take it for granted that Nancy would go with Bob McKenzie. In his car he turned to look at Nancy. "I haven't

the faintest desire to go swimming," he told her.

"But I have," Nancy informed him.

"I'd much rather go down to the hotel and dance," Bob McKenzie went on placidly.

The idea was attractive, and Nancy knew that the lake would be cold. For a moment she weakened. Then she remembered Bob's maddening smile.

"I," she said firmly, "want to go swimming."

The corners of Bob McKenzie's mouth were wearily scornful. "You're expecting me to give into you just because you're a girl," he declared.

"And you," Nancy retorted, "are hoping that I'll let you have your way simply because you're a man!"

THEIR eyes met angrily. At the end of an astringent moment Bob McKenzie's tightly scornful smile relaxed into a faint grin.

"It looks like a stalemate, doesn't it?" he said. "We might toss a coin."

The suggestion seemed eminently fair. "All right!" Nancy agreed defiantly.

He produced a fifty-cent piece. "Heads we dance. Tails we swim." He flipped the coin, caught it, and opened his hand. Tails.

Bob McKenzie drove Nancy to Dick Warren's lake-shore bungalow and went swimming. And if he did not enjoy it he kept that fact to himself.

Nancy was ready for bed when she remembered that lofty remark about genuine terriers. She padded noiselessly downstairs and into the library. She was scowling darkly once more when she put the dictionary back on its shelf. "Terrier," she had discovered, was derived from "terra," and the original terriers had been short-legged dogs, especially adapted to going to ground.

"He's precisely the unpleasant sort of man who *would* know what he was talking about," Nancy confided to Tam, who was blinking sleepily at her from his bed in the big leather chair. "But we'll show him! Him and that black turtle he thinks is a dog! Won't we, Tam?" . . .

Three nights later Nancy found herself seated beside Bob McKenzie at a dinner at the Forresters'. She decided that he must (*Continued on page 170*)

Something—or perhaps a series of somethings—had obviously left him with a poor impression of girls in general

Seattle's Boy Friend

By Jim Marshall

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

"AN AMERICAN WORD PORTRAIT"

CHARLES LOUIS SMITH, the youngest mayor Seattle ever had, believes a city should be run like a football team. When he was elected, in 1934, he promised to run the Puget Sound city just that way. And that's what he has been trying to do.

The result so far has been to take the lines out of a lot of down-at-the-mouth faces, not only in Seattle but throughout the country, and to laugh a lot of folks out of their worries.

No doubt you've heard about Mayor Smith and his spavin Derbies, put-out-the-cat Derbies, and diaper-changing contests in Seattle's public parks. Maybe you have put him down as a "nut." As a matter of fact, the young man is very serious about it all—about mixing the football idea with city politics.

Charlie Smith got the idea in 1913, when he played quarterback on the University of Washington football team, then coached by the famous Gil Dobie. Dobie let Charlie manage the team. And right there he found out for himself two essentials for going places—in football or anywhere else. One was co-operation—the give-and-take of team play. The other was morale—the top-of-the-world spirit that snaps out of it when the breaks go wrong.

These he carried with him into public office. Charlie Smith hadn't been mayor very long when one morning his secretary brought in two letters. He picked them up and read the first:

The Put-Out-the-Cat Derby. . . . Citizens in nightshirts. . . . Stuffed cats

I have visited all the cities on the Pacific coast, and for a seaport town Seattle is the most Sunday-schoolish. Why let the bluenose reformers run things? No wonder Seattle is shunned by tourists and folks from other cities.

He heaved a sigh, and wondered if he shouldn't call up the chief of police and tell him not to crack down so hard. Then he picked up the next letter:

Seattle is in terrible condition. It is wider-open than the old gold-rush days in Alaska. The only solution is to fire the police department and let vigilante citizens patrol the streets.

So what? . . . So Mayor Smith called in his secretary, Rudolph Block, an ex-newspaperman.

"Rudy," said Charles Louis, "we have to do something to cheer people up. Right away. They're worrying about the city's morals again. We have either too many morals or not enough. I don't know which. But what this city needs is a good laugh. Go get it!"

Mr. Block thought for a minute.

"How," he asked the mayor, "how about a public Put-Out-the-Cat contest, an Icemen's-Dash-for-a-Housewife's-Kiss, a Diaper Derby, a Decrepit-Nag Handicap, or a . . . ?"

Flippant and flippantly intended; but

When the citizens begin to get upset, young Mayor Smith of Seattle gives them something else to think about . . . such as the Ice-men's-Dash-for-a-Housewife's-Kiss, pictured above

Close finish in the Changing-Diaper Derby. . . . One baby's a pup!

the suggestion struck fire with Mayor Smith. One of his political maxims (also founded on football experience) is to fight fire with fire. When citizens are upset, he gives them something to think about.

"That's plenty, Rudy," stopped Charles Louis. "Put 'em on right away. Not all at once—one at a time. The relief folks are giving out bread; we will stage the circuses—or should it be circi, Rudy?"

"Circuses, I think, Charlie," said Mr. Block, who always regards the mayor as a city editor.

And that's how the spavin Derby, the silliest horse race in the world, was born in Seattle.

It came off in the spring of this year, and there wasn't a thing straight about it. Most of the horses were old, broken-down nags. Even the track wasn't on the level; it was half humps, half mud, and the rest bumps. But then, as the mayor pointed out, there was nothing on the level about most horse races, anyway.

The rules were simple.

Jockeys were forbidden to carry their steeds. The odds on each nag were 100 to one. Spurs, firearms, and affidavits were ruled out. Whips were stuffed, and riders were forbidden to carry alarm clocks. If the horses went to sleep, that was just too bad. Then, to make the whole thing more subtle, the first and second horses across the line were ruled out, and the third horse got a keg of beer, which was promptly stolen from the noble animal by its rider.

TEN thousand happy citizens saw the forty superannuated nags amble around the track and, for the time being, ceased to care whether there were plus or minus signs on the city's morals. They discovered that a community could have a lot of good, clean fun at no cost.

After it was over, Mayor Smith made a speech in which he said the whole thing was merely to interest the public in its parks. Nobody believed anything remotely resembling that, but nobody cared.

Things rolled along for a few weeks, and everybody had a good laugh over the nonsense Derby. Embarrassing letters turned up only occasionally at City Hall. Then, one morning in early summer, Mr. Block brought in another letter for the mayor. It read:

Dear Mayor: There is a dead sea lion on the beach near our house. We called the street department, but by the time they got out here the tide was in and they told us to notify the harbor patrol. When the harbor patrol boat arrived, the sea lion was back on the beach and they told us to notify the (*Continued on page 116*)

Thanks to the Redskins

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN CONTENT

By MacKinlay Kantor

AN AMERICAN STORIETTE *Complete* ON THESE PAGES

DURING the seven months which the family of Peter Howitt had spent in their new log cabin they had never seen an Indian. So it seemed strangely inappropriate that on this day of Thanksgiving came the first hour when the guns were loaded and the door barred.

The day was appointed by Peter Howitt himself. In the absence of any official proclamation, Mr. Howitt was left to rely upon his own judgment.

"Back home in Massachusetts," said his wife Deborah, "it was generally a Thursday."

Peter nodded. "The latest Thursday of November. In any event, we shall observe such a day next Thursday."

The younger children and the mother agreed. But Freelove acted as if she did not hear.

"Daughter," said Peter Howitt, "are you unwilling to join us in observing a day of thanks?"

Freelove gazed down at her rough linsey dress, which had shrunk high enough to display an alarmingly pretty pair of ankles. "I don't know what we've got to be thankful for."

"Do not forget," chided her father, "that we have finally acquired the step-stove on which you set your heart."

"I dug gentian roots to help pay for that stove!" The girl's face was as firmly set as his. "Iowa wouldn't be so disagreeable if—" Her voice sank into a whisper, but not before she had murmured something about "gatherings."

Peter Howitt arose. "You should obey our wishes without complaint."

"I don't see harm in having good times once in a while!" cried Freelove. "If you had only let me go to that last gathering at the Dutchers' with Tansy—After all, I'm near eighteen."

Peter sighed. "The Dutchers," he told Freelove, "are not our sort."

"Nobody's our sort," she wailed, "nobody that gets any joy out of life!"

"Those Carolinians!" exclaimed Howitt. "Ignorant mountaineers. Fiddle music, daughter, is Satan's snare for the unwary."

SO THE day of Thanksgiving was no joy to Freelove. During the interminable morning prayer she envisioned Tansy's brown face.

"Guide us that we may walk in Thy way, Lord!" Peter's voice strengthened with righteous abhorrence. "And guide our daughter Freelove to shun the false idols of lightness and worldliness which so stubbornly she sets before Thee."

So they lived in a shadow of grim Thanksgiving when the news of the Indian raid reached their ears. The Howitts were eating their breakfast when Tansy Dutcher arrived.

On his colt, he skirted a long spur of dark timberland and crossed the frozen slough in a smoke of snow.

"Howitt," yelled Tansy, "they say the Dakotas air heading this way!"

Tansy stared into Freelove's eager face. "Roll Brewer was hunting on the prairie, and brung the word. May be just a tall tale, like last year, but folks air lighting out in their wagons!"

"People—are running away?" Freelove's voice trembled.

Her father turned. "Some people are cowards, daughter."

"Mister Howitt," Tansy said, "my folks air not lighting out. But we got our door bolted, and Pap was laying guns out on the table, when I rode away."

AGAIN his glance swept Freelove's face. "Beats all! We planned a gathering for tonight. If the Dakotas don't come, we'll have the gathering anyways. Some folks air driving south, and others'll stay to home and load their guns. You can take your choice."

"We shall stay," said Howitt promptly.

Tansy Dutcher told him, "You got a family . . . Well," he nodded, "maybe it is only some tall talk. Now I'm riding north on the prairie, to scout around."

He was a flying blur of horse mane and flapping blanket and snow. . . .

Deborah Howitt ordered crisply, "Let's get inside."

Howitt nodded. "I must prepare weapons."

There was a rounded ridge folding their little saucer of prairie beyond the slough, and that was where the Indians appeared. When they saw the Howitt cabin they all began to wave and yell.

Candace crawled under the bed, but Jem brandished his tiny hatchet. Peter Howitt jammed the thick hickory bar into its iron flanges across the door.

They tugged at the gigantic mahogany cupboard, and rocked it across the puncheons to block the lone window on the south. Now the cabin was terrifyingly dark. Peter knocked a chip from between two logs near the door. He peered through the aperture.

"They are coming to the attack," he said.

Freelove whispered, "Did—did you see *it?*"

"Yes," said her father. "Already they have one victim."

"A dead man," the girl sobbed. "They have him hung to a pole."

Down near the stable a shrill voice yelled, "*How! How! How-lo!*"

Freelove found the poker and rammed a new loophole in the south wall.

"Well enough, daughter," came Howitt's decisive voice. "Now we shall be able to shoot and to observe too!"

"Let me take the pocket pistol, Father." Freelove got down on her knees, close against the logs. Her eyes found the tatterdemalion crowd; they were surrounding the stable, and two of them still carried that awful, dripping thing tied with thongs to a pole.

She gasped, in recognition. "Father, that's no man they've got. Oh, thank heaven! It's a pig—our black pig!"

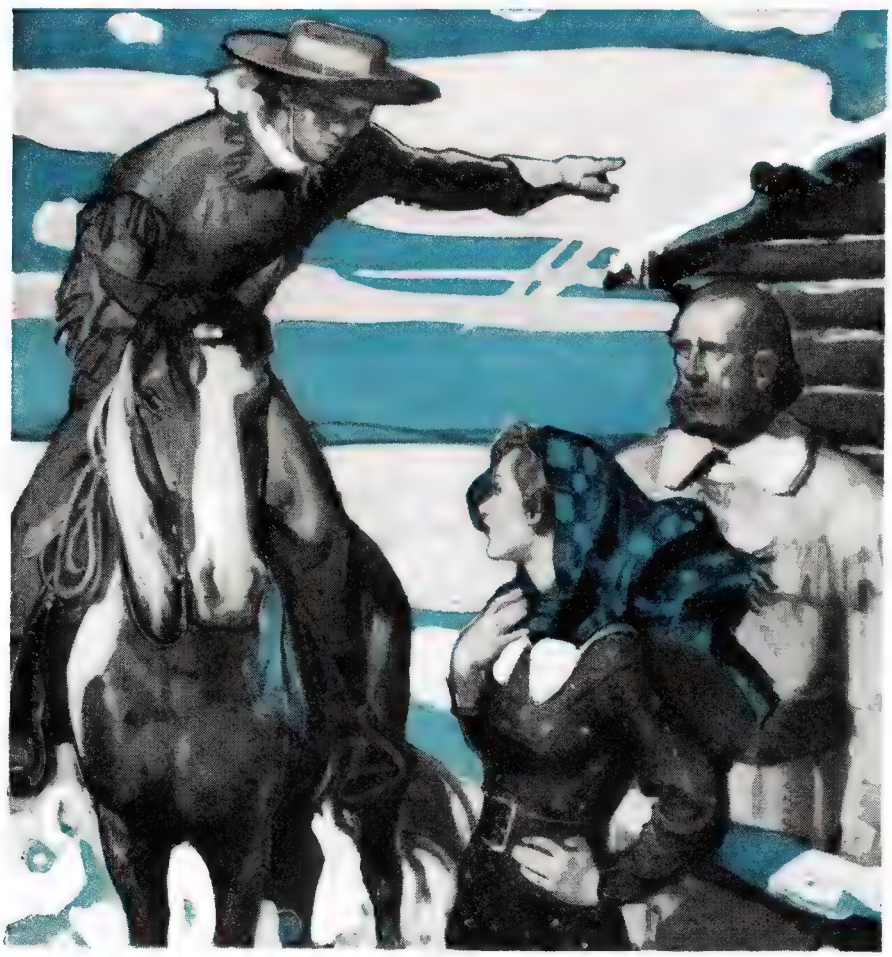
Howitt bent to his own loophole. "I'll treat them to a good dose of powder and shot," he cried angrily.

The room roared as he fired, but

Peter Howitt's aim was poor; the charge from his shotgun tore a harmless cloud of snow from the ground beside the Indians. They fell back down the path toward the slough, howling and shaking their heads as they retreated.

"They're building a fire, wife . . . I never thought to see our own pig roasted by thieves before our very eyes!"

Freelove had made another loophole in the rear wall of the cabin and was gazing toward the north, watching the long spur of dark timber and the rolling prairie where Tansy Dutcher had ridden.



Tansy pulled up in a smoke of snow. "They say the Dakotas air heading this way!" he yelled

It was late afternoon before he came. He was a smoky dot on the brown and white expanse.

Freelove found the voice which she had used so seldom all those long hours.

"It's Tansy, Father. Coming in from the northeast. He's near at hand."

Peter Howitt lifted his rifle.

His wife cried crisply, "I've got my eye on them. They haven't moved a step in this direction for three mortal hours! Open the door, husband, and hail him from the step."

Tansy Dutcher was only fifty yards away when he saw Peter Howitt waving vigorously in the dooryard. Dutcher's little buckskin soared over the snake fence.

"What's ado, Howitt?"

"Dakotas," Peter told him. "Here they come, from the slough. South . . ." He turned quickly and fired. The Indians yowled in chorus. Then the two men were inside the cabin, and Tan Dutcher had barred the door.

"How long they been here?"

The older man cried, "This morning —soon after you left us."

Tan Dutcher echoed unbelievingly, "This morning? And you're still alive and the place ain't gone up in smoke? Hold on a second," he whispered, perplexed, and bent to gaze through the opening. . . . "In the yard," he agreed, and whistled. "Yes. Howitt, you're plumb ignorant!"

HE WAS wrenching at the bar of the door, even while fists pounded against it from the outside, and voices shouted.

"Put down your guns," he ordered the Howitts.

The door creaked open. Dutcher stood there facing the mob, both hands high above his head.

"*How, how, how-lo!*" the Indians all brayed at once. He cried, "*Chem-is-ne!*" And then they were all turning to follow his gaze, gobbling like turkeys.

Tansy backed toward the door. "They say, 'Bad white man shooting at us.' They want me to go for the soldiers."

"I fail to understand, sir!" Howitt's eyes were contemptuous. "You warn us of an Indian attack. Then you upbraid me when I have defended my family!"

"Dakotas," said Dutcher, "would have et you up in two shakes, if you shot the way I just seen you! These air Chem-is-ne's Potawatomis—Johnny Green, folks call him."

Freelove scolded indignantly. "They butchered our black pig!"

Tan Dutcher called, "*How!* Johnny Green—*how, how, hello!*" He went to meet a lame old man in a red blanket. They talked rapidly together.

"I reckon it can be explained, Howitt," said Tansy at last. "Johnny's been hunting all fall, way up the East Fork. They thought your pig was a wild one."

"*Wisk!*" demanded Johnny Green.

"No whisky," Dutcher told the Indians. "I reckon you don't know the Howitts air temperance!"

Johnny Green said, "*Sugee.*"

"Sugar," echoed Tansy. "Can you spare a mite of sugar, Howitt?"

PETER HOWITT sniffed. "Daughter, fill a bucket."

"That's right handsome of you," Dutcher exclaimed. "Now I'll dun him for the black pig!"

He jabbered extravagantly, and all the Potawatomis listened. Finally Johnny Green nodded and growled.

Tansy wiped his forehead. "He'll give you a pony, Howitt, to make up for the pig his young men killed." He began to shout at the Potawatomis, waving them away from the cabin. They went at last, reluctantly, leaving behind a spotted pony.

Tansy sighed. "You had me fair alarmed, neighbors. I rode north till I found that Roll Brewer's story was just a tall tale—no Dakotas in the hull country."

The young man faced Peter Howitt squarely, and there was a direct challenge in his eyes. "Now we can have our gathering, neighbor, as I tolt you before. Plain fare, but plenty of it, and fiddle music. I'd admire to escort your daughter Freelove."

Howitt put his hands behind his back. "Fiddle music. I—"

"Maybe it ain't my business," said Tansy. "And then, maybe it is! If you'd make friends with your near neighbors, you'd understand about this Iowa country. About Potawatomis and such. Then you'd never run such terrible risks. If you'd kilt one, the government would've been in your wool. And —the Potawatomis, too!"

Deborah began sharply, "Fiddle music is one thing that godly people do not—"

Peter coughed. "Do you wish to attend this gathering, daughter?"

"Oh," said Freelove negligently, "I don't mind if I do."

What has happened so far:

RICHARD SETON RADWAY, newspaper publisher, was worried sick about his two attractive daughters, Virginia and Olive. He was half expecting one or the other to try to elope at almost any moment. He confided this to David Allen Partridge, his syndicate manager. "If anybody ever helps one of my daughters to elope," he said, "I'll have his hide off." This wasn't exactly pleasant to David, for, although in love with Ginnie himself, he had promised to help her in a runaway marriage with Dmitri Kieff, an artist of sorts with a small job on the paper. Dmitri claimed to be a Russian nobleman. About this, David and a few other people had their doubts. Poor David! In love with Ginnie, and already involved with one Mary Mayne, also on the paper, who was threatening to publish some love letters he had once written to her.

As for Olive's romance, David felt no responsibility. She was in love with James Sparks, her father's business manager, but they had quarreled because Sparks was foolish enough to call her father a half-wit.

Radway had business worries, too. His famous cartoonist, Bull Forrester, had gone off on a binge, and there was a clause in his contract to the effect that if he fell from the wagon again he would be sent away for a cure. Kieff, who was Forrester's assistant and hated him, had really trapped the genial and unsuspecting Forrester. Knowing his weakness, he had opened some fine old rye right under Bull's nose, and had insisted that he drink a toast to his forthcoming marriage. The result was a search in all the bars of New York for the missing cartoonist.

When Dave finally found him, he led him to the office of Dr. Hartley Grant Stryker, eminent psychoanalyst and feature writer for Radway's paper. Radway was waiting for them there.

When Stryker was told that Forrester was to be sent away on a cure, he immediately decided to make use of his widowed sister's expensive estate. He told Radway about his private sanitarium and suggested it as the place for Forrester. Radway decided he wanted to go, too, and thought it would be a fine idea to take his daughters with him. And perhaps if he showed such confidence in Dr. Stryker, the doctor would renew his contract with Popular Features, Inc.

On hearing the news Ginnie bade David a tearful farewell, and again made him promise to rescue her and arrange her elopement. As the curtain rises on the next installment, we find the unhappy party arriving at the newly invented sanitarium. . . .

"Dear Mr. Radway," she cooed. "Oh, oh," he thought, "here's another woman who wants to marry me!"

HAVING no taste for harsh facts, Richard Seton Radway never upset himself by realizing how relieved he had been at the taking off of his wife, eleven years ago. He would have considered the realization disloyal and unworthy. Unconsciously keeping well clear of such reflections, he never thought of his late wife at all.

He never willingly saw her in his mind's eye or heard her in his mind's ear. He dreamed of her sometimes in blood-curdling nightmares, in which she merely walked into the room and remarked that he thought he'd got rid of her, did he? Speaking out violently—giving an opinion or an order—he felt her behind him, inhaling deeply for the brief remark that would put him in his place. These things were beyond his control.

Anyway, he had learned his lesson: Never again would he marry anyone. Or, to put it more realistically, never again would he let anyone marry him.

Richard Seton Radway was only forty-nine. He was a Nice-Looking Man, even though lacking both the chin and the moral force to be handsome. He was

Marry the Girl

By Edward Hope

•

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

RICHARD SETON RADWAY
Proprietor and publisher, New York Ledger, owner of Popular Features, Inc.

OLIVE RADWAY
Radway's elder daughter

JAMES HONEYWELL SPARKS
Business manager for Radway's publications

BULWER LYTTON FORRESTER
Cartoonist for Popular Features

DMITRI KIEFF
Forrester's young assistant

VIRGINIA RADWAY
Radway's younger daughter

MARY MONTGOMERY MAYNE
Blond writer of Bedtime Stories

DR. HARTLEY GRANT STRYKER
A psychoanalyst and feature writer

DAVID ALLEN PARTRIDGE
Syndicate manager of Popular Features

FRANK DRAKE
Former manager, now with rival concern

ELLEN ALLINGTON
Dr. Stryker's widowed sister

rich in times when riches were rarer than they had been a few years ago. He came of two desirable families. He was respected—perhaps more by those who didn't know him than by those who did—but respected. It had occurred to many women that it wouldn't be a bad plan to marry him.

This terrified him. From painful experience, he could see the idea dawning on a woman almost before she herself knew it. There had been a couple of Near Things earlier, and he had no faith in his ability to elude the clutches of candidates for his bed and board. He was polite; the only safety for him lay in physical, geographical flight.

Dr. Stryker's sister came as a shock to him.

The minute he met her, a thrill of horror

skittered up his spine. He could not have said how, but he knew. As a fly, looking at the sticky paper, knows.

When they came into the warmly lighted hall of Three Oaks, Dr. Stryker said, "This is my sister, Mrs. Allington," and Radway saw her coming at him, and felt his stomach cower up behind his ribs.

A butler and the two chauffeurs busied themselves with the luggage from the cars. An effeminate little man took charge of Forrester, who was sober enough now to know that he hated everything and everyone he could think of. A maid led the two girls up the white-railed staircase. Stryker went out to the cars again.

AS EASILY as that, Mrs. Allington had Radway in her power. She was still holding lightly to his fingers. The awful thing about it was that she was a rather pretty woman; what the French call well made, with generous curves, but not plump. Her eyes, looking into his, were blue and warm and personal. Her lips, held primly in a sort of kissy expression, looked soft.

"*Dear* Mr. Radway," she murmured, and gave his fingers a tiny squeeze before she released them, "I want you to feel that this is *your* home just as long as you stay. My brother tells me you're here for a rest cure, and we're going to make you *so* comfortable! . . ."

"Thank you," he muttered; and felt that was inadequate, and laughed a little, intimately, and felt the earth slipping from beneath his feet.

"You come along with me," she fluttered. "I'll show you your room. And if there's *anything* you don't like about it, you're not to *hesitate* to tell me. Three Oaks is your own home. . . ."

She led him up the curving staircase. At the top she took his arm. "Right over here," she said, and walked close to him down the broad hall to a door near the end. She threw the door open. "*Here*," she said, and went into the room before him.

He entered on reluctant feet and paused by the door. He saw his suitcases, opened, waiting for him, committing him to this place.

She smiled encouragingly. "*Now*, you be sure," she said, "if there's anything you want changed . . ." She giggled. "And my room's right next door. So any time at *all* . . ."

"Well, thank you."

She moved toward the door at last. "Dinner's at half past seven," she smiled. "I do hope you'll find everything comfy."

"Well, thank you."

She leered back at him through a slit of doorway as she closed herself mercifully out.

When Radway came down for dinner, Mrs. Allington wasted no time on the rest of the party. She laid a rather young and well-made hand on his sleeve and turned her personal eyes on his. She smiled up at him, as if at a risqué secret they shared.

"Oh," she murmured in a voice that cut them off from the others. "You and I are going to have such fun here, Mr. Radway. It's a big place, you know, with a brook and tiny forest and the loveliest paths."

Radway looked sneakily around for help. But Stryker was rearranging the log fire. Olive and Virginia, with two of the saddest faces he had ever seen, were murmuring together in the corner. He started hastily for the fireplace, where Stryker was plying a long poker. Some observation about the coolness of the night would do.

Dinner was announced.

She placed him at the head of the table.

"A dinner table looks too *sil*-ly without a man at one end of it," she fluttered.

His daughters maintained their sullen silence. Every time he looked up he met Mrs. Allington's hortative eyes over the tulips. He hoped she'd get a squirt of grapefruit juice in one of them. He shuddered. . . .

"I had always thought, Dr. Stryker," he said at last, "that alcoholism was caused by a physical craving. Do you really think it can be cured through—through psychoanalysis?"

Stryker went into the theory of it in detail that would, under ordinary circumstances, have been unbearable. . . .

THEY got through dinner, but Radway found his sense of victory a fool's paradise.

They were still standing aimlessly about the great living-room in that state of postprandial restlessness which the flesh is heir to, when Mrs. Allington discovered the moon. She stood by one of the broad windows, draping a curtain back, and gave forth a sound that might have been attributed either to rapture or to the frizzled onions that had accompanied the steak.

"Oh," she cooed. "The moo-oon!"

Nobody leaped to her side. Radway, who had always been a man who could take the moon or leave it alone, assured himself that he was darned if he was going to be the—

"Oh, Mr. Radway! Do come and look."

He went.

"Oh, Mr. Radway, we must go. We must!"

"Go?" He shivered, and her hand held his arm more firmly.

"There!" she said softly. She spoke to the others: "Oh, Grant dear, you'll come, won't you? And I'm sure the Miss Radways would love it . . ."

"Come—where?" Radway thought the doctor's disdain the finest thing he had ever heard. "Love what?"

Mrs. Allington tittered. "Oh, I *am* silly! I was speaking of the little cascade. It's just a few steps from the house, a little jewel of a waterfall. And when the moon is like this, it's too marvelous. Quicksilver . . . I'm sure you young ladies . . ."

There was the girl he was supposed to rescue—who wouldn't rescue a lady with a profile like hers?

"I've got letters to write," Olive said.

"So have I," Virginia echoed.

"I brought up several case histories," Stryker said. "I've got to go over them."

"Oh, *dear!*" his sister sighed. "I do love it."

Radway's brain offered him three unrelated Anglo-Saxon monosyllables, none of which he saw fit to say.

THEY went to see the little cascade. The unnerving thing about the expedition was a gruesome air of guilty intimacy that pervaded it from the start. She took his arm, as they followed the narrow path across a moon-silvered meadow, and he chose to risk the long, dewy grass. Death of cold, he thought, and called on his Maker for deliverance. They were heading for a black cloud of trees. He shivered again.

They arrived, panting a little, on the great, flat stone from which the waterfall was best seen. It was probably beautiful. You couldn't have proved it by Radway. The gelid dampness, billowing up from the obscenely gurgling stream below them, was not enough to account for the gooseflesh that kept sweeping up his back.

"Cold, isn't it?" She shivered up against him.

"Yes. Been a remarkably cold spring. Hadn't we better go?" . . .

Back at the house, he alleged a headache.

She lingered at the foot of the stairs, looking tenderly up at him.

"Good night," she cooed, as he reached the top.

"Good night . . . Oh, by the way, Mrs. Allington, will you see if my chauffeur is still about? I must see him before I go to bed."

"Why, of *course!*" . . .

THOMAS BYRNE, who had been Radway's chauffeur for six years, had rarely found himself so much in demand.

To begin with, there was Mamie, the upstairs maid, whose plumpness and pinkness and willingness to squeal with amusement he found refreshing, after the high-and-mighty city maids he ordinarily associated with. She had promised to stay in the kitchen until he should come back.

Thomas Byrne was still whistling softly as he crunched down the drive, feeling in his pocket for the ignition key. He sniffed the spring in the air, chilly as it was, and tried to remember what picture it was that had had a scene of just such a moon-dappled lawn.

Thomas Byrne jumped so sharply that bits of gravel were kicked up and pinged against the body of the car. The noise came again: "*Ps-s-s-st!*"

Ready for it, the chauffeur did not start, but turned his head slowly from side to side, trying to locate the source of this urgent sound. The windows of the ground floor of the house were lighted and closed. The sound seemed to have come from above. He looked at the trees. No bird in his experience . . .

"*Ps-s-s-st!*"

He located it. Above him, in a darkened window, he could see a face that was white in the moonlight. He could also discern a smaller, whiter object floating in the air just outside the window.

"Hey," said the whisper.

"Whut the deuce?" Byrne whispered in return.

"You Radway's chauffeur?" the sexless whisper wanted to know.

"I am that."

"*Sh-h-h!* You going back to New York tomorrow?"

"First thing av the mor-r-ning."

"Give you five dollars to deliver a note for me."

Byrne pushed his cap back and scratched his head.

"Say, what *is* this?"

"*Sh-h-h!* Nothing. Want to get a note to New York. I'm Forrester."

"Oh. How you feeling, sor?"

"All right. Awful. Catch!"

The smaller, whiter object fluttered down. It swooped away from the chauffeur's clutching hands and landed on the drive. He retrieved it.

"Got it?" whispered Forrester.

"Yes, sor. But . . ."

"There's five dollars pinned to

ILLUSTRATED BY FLOYD DAVIS

it. Take it to the address. And don't tell anybody."

"But, Mr. Forrester . . ."

"*Sh-h-h!* Good night."

The window closed.

When he got back to the kitchen Mamie said his boss wanted to see him. She showed him the back staircase and told him which was Radway's door.

In the upstairs hall Byrne met Miss Olive. Miss Olive was looking sad-like. She whispered, too.

"Thomas."

"Yes, Miss Olive?"

"*Sh-h-h!* Are you going back to town?"

He had never been so sh-h-hed in his life. He nodded, and whispered, "First thing tomorrow."

"Good . . ." She brought her right hand from behind her back. It held a square envelope precisely like the one he had got from Forrester. "Thomas, I want you to deliver this note for me."

He took it. "Very good, Miss Olive."

"*Sh-h-h!*" She brought up her left hand, which had been a fist at her side. She opened it and revealed a badly crumpled bank note. She gave it to him. "And don't tell anybody about it," she said.

"No, Miss Olive."

She slipped into a room. He suppressed a desire to whistle, and walked to the door Mamie had described. He knocked.

The boss was funny, too. He peered at Byrne. He raised a finger to his lips.

"*Sh-h-h!*"

BYRNE made a remark to himself and obeyed Radway's sign to enter. He was not surprised when his employer reached into a side pocket and brought out a square envelope.

"I want you to take this to town with you tomorrow morning, Byrne," Radway said, "and deliver it as early as possible."

"Yes, sor." The chauffeur put his heels together and bowed slightly, as he took the letter.

"And don't say anything about it to anybody, Byrne."

"Of course not, sor."

"M-m-m? . . . That's all, Byrne. But be ready when I send for you. I'll telephone."

"Good night, Mr. Radway."

When he got back to the kitchen, Mamie had beer and glasses on the table.

"Ah, what a gir-rl you are, Mamie! I've half a mind to kiss you."

Mamie pretended to look for the bottle opener.

"Half a mind'll never get yiz nowheres," she said.

He reached for her, but she slipped away, putting the table between them.

"*Sh-h-h!* Ye big bruiser! I got orders for you."

"Giving me orders you are?"

"From the young lady."

"Which young lady?"

"The pretty one with the dark eyes. She come down just now—"

"And give you a note for me to deliver in New York."

Mamie gaped at him.

"And," he went on, "told you not to breathe a word about it, and tell me the same."

"Ah, you knew about it."

"I did not. I'm a mind reader. And give me the letter and get it over with, because I can see what's in *your* mind, Mamie, and we're wasting time."

All four notes, buttoned into the chauffeur's breast pocket, got a little crushed. . . .

"SIT down, Kieff," Dave said, waving at a chair. "I've been working on this elopement business. I've got a blank marriage license. Stevens, the city hall man, got it for me. It's the only sure way to keep it secret. Illegal as long as it's blank, but we fill it in ourselves, when we need it. Then Stevens tells the man in the license bureau, and he puts it in the books, and everything's regular. See?"

Dmitri nodded. "But—it is not good to break the law, to defy the weesh of the father. I do not know . . ."

Dave stared hard at him. The Russian's head was held high, in conscious righteousness.

"What's all this?" Dave said quietly.

"One must have logic." He moved his shoulders. "It is perhaps the American tradition, this way to defy the father, but one must reflect. I am poor. My art is not commercial. If Radway is made angry, he will maybe give Virginia nothing, not a sou. And then . . ." The shoulders jerked up again.

Dave got slowly out of his chair. Resting the knuckles of his right hand on the corner of the desk, he leaned over Dmitri. The Russian bent backward and looked up at him, blinking.

"Kieff," Dave said, "you've run right into a whole flock of American traditions. Up to your beautiful ears." He leaned closer. "The first one is that once a man has asked a young lady to marry him, he sticks to it. No matter what. See? Or else."

Dmitri licked his lips. "But—"

"Not a but in a carload. You're going to marry Miss Radway where and when and how she chooses. It was your own idea. Heaven knows *I* don't share her enthusiasm for you. It's a mystery to me why any girl would want you, but there it is. You asked her."

"But that was before I understood—"

"I know. That was when it looked like good business. Marry a millionaire's daughter and get rich quick. But, all of a sudden, money's no object."

"Do you not see? . . ." Dmitri protested, leaning farther and farther back.

"If I saw any clearer, I'd throw up."

"She is lovely girl . . ."

"You bet she's lovely girl. And you're going to marry her. For richer, for poorer. Or I am going to beat you into hamburgers."

DMITRI, whose chair could not safely be tipped farther backward, slid it out from under Dave's shadow and wriggled to his feet.

"I do not understand . . ."

"Let me make it clear. I'm arranging all details. You're taking orders. Miss Radway's father has got her up in Connecticut to keep her away from you. She's going to escape. Probably in the middle of some night. When I tell you to, you'll go to my apartment and wait there. I'll arrive with Miss Radway, and you'll marry her. Do you understand now?"

"Yes. But—"

"You will do what I say. If you value your beautiful, imported hide."

Dmitri only blinked and moistened his lips.

Dave said, "If you don't, I'll guarantee to smack you till your own mother wouldn't know you from a sirloin steak. Will you do what I say?"

"Yes." Dmitri nodded rapidly.

"All right. Get (*Continued on page 88*)

Pack up your troubles —HOW?

●

DEAR EDITOR: These are times when even the most optimistic soul sees the world through dark-colored glasses and feels the urge to get away from it all. Some satisfy this desire through the conventional book or movie, while others seek solace in art, music, or religion—not to mention Demon Rum. When life is just a dark-brown taste, what do you suggest for escaping from it? Why not have your contest fans offer prescriptions? — J. M., Providence, R. I.

●

WHAT do you suggest? When you're feeling tired and worried, what is your method of escaping for a while? Maybe it's taking a long walk, sawing wood, turning to a hobby—or just going to sleep, as one staff member remarked.

For the best letter of not more than 200 words, on "How I Forget My Troubles," we will pay $25; for the second best, $10; third best, $5. Address ESCAPE, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. No letters will be considered after November 15, 1935. None will be returned.

Almost a Red

CARTOON BY TALBURT

"Why communism tempted me." . . . A glimpse into the mind of a typical young American, eager for public service

By Lawrence Gately

ABOUT fifteen years ago, when I was a high-school freshman in a large Middle Western city, I studied civics under a small, gray-haired professor named Smith.

Smith was what practical men call an idealist. He didn't know much about the outside world, but he did know government and history, and was prouder of his American citizenship than he was of his three university degrees. He filled us with a glorious pride in our American inheritance and fired us with a desire to serve our country.

In class, under his direction, we conducted mock campaigns, mock elections, mock sessions of Congress. We enacted the whole drama of government and took turns at holding high office.

Never was a bunch of boys and girls so earnest, studious, and enthusiastic as our little class. We all took it very seriously, but I probably more seriously than the others. This belief in my country and its government withstood four years of college. Nothing, I felt, could shake the faith burnt into me in Civics-A.

Today I am a full-fledged American citizen, but I am not proud of it. I've lost my faith. My country and I have drifted far apart. Smith's civics class was a mock government, but it was more faithful to the spirit and structure of its model than the political setup I have found in the world of realities. I am twenty-eight years old, young enough to serve my government with energy and enthusiasm—as a citizen! But what chance have I? I have a college education, a good job, a keen understanding of economics, history, and law. But how can I use them to improve this country of mine?

TO ME my citizenship has come to mean nothing but the privilege of carrying water for bosses who are in politics for profit, and of voting for machine candidates in search of soft jobs. In common with most of the young men and women I know, I'm sick and ashamed of inefficiency in government, dishonesty of politicians, maudlin, half-formed plans of administration. I'm tired of compromise. I've found the only action our old-line parties can offer a vigorous and enthusiastic youngster r'arin' to do something, is an opportunity to poll a precinct or pass out pamphlets at a voting place.

Since I was twenty-one I've been trying to find a political party with an ideal of government as simple and clear as that I learned in Civics-A—a government run by the people for their own good. I've been trying to find a political cause that would challenge infamy, injustice, privilege, and send us, the youth of America, marching shoulder to shoulder through the highways and byways of our land, eager to work and fight for a country that really represented our ideals.

I tried both old-line political parties. I investigated the Socialist Party of the town where I lived. I tried a "youth movement" and attended some meetings of a "money party."

But, frankly, the only thing that appealed to me at all was the Communist Party. It appealed to me because it offered me an immediate opportunity to participate actively and adventurously in the cause of idealistic government. I almost went Red. But, even though I rejected it, I (*Continued on page 82*)

One hundred million new universes, each containing suns and planets like our own—that's what the star-catching astronomers expect to net with their new 200-inch telescope. It's the most momentous scientific event of our times, and for all of us on earth it may bring startling and significant changes

By Frank J. Taylor

Big Eye

SUPPOSE you'd been catching stars all your life up on a mountaintop. You'd fished for them night after night with the last word in lures, including telescopes, mirror reflectors, spectroheliographs, interferometers, and thermocouples. Suppose that you'd caught in your lifetime more stars than anyone dreamed there existed. You'd participated, we'll say, in more than 50,000 catches of stars on your own. You had served them on photographic plates to an astonished world and had changed everyone's idea of the universe.

After that, suppose you had arrived at your limit. You couldn't reach any more stars. You had to quit, knowing full well that just beyond the limits of your equipment there were any number of big fellows flickering about in the blue. But you couldn't get them, try as you might to grasp a few trillion more miles of space.

Then, suppose that while you were grumbling and grousing about star-catchers' luck, a good fairy happened along and said, "I bring you the Big Eye, which will enable you to see four times as far as you can now. Use it, and you will catch 100,000,000 new universes which no one has ever yet seen."

Wouldn't that give you a grand and glorious feeling?

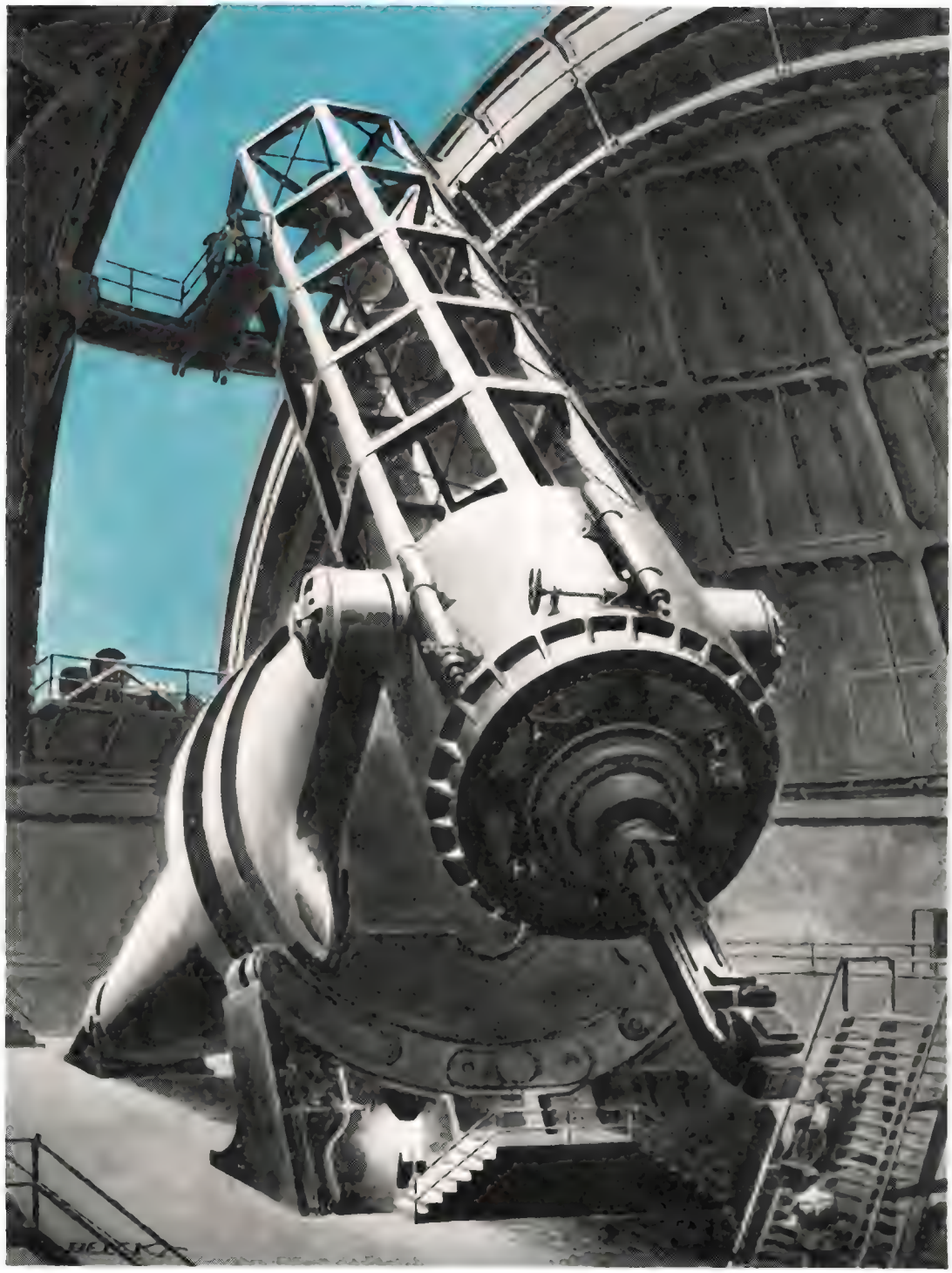
Then you can understand the intense excitement of Dr. John A. Anderson and his fellow astronomers up on Mt. Wilson in southern California, which is the star-catchers' paradise of the world.

"The Big Eye" is the popular name for the new 200-inch reflecting telescope now being built by the California Institute of Technology of Pasadena. Dr. Anderson is boss in charge of constructing the world's greatest observatory, which will house the telescope on Palomar Mountain, eighty miles to the south of Mt. Wilson.

THE Big Eye is a most momentous event in science. Its revelations may easily rank in importance with the discovery of gravity or the fact that the world is round. It may change our whole idea of the universe in which we live.

It opens the door to new knowledge of the sun, which is, directly or indirectly, the source of all life and energy on our earth. Countless other universes in all stages of creation and disintegration will be brought within man's ken. From them it may wrest the secret of life on planets like ours. New gases, new metals, new atomic sources of energy, new light on the weather in the making, and much other data may be placed at man's disposal by this amazing light-catcher.

The Big Eye about which astronomers are so excited is 640,000 times as far-sighted as your own two eyes. To appreciate its vision, imagine that you are standing in New York looking at a sign across the street. With the Big Eye you could see that same sign clear across the continent from San Francisco.



How the gigantic star gazer will appear when set up on Palomar Mountain, California

DRAWING BY
C. PETER HELCK

Right now the world's biggest "eye" is the 100-inch Hooker reflecting telescope on Mt. Wilson. It has 160,000 times the light-gathering capacity of a human eye. With it, astronomers on Mt. Wilson have spied out more heavenly bodies during the past quarter of a century than the whole world had seen previously. But the Hooker "eye" is only one fourth as strong as the Big Eye will be.

So it is easy to see why the star-catchers of southern California are as thrilled as Christopher Columbus must have been when he set sail across the uncharted seas. He found one new world. Astronomers expect to find 100,000,000 new universes, most of them galaxies of suns, each as potent as our own. They may, or may not, be surrounded by planets such as the earth. No telescope has yet seen a planet in a distant universe, because planets are too small for observation so far away. Some astronomers believe that planets are unique to our own universe and that ours is the only world to have life as we know it.

The figure, 100,000,000, is not picked carelessly out of the air. Careful calculations have given the astronomers at Mt. Wilson an idea of the Big Eye's probable catch of new stars. To get some idea of its astonishing penetration into the heavens, build up your imagination with these figures:

Take the sun, the hub of our own universe, which consists of Mercury, Venus, the earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune, and Pluto, plus a goodly sprinkling of moons and thousands of asteroids, or bits of exploded planets. The sun is a paltry 92,900,000 miles away from the earth. Traveling in an airplane averaging 150 miles an hour, it would take only seventy years to fly to the sun!

The stars (*Continued on page 160*)

Footsteps at Night

ILLUSTRATED BY MATT CLARK

What has happened so far:

ON THE night Hector de St. Rémy died of a heart attack, Gideon Adams was murdered in the next room. St. Rémy, the old seigneur of Dead Man Manor, had returned there to die, bringing with him his granddaughter, Adrienne, and a servant, Jacques. There had been ugly rumors in the little French Canadian village of St. Florentin, near by, that the Manor was haunted . . . footsteps were heard there at night. And the village miller had been found dead in the adjacent stream some months before. But the murder of Adams, a distant relative and bitter enemy of the St. Rémys, involved not only the villagers but two Americans staying at a fishing camp near St. Florentin. One was Mr. Treadgold, amateur criminologist, who had come to the camp to buy some rare stamps from Joseph Ruffier, mayor of the village. The other was his cabinmate, Dr. George Wood, who fell in love with Adrienne. No one knew why Adams had been staying at the camp.

The local authorities, Ruffier, and Boucheron, the notary and St. Rémy family lawyer, arranged for the arrest of Le Borgne, a one-eyed half-wit who had a shack on the grounds of the Manor. A trail of bloody footprints leading from the murdered man to the window had been identified as his. But Wood, Treadgold, and Bigoury, a detective from Quebec, had other theories.

The motive of the crime was apparently the theft of valuable heirlooms which had been hidden in a concealed cupboard in the attic of the Manor. The old seigneur had left a note for Adrienne, telling her of this cache. When Adrienne and Wood went to look for the treasure they found it gone, and were attacked in the attic by a man who left behind him a sack such as bootleggers use. It had been whispered that Lhermite, the local bootlegger, might be able to give Le Borgne an alibi for the night of the murder. But before he could be questioned, Lhermite disappeared, and was later found strangled.

Wood suspected Jacques, who had been in the house at the time of the attack in the attic, and in whose suitcase was found a gold snuffbox which had been part of the treasure. Bigoury suspected Adrienne because of a blood-stained handkerchief bearing her initials and a gold pencil which she had lost from the chain around her neck and which had been discovered beneath

By Valentine Williams

He screamed out in terror—hands tearing at the grip encircling his throat. . . . The sergeant hurled himself forward

Adams's lifeless body. Treadgold leaned toward Boucheron because of footprints and tire tracks which might possibly be traced to him. If they were, Boucheron's presence at the Manor at the time of the murder would be established. Things developed rapidly. Boucheron's alibi for the time of the murder proved false. Le Borgne broke jail. A letter turned up indicating that Adams had seen some of the St. Rémy heirlooms for sale in a Quebec store and had come to the Manor to investigate. The heirlooms had been sold to the store by a French Canadian woman. That evening Wood went to get Adrienne for further questioning by Bigoury. It was raining and he had put on Treadgold's old cape before stepping into the darkness. A moment after he left, the roar of a gun split the night.

The story continues:

FOR one paralyzing fraction of a second the two men exchanged glances. Bigoury was the first to find his tongue. "Holy smoke," he squealed, "they've got the doctor!" He went through the door like a shot from a gun. Mr. Treadgold, vaguely comprehending that it was pouring in torrents, paused only long enough to snatch his umbrella, and set off after the detective.

The shot had aroused the camp. Voices were already raised in alarm, there was the banging of doors, lights waved in and out of the dripping branches.

Mr. Treadgold rushed on. The sergeant had disappeared, but there was a crashing in the brake and the sound of his voice calling for the doctor. Now came an answering hail, and the next moment Wood, breathless, his face streaming with water and Mr. Treadgold's cape flapping behind him, stumbled out of the thicket. Mr. Treadgold caught him, held him.

"My dear fellow," he murmured solicitously, "thank God, we've found you! What happened?"

"Fellow took a shot at me—I chased him," the doctor wheezed.

Mr. Treadgold had a brief glimpse of Bigoury at Wood's side; then the whole pack of guests was about them.

"What happened?" General Rees roared. "Were you attacked, or what?"

The young man mopped his face. "I was walking down the path on the way to the main hut," he said. "The lights were out and the path, as you see, is pretty dark. I was just about here, when suddenly, without warning, a shot

was fired. I heard the bullet zip past my ear and saw the flash."

"Where did it come from?" the general demanded.

Wood pointed to the left of the path. "From between those trees. I flung myself flat on my face—I fancy this bird lost sight of me, because he didn't fire again. Then I heard a rustling in the bushes, and I jumped in after him."

"Did you see the feller?" Rees wanted to know.

"No," said Wood; "but I could hear him in the undergrowth in front of me. I went after him as best I could, but I never stood a chance—it's as dark as pitch in there. . . ." He grinned round the circle of concerned faces. "Well, I don't know how you people feel about it," he remarked, "but I'm getting wet!" He turned to Mr. Treadgold. "Come on, H. B.; let's go to bed."

Bigoury's voice came out of the darkness in the direction of the main hut. "Is the *gardien* there?" A torch shone whitely, and the detective came striding along the duckboards. At the sight of Tremblay, who had advanced to meet him, he stopped. "Where's Mademoiselle de St. Rémy?" he barked.

Tremblay blinked at him. "Isn't she in her room?"

"No."

With one accord Mr. Treadgold and Wood sprang forward.

"She tol' me two hour ago she go to bed," the *gardien* explained tremulously to the detective.

"Her room's empty and the bed hasn't been slept in," was the savage rejoinder. "You didn't see her go out?"

With a bewildered air the *gardien* shook his head. "No, monsieur."

THE detective smote his palm with his fist. Then, signing to Mr. Treadgold and the doctor to follow him, he pounded off along the path to the central hut. There, forestalling all questions, he abruptly asked his two companions, "What's become of the girl?"

Both shook their heads, but it was the doctor who answered: "She left me just after you were called to the telephone, to go to her room. . . ." He flashed a glance at Mr. Treadgold. "Maybe she went to the convent, after all."

"She's not at the convent," the sergeant snapped. "I telephoned them just now."

Mr. Treadgold struck in: "I persuaded her not to go to the convent. She gave me her word to stay here."

Bigoury's glasses glittered in the light as he slowly turned his head. "Does either of you know whether she had a gun?" he asked.

"A gun?" said Wood. He caught the sergeant's arm suddenly. "You're not suggesting she's committed suicide."

Bigoury shook his head. "I was thinking of the shot just now," he rejoined quietly.

"You mean . . ." the doctor began, and broke off on rather a shrill laugh. "You're screwy," he declared angrily. "Why on earth should she want to shoot me?"

The detective looked at Mr. Treadgold: "Didn't you tell me just now that she accused the doctor of bringing a tale about her to me?"

"And suppose she did?" Wood broke in furiously. "Is that to say . . . ?"

The *gardien* came whizzing round the side of the hut.

"*Docteur, docteur!*" he cried breathlessly. "Your auto!"

Doubling like a hare in its tracks, he ran back in the direction from which he had come. Helter-skelter, they followed after. The garage lights were on, and one of the doors stood wide. "Your car—you leave heem outside, is it not?" the Angel declaimed to Wood dramatically. His arm described a wide arc. "And he ees not inside."

The sergeant pounced on Wood: "Did you give her leave to take it?" he demanded fiercely.

"No, I did not," the American replied with equal emphasis.

With an authoritative air Bigoury snapped his fingers at Mr. Treadgold. "Bissonnette went away with the car that brought me. I shall want yours. Drive me, or I'll drive myself; but let's waste no time."

Officiously the *gardien* fell to sliding doors back.

"I'll drive you with pleasure," Mr. Treadgold replied. "But where are we going?"

"To the Manor."

"*The Manor?*"

"That's where she's making for. Hurry, please."

They were beside the coupé now—he hustled Mr. Treadgold into it.

"But why should she go there at this time of night?" the latter persisted.

"Because she realizes that Boucheron has double-crossed her," was the firm reply, "and she means to beat him to the loot they've hidden there."

The purr of the engine drowned his voice. Bigoury sprang into the car. Wood was raising the hood. Mr. Treadgold paused an instant while this operation was completed; then the doctor, uninvited, squeezed himself in beside the two men on the driving seat, and the car glided out into the rain.

THERE were a police car and two motorcycles under tarpaulins outside the Manor, and from the salon windows the flicker of firelight. The front door was barred, but almost simultaneously with Bigoury's knock there was the clank of a bolt, and a trooper stood before them, staring in astonishment at the three visitors. "Mademoiselle de St. Rémy, has she been here?"

A stolid headshake. No one had been near the Manor all the evening, except the guard from Le Borgne's shack whom Corporal Thibault had relieved an hour before. Impatiently Bigoury pushed the man aside and went into the salon. An enormous log fire blazed on the hearth. Before it Jacques and a second trooper sat at an upturned crate playing cards.

"Has this man been outside tonight?" the detective demanded, indicating the servant.

He had not been out of his sight the entire evening, the first trooper replied. In response to a further question from Bigoury, the second trooper declared that Le Borgne had not reappeared at his shack.

"Go back there at once," the detective ordered, "and, if the girl appears, bring her to me at Dr. Côtés' house in the village, where I'm staying."

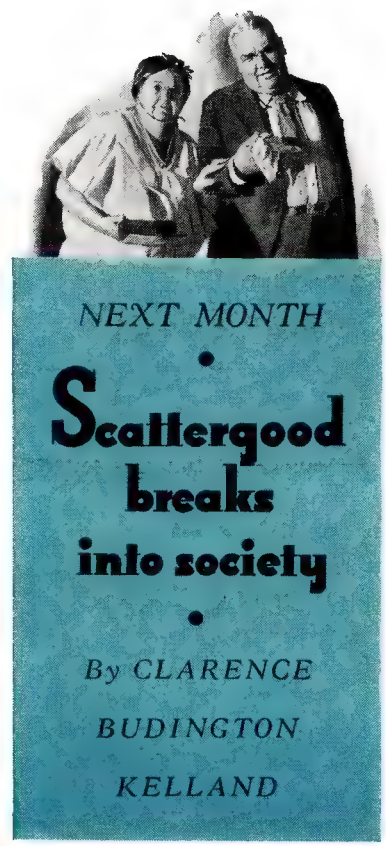
Bigoury swung to the first trooper again. "Are all the doors and windows locked as I ordered?" he rasped.

"Yes, Sergeant!"

"Show me," said the detective. He turned to Jacques: "You come with us." The three men went into the vestibule together.

It was then that Wood, looking round for Mr. Treadgold, discovered that the latter had disappeared.

A wave of depression engulfed him. For the first time he found himself squarely facing the inference to be drawn from the girl's disappearance. Old Treadgold was no scaremonger, yet he had warned her that she was in danger. Had she met the fate of the miller, of Lhermite, (*Continued on page 122*)



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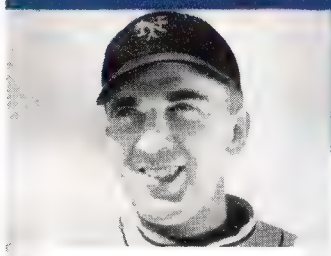
"Camels don't get your Wind"

FAMOUS BASEBALL PLAYERS SAY



CARL HUBBELL says: "Camels never get my wind or ruffle my nerves."

LOU GEHRIG says: "Camels never interfere with my 'fighting trim.'"

JAMES ("RIP") COLLINS says: "Camels never affect my wind."

Some of the famous athletes who approve of Camel's mildness

BASEBALL
Dizzy Dean — Lou Gehrig
Melvin Ott — Jimmy Collins
Harold Schumacher
Carl Hubbell

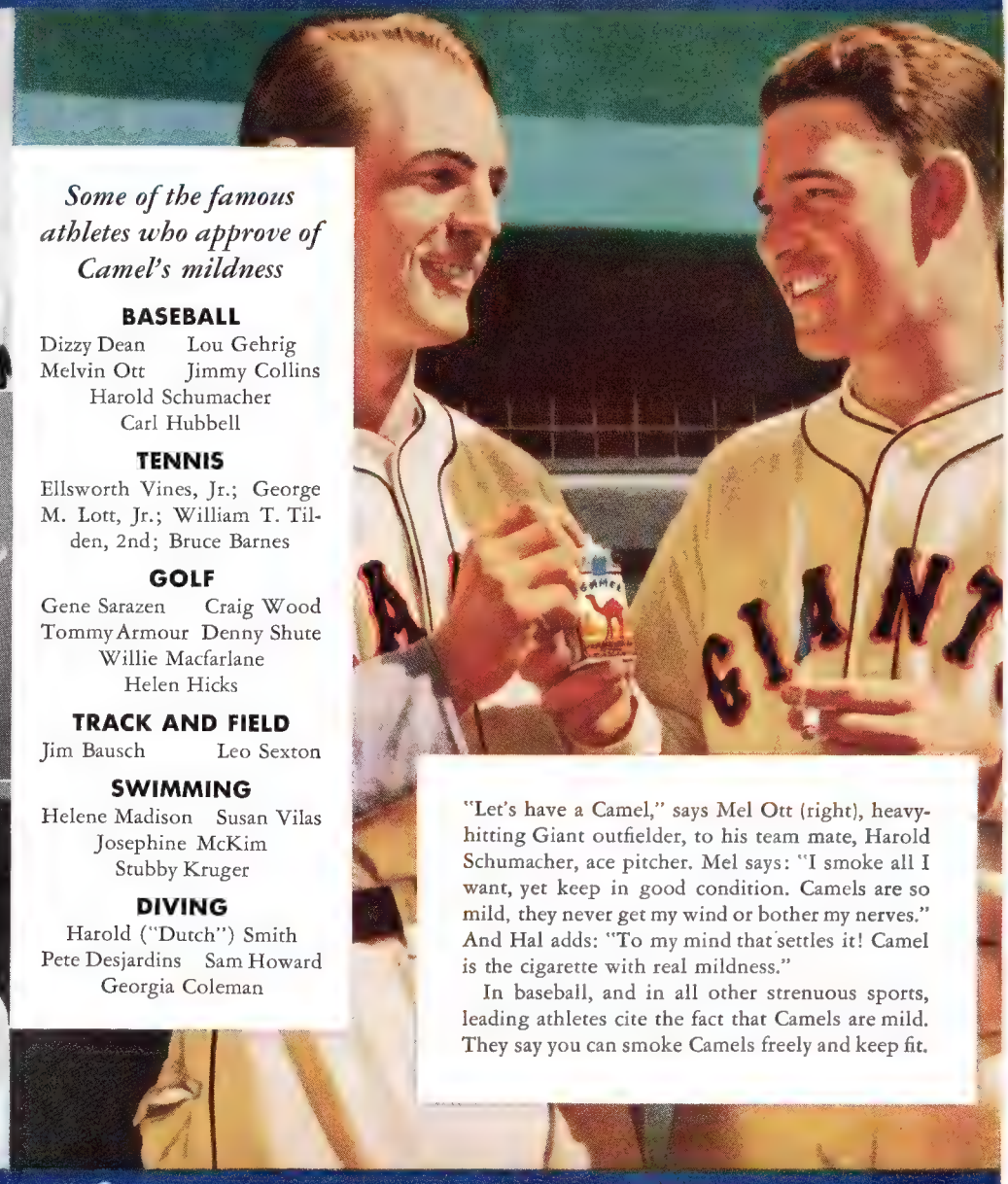
TENNIS
Ellsworth Vines, Jr.; George M. Lott, Jr.; William T. Tilden, 2nd; Bruce Barnes

GOLF
Gene Sarazen — Craig Wood
Tommy Armour — Denny Shute
Willie Macfarlane
Helen Hicks

TRACK AND FIELD
Jim Bausch — Leo Sexton

SWIMMING
Helene Madison — Susan Vilas
Josephine McKim
Stubby Kruger

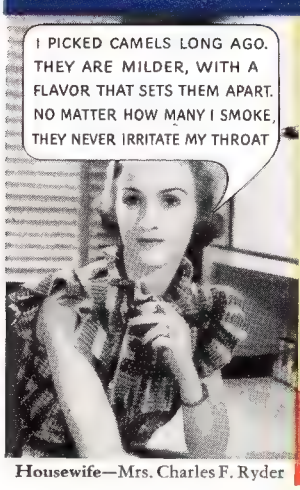
DIVING
Harold ("Dutch") Smith
Pete Desjardins — Sam Howard
Georgia Coleman



"Let's have a Camel," says Mel Ott (right), heavy-hitting Giant outfielder, to his team mate, Harold Schumacher, ace pitcher. Mel says: "I smoke all I want, yet keep in good condition. Camels are so mild, they never get my wind or bother my nerves." And Hal adds: "To my mind that settles it! Camel is the cigarette with real mildness."

In baseball, and in all other strenuous sports, leading athletes cite the fact that Camels are mild. They say you can smoke Camels freely and keep fit.

So Mild! YOU CAN SMOKE ALL YOU WANT


I PICKED CAMELS LONG AGO. THEY ARE MILDER, WITH A FLAVOR THAT SETS THEM APART. NO MATTER HOW MANY I SMOKE, THEY NEVER IRRITATE MY THROAT

Housewife—Mrs. Charles F. Ryder

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish & Domestic—than any other popular brand.

(*Signed*)
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Tobacco Company
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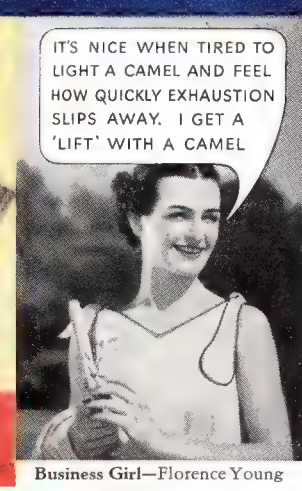
COSTLIER TOBACCOS!



Business Girl—Florence Young

Business Executive—F. W. Watson

Drumbeats

DRAWING BY JOHN ATHERTON

Trumpets blowing, drums rolling, banners aloft . . . 2,000,000 school boys and girls are marching to band music of their own making. Who says it's a "Lost Generation"?

By Webb Waldron

ABOVE all discord and complaint in America today rises the stirring sound of marching bands.

In 20,000 towns and cities of the land, Youth is on parade with flashing brass and rolling drums. More than 2,000,000 school boys and girls in bright uniforms move in a vast procession of color and music. And while the bands are marching, 35,000 school orchestras are giving voice to classical music.

I have been traveling up and down the land with wonder in my heart, trying to understand this national phenomenon which has appeared almost overnight. Pessimists have called these boys and girls the "dark generation," under the shadow of world calamity. Nonsense! They have taken up the drum and trumpet and marched out into the sun to fill the air with thrilling songs.

Only a few years ago professional musicians started a national campaign against "canned music." Radio and phonograph music, they complained, not only had put them out of work but had struck at the very roots of musical enterprise in America. The little dance orchestra, the town band, and the city concert orchestra, which are the training classes for great organizations of musicians, were being destroyed. And without training classes, how could great orchestras and bands be produced? That was their argument.

And now Youth has taken the lid off the can. It has defied defeatists. It has, for the fun and zest of it, laid a deeper and broader foundation for musical achievement than America ever had, and, at the same time, has found a glorious means of expressing its vigor.

After talking with scores of bandmasters in a number of states, sitting in on rehearsals and contests, and hobnobbing with parents and children, I think I have found an explanation for this great national movement. There are many minor reasons, of course. Small-town civic organizations, for instance, have learned to finance school bands because they are good advertisements for the town. But the most important reason, I think, aside from Youth's natural love of making music, is A. R. McAllister, who has been president of the National School Band Association since its organization in 1926.

Long before anybody began to ask the questions, "How shall we save band music in America?" and "How shall we save the rising generation?" Mr. McAllister was answering both, all unwittingly. He was also creating a new profession in America—that of school bandmastery. Many universities and conservatories have established courses for school bandmasters. There aren't enough good ones to fill the demand.

Just a few years ago Mr. McAllister was a manual training teacher in a high school at Joliet, Ill. His hobby was music. Now his carpentry is his hobby and his music is his profession. Fifty-three years old and gray at the temples, he nevertheless is boyish still, broad-shouldered, and with the bearing of an executive military officer.

"What I am," he told me, grinning, "is a school bandmaster, which is a combination of many things—a soldier, business man, civic booster, psychologist, clerk, musician, and bouncer. I teach boys and girls to play and work and cooperate, and I argue merchants into new appropriations for uniforms. I do a lot of things."

ABOUT thirty-five years ago, Mr. McAllister was a boy on his parents' farm, six miles south of Joliet. There were no musicians in his family, but there was a song in his heart, which he tried to express through a harsh and secondhand cornet. While the farm dog howled, he practiced. His notes carried far—farther even than he ever imagined—and attracted other farm boys. And at length, with six boys around him, McAllister founded the (*Continued on page 168*)

kindling

Almost every minute a home goes up in smoke. It's surprising how fires can start. Have you a tinderbox in your cellar or attic?

By T. Alfred Fleming

Mr. Fleming is the chairman of the Conservation Committee, National Board of Fire Underwriters.

I WAS sitting in the office of the fire chief when a fireman tapped on the door and said:

"Chief, that fool mattress is burning again."

Their frank astonishment made me wonder why a solitary mattress blaze should occasion so much concern—but it wasn't long before I found out.

The mattress was a new one, of good quality, belonging to a woman living just across a vacant lot. Used but a few times, it had been draped over the rear porch rail to air during the spring house cleaning. On the previous day a passer-by, noticing smoke on the porch, had called the firemen over.

The general layout, plus the fact that the mattress was burning in four places, suggested sparks from some near-by chimney, so they simply doused it with water and moved it into the vacant lot to dry.

That night a frost coated it with an icy scale which the morning sun had barely time enough to melt when the fireman reported the rekindle, which brought all hands out to the lot. When the mattress was ripped open, we were amazed to discover that the silk floss stuffing was burning in *seventeen* separate places, each patch of fire coming from the inside out.

It was a clear-cut case of spontaneous ignition which, by its very novelty, emphasizes the point that it is very, very easy to have a fire in your home. So easy, indeed, that we have over 1,300 dwelling fires a day in this country, involving 10,000 deaths in a year—which is just two thirds of the fire deaths in the country. And since the frequency of the residential outbreak has increased 45 per cent in the past ten years, it seems rather obvious that fire prevention, like charity, should begin at home.

No one can say exactly how many of these blazes originate from spontaneous ignition, but the total is unquestionably high, for two reasons: First, this phenomenon is far more common than the layman realizes; and, second, it is a rare house which doesn't harbor some nest in which this treachery can spawn. When Providence, R. I., had its first "Cleanup" campaign, no less than 3,500 discarded mattresses were picked up by the trash collectors in a week—which means 3,500 fire hazards.

Consider the experience of a casualty insurance agent of my acquaintance.

Last Christmas this man's wife complained that portions of the mattress were distinctly warm when she made the bed.

"It's nothing," said the husband. "The cat probably sneaks in there for a snooze when you aren't looking and that accounts for it."

That explanation sufficed until one night she retired early, only to leap out of bed and summon her skeptical spouse.

"Feel that!" she demanded, pointing to a spot at the foot of the bed. "And don't give me that story again, because the cat's been locked downstairs for at least three hours."

Tolerantly the gentleman ran his hand under the bedclothes, jerking it out with a howl when his fingers were burned!

A laboratory analysis of part of that stuffing showed that a few broken cotton seeds left in during manufacture had provided enough oil for the ultimate development of spontaneous combustion.

TOO many people associate this type of fire exclusively with damp hay on the farm, yet the field is much wider than that. Among the most frequent causes of spontaneous ignition reported by the railroads you will find such apparently innocent products as charcoal (heading the list!), alfalfa and molasses feeds, wet rags, pulverized coal, varnished textiles and paper, fish scrap, rubber scrap, and iron sponge. In the old days our parents discovered that the dyes used in red calico would heat and involve the material unless properly cured before being rolled; today we have had much trouble with foreign-made toys of nitrocellulose, which often ignite spontaneously because the raw material was not properly washed.

Scads of these fires originate in fertilizers; many others start in piles of old newspapers in some isolated place.

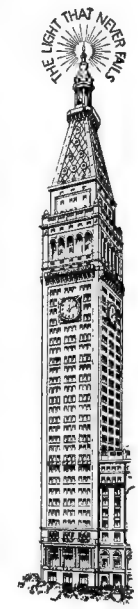
Last winter a Brooklyn, N. Y., apartment house had a stubborn blaze in a large coal pile which ignited at the bottom and burned upwards (common in factories where very small coal is stacked in large heaps); and a few years back

Cancer of the Breast?

Many women who fear that they have breast cancer are worrying without cause

Most "lumps" in the breast are not cancer. But the dangers of untreated cancer of the breast are so great that every woman owes it to herself to discover the true nature of any lump, or other unusual condition, as soon as she becomes aware of it.

Breast cancers are being treated successfully—frequently without disfigurement. It appears, from the experience of a large number of cancer experts, that about 70 per cent of all cases, when treated properly and before the cancer has spread beyond the breast, show no return after five years. The chances of permanent cure are greatly increased if the condition is treated in the very earliest stage.



Breast cancer occurs at almost any age but mainly among women over forty. After a woman reaches the age of thirty, careful examination of the breasts should always be a part of her periodic health examination. Husbands should urge their wives to have examinations regularly.

Whenever a lump is discovered in the breast, a careful and exact study should be made to determine whether it is definitely cancer, possibly cancer, or not cancer at all. Your physician will probably recommend that the diagnosis be made by a specialist. In its early stages a breast cancer usually yields to expert use of surgery, with or without the help of X-rays or radium. Safety lies in prompt action.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

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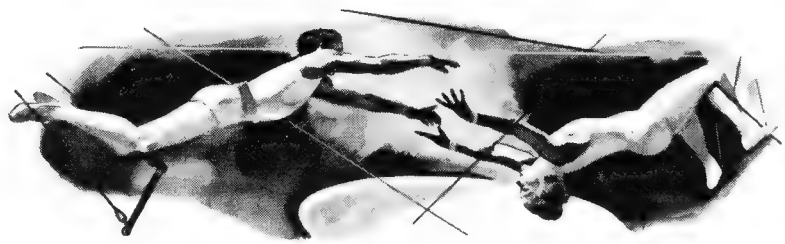
It takes all Kinds

By Albert Benjamin



JOHN E. SCHAEFER, St. Joseph, Mo., tent and awning salesman, has built a Lilliputian 2-ring circus that is complete even to a 16-piece band. The "big top" is 8 feet long, 3 feet high, and 5 feet wide.

EDMUND DEEDS, 72, of Kansas City, Mo., disgusted after forty years of squabbles with lawyers over property that once belonged to his father, went to law school, earned his degree, and is now doing his own legal work.

LADY JUAN, aged squaw of the Kern River Indians, Kernville, Calif., is the last of her race, speaks no English, and no one else can speak her native tongue.

J. H. WILLIAMS, of Spokane, and Victor Grant, of Seattle, Wash., recently invented a safety pin that springs shut instead of open.

HENRY BICKEL, of Louisville, Ky., baseball bat maker for nearly 50 years, has seen only two ball games.

RICHARD CRIST, Pittsburgh, Pa., artist, recently sold 30 shares of stock in himself at $5 a share. He expects to buy it back with the proceeds from pictures he anticipates painting.

MARY HELEN WOMELDORFF, Toledo (Ohio) University co-ed, is working her way through school running a laundry for pets—she scours cats and dogs.

THE two Storms brothers, of Bremerton, Wash., are named North American Storms and South American Storms.

MORITZ GLASSBERG, 80, of Minneapolis, Minn., advised by his doctor to adopt a hobby, built a 10-foot model of Solomon's temple from measurements given in the Old Testament. The job has taken nine years and cost $10,000.

NORMAN TAPPER, crippled newsboy of Denver, Colo., went from New York to Denver in 4 days and 10 hours in a homemade motorized wheel chair.

MISS HELEN M. SULLIVAN, of Grafton, N. H., is the owner, operator, manager, and lineman of a telephone company having seven subscribers and more than a mile of lines.

GEORGE WHALLEY, numismatist, of Cleveland, Ohio, blind for a decade, who, by rubbing his fingers over the surface of a coin, can tell its condition and value, is frequently called upon to appraise famous collections.

MRS. ANNA HELM MARTIN, 66, of Adkins, Ark., mother of 25 children, has recently adopted 8 more children.

MASTER BABY BLEECHER, 11, of Wilmington, N. C., kept home from school with the measles, sold his ailment to eight schoolmates at 10 cents each, that they too might be quarantined.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY, screen star, has 50 miles of toy-train track winding through the attic rooms of his house.

OLIVER T. WIEDMAN, of Long Beach, Calif., nicknamed "Uncle Wiggily" because of his kindness to children, sends birthday cards regularly to 6,000 children between the ages of 4 and 10.

B. F. STOUT, city park supervisor of Akron, Ohio, wears wooden neckties which he carves from pine, dyes black, and fastens on elastic bands.

DONALD FITCH, of Blue Earth, Minn., is playing a chess game with John Brooks, of Johannesburg, South Africa. Each makes a move every 60 days. The game is expected to last until 1940.

N. MERSFELDER, 75, barber and justice of the peace of Fort Davis, Texas, owns two 1903 automobiles which he will neither sell nor drive, preferring to ride a bicycle.

WILL FORDTRAN, Stockdale, Texas, rancher, is still using a pair of elkskin shoes he has worn for 21 consecutive years.

MOTORCYCLE OFFICER J. E. CLEMENTINE, of Van Nuys, Calif., is so courteous when he makes an arrest that he receives a steady flow of fan mail commending him on his amiable attitude.

MRS. ETHELVERRILL, Hampton Falls, N. H., has a collection of 850 snuffboxes.

ROBERT ALAN GREEN, former actor, of Pittsburgh, Pa., has constructed in the basement of his home a theater, complete in every detail and seating 40 persons. Regular scheduled performances are staged in it by amateurs.

Do you know an unusual fact that will fit into this column? We will pay $1 for each acceptable item accompanied by corroborative proof. When the same information is received from more than one person, the item bearing the earliest postmark will be given credit. Address IT TAKES ALL KINDS, The American Magazine, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. No entries will be returned.

a college president smelled smoke in his house for a week before finally tracing it to a stack of furnace ashes which had been lying in the basement since the preceding winter.

One of the most unusual examples concerns a woman who preserved as an heirloom a black silk dress of her grandmother's. This was stored away in the attic for several years, until one day the woman had some occasion to bring the dress downstairs. Imagine her astonishment when she opened the metal box to find it empty of everything but a handful of ashes. The dress had actually consumed itself!

None of this is as fantastic as it sounds when you realize how simple it is to promote spontaneous ignition. The contributing cause may be bacterial activity and germination, as in agricultural products, fodder, manure, etc.; it may be the absorption of moisture, as with quicklime; the mere fineness of division, as in the case of metal dusts; the occlusion of oxygen, as demonstrated by the coal pile; the presence of sulphur (in lampblack or coal) or of those old offenders, fat or oil. That last is a serious threat.

The ideal set-up is some linseed oil on cotton waste. With just the right amount of ventilation and just the correct degree of humidity, a ball of that will become too hot to hold in less than sixty seconds. That was proved by a New Jersey painter when a paint rag in his hip pocket burst into flame and burned the seat out of his pants.

This chemical situation may exist in some such form as an oiled mop or furniture-polishing cloth in the closet, or the fertilizer on the burlap taken off new rosebushes.

You don't have to go far to find the significance of all this—not farther than your own cellar or attic. Rubbish is the greatest fire breeder in the American home.

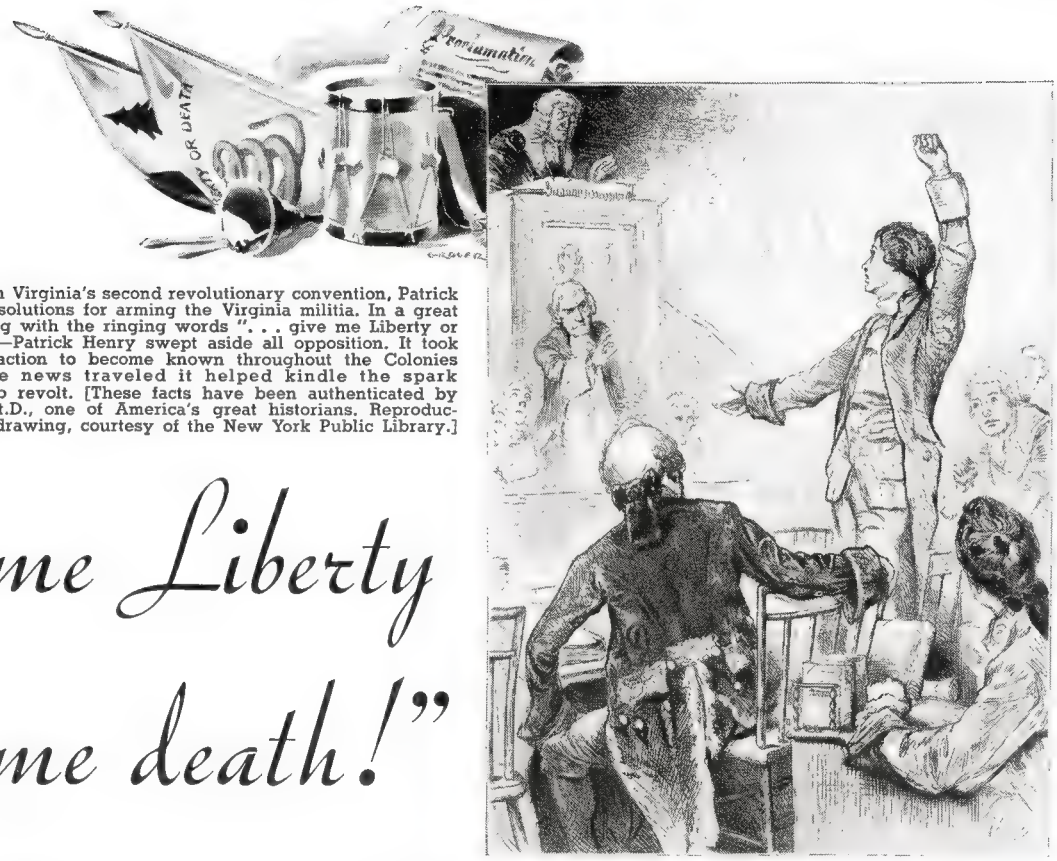
We know that because in scores of cities, after the annual Fire Prevention Week cleanup of dwellings, there are three, four, five, or more weeks without a single residential outbreak.

OBVIOUSLY, fire prevention can well start with an honest-to-goodness cleanup. But that doesn't mean that it need end there. There are other common causes of trouble.

During the cold snap last winter in New York, 90 different families were routed out of their beds into the sub-zero night within the space of 48 hours. In every case the cause of the fire was an "overheated furnace" or "defective pipes and flues." Add defective chimneys to the list and you segregate the cause of over 30 per cent of our residential fire losses.

The one item of the defective chimney probably burns down more homes than any other single cause. Not long ago on Long Island a residential development was completed without any scrimping of costs. During the first winter *five* of those brand-new houses caught fire because of faulty chimney construction!

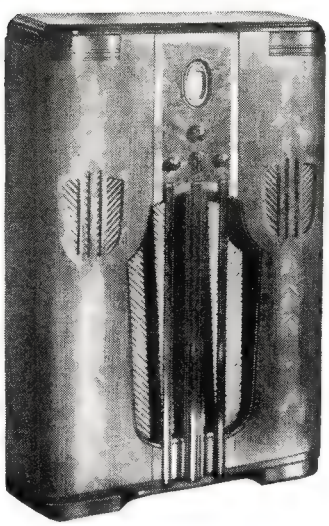
What happened in this case happens every year in thousands of others; the house being hung on the chimney (or vice versa), the ensuing settling causes strain which provokes ruptures in the flue. Heat escapes through these vents, snuggles into the floor joists, lath, or furring, which nourishes it and (*Continued on page 163*)



March 23, 1775. In Virginia's second revolutionary convention, Patrick Henry offered resolutions for arming the Virginia militia. In a great speech concluding with the ringing words ". . . give me Liberty or give me Death!"—Patrick Henry swept aside all opposition. It took weeks for this action to become known throughout the Colonies . . . but as the news traveled it helped kindle the spark which flared into revolt. [These facts have been authenticated by H. W. Elson, Litt.D., one of America's great historians. Reproduction of Abbey's drawing, courtesy of the New York Public Library.]

"Give me Liberty or give me death!"

. . . stirring words, but without radio how slowly they traveled!



NEW PHILCO 116X . . . $175
WITH PHILCO ALL-WAVE AERIAL . . . $180

THIS new Philco is a true High-Fidelity instrument with vastly extended musical range bringing you the overtones which identify and distinguish the many and varied musical instruments. . . NEW and exclusive Acoustic Clarifiers automatically prevent unpleasant barrel-like boom. . . ALL the clarity of tone produced by the Acoustic Clarifiers and all the extended musical range of Philco High-Fidelity are preserved and projected up to ear level by the large area and slope of the famous Philco Inclined Sounding Board. . . IN addition, the 116X gives you Precision Control over every broadcast service in the air —Foreign as well as American Stations, Police, Amateur, Ship, Aircraft and U. S. Government Weather Forecast Stations.

If Patrick Henry were making his speech today, his fiery words would doubtless be broadcast to the whole nation . . . or a news flash reporting it would be heard on the radio a few minutes after it was delivered.

Today, the 1936 Philco 116X not only keeps you in touch with American political happenings . . . but enables you to listen to a British Cabinet Member direct from London . . . or enjoy dance tunes and other entertainment from Madrid and Paris. With Philco 116X, overseas stations* reach America with pleasing regularity and satisfying volume.

Philco 116X includes every worth-while scientific advance in radio reception. On American stations, Philco High-Fidelity brings you the overtones which distinguish and identify the many and varied musical instruments . . . the overtones that are so vital to completely realistic reproduction of the human voice.

Every other broadcast service in the air! Police dispatchers issuing orders to squad cars . . . airports giving instructions to pilots . . . amateur operators . . . even the long-wave U. S. Government Weather Forecasts . . . are all within the range of this Philco.

Your Philco dealer will gladly demonstrate the 116X and tell you how easily it may be bought on the Philco Commercial Credit Time Payment Plan.

*IMPORTANT! To span oceans you need a scientifically designed aerial. Install a Philco All-wave Aerial to get everything this powerful 116X is capable of giving.

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SPECIFY A PHILCO RADIO FOR YOUR AUTOMOBILE

You can't hide behind your feet

(*Continued from page 31*)

girls should give up trying to lead. Every girl should know how. Girls who like to be pushed around the floor are not popular dancers. But when the man is leading, let him lead . . . unless he is too weak to hold his own. Then, young ladies, it's up to you.

The man most easily led usually holds the woman's hand in his upturned palm. Dominant men grasp a woman's hand with an overclasp. They are not the most agreeable men by any means. Thoughtful and considerate men usually hold a partner's hand in the way most agreeable to her and touch her back lightly with their fingers. Tall men show themselves considerate by stooping when dancing with small women.

On the other hand, it must not be supposed that a man or woman who gets a

The man most easily led dances with palm upturned

death grip on a partner is inconsiderate. When I am doing exhibition dances and reach a difficult step, I cling to my partner like a drowning man to a straw. I am simply steeling myself for a great effort. A tight grasp is more indicative of trying hard than anything else. Basically, I suppose, it is fear of failure, but that kind of fear lies behind all success.

I have heard girls complain that their partners held them too tightly—too affectionately, they said. The tight clutch usually has nothing to do with affection. When I explain to the girls that their partners are merely trying to overcome their fear and dance very well, the girls are usually flattered. One of the finest men I know—a successful executive with a lovely family—always dances with his long right arm clasped tightly around his partner's waist. While some women object to it, the gesture always impressed me favorably. There is something so very protective and generous and good about that arm. Its encircling clasp embraces the whole kindly world which that man sees about him.

Dancing, of course, is an affectionate recreation. Character is shown in the way you express your affection—for the music, the step, the partner. In ballroom dancing I have observed two disagreeable subtleties of affection in men and women. I would advise a girl to beware of a man who cups his palm upon her back while dancing. It is a very primitive gesture—a symbol of possessiveness. It seems to say, "I won you. Your life is not your own. It is mine." These men usually hold the woman's hand with an overclasp and tend to crouch when they dance. They are narrow, jealous, belligerent. I would advise a young man, also, to beware of a girl who clings to his neck while dancing, instead of resting her hand easily on his shoulder. Unless, of course, his is the only neck to which she clings.

I HAVE seen partners dance cheek to cheek, in close embrace, and have thought nothing of it. Perhaps it was the style, perhaps it was honest affection. But I distrust the girl who puts her arm around her partner's neck, just as much as I dislike a girl who lets her left arm droop until it becomes a burden on a man's shoulder. She could lift it easily enough. . . .

It is not so easy to tell about a woman from her dancing. If she is a good person, she usually dances the way her partner wants her to dance. If not, perhaps she doesn't know how to dance. But again . . .

I danced one day with a student—a young woman of good family—and was distinctly shocked. It seemed to me I had never held so frightened and unsocial a partner. Outwardly she was quite serene. She was able to learn the steps—intellectually. But her body was rigid. She resisted leading, but did not try to lead, herself. I knew she was a strait-laced Puritan, but there was more to it than that. Such persons often become good dancers as soon as they catch the spirit and good fellowship of dancing, but this girl had no sense of humor or comradeship. I could not understand why she had come to me when obviously she did not want to come. Three days later, after she had taken her own life by jumping from a hotel window, I learned she had been sent to me by a psychiatrist.

A few days ago I stopped to watch another student of mine—a young man who had taken half a dozen lessons—and marveled at the skill with which he executed the steps he had learned. But I also marveled at his preciseness, his rigidity, his lack of rhythm between beats of the measure.

As if he had just captured her in a tribal battle

Men who stare into space are usually artistic

"Loosen up," I begged him. "Abandon yourself to the music. You're not cutting patterns."

He shook his head hopelessly.

"I can't," he said.

"Now, isn't it a fact," I asked, "that you never followed a good, healthy impu se in your life?"

He looked at me with startled eyes for a moment, then grinned.

"I th.nk you're right," he said.

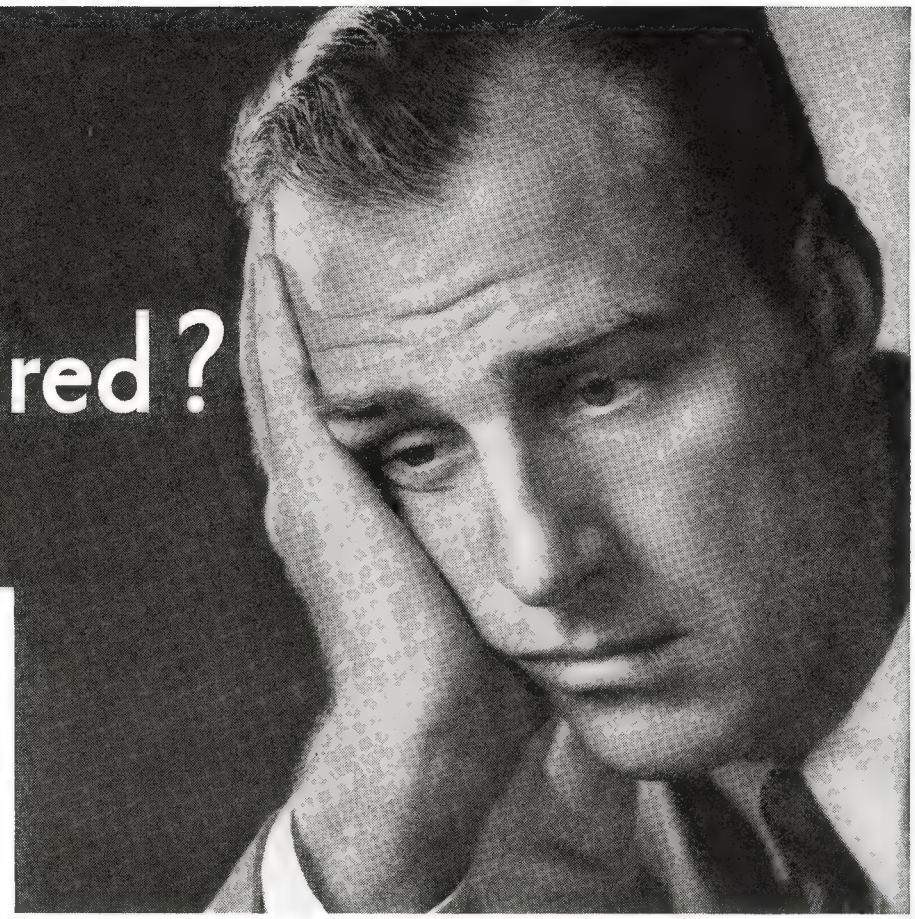
If he hadn't grinned I would have given him up. I told him to put the grin in his feet.

Whenever I see a serious professional man or an old broker kick his heels a little when he is dancing, he changes character to me. Humor, spirit, generosity, and vitality show up in the feet. There's no hope for a stolid, shuffling old dancer who moves in a fixed routine. But if there's a kick left—a little flick of the foot—you've found a real, good-hearted, unkillable old codger.

THE key to good dancing, good character, and happy living is abandon—letting go—turning your feelings loose. Men who stride out, try new steps and fancy steps, and race with the music usually make the best companions. And girls who fall into their partners' moods and travel with them make the best wives. But beware of the dancer who tries to outdo his partner. Dancing is mutual—together. The man who tries to do a dozen steps with a girl who knows only a few steps is an egoist and a fool.

It takes a good character to dance well. If you ask me what I most desire in a partner, I will say, "Adjustability." Mrs. Murray said once that an expert dancer was not the

Are you always Tired?



Always feeling tired is a symptom of run-down physical condition

SOME of us actually blame ourselves for always feeling tired.

We try to overcome it by sheer will power. We say to ourselves, "I *must* brace up, I *must* get more done, I *must* snap out of it!"

But no amount of will power can change the fact that habitual tiredness comes from a definite physical cause. Doctors know that this condition is often due to "underfed" blood.

Your blood feeds your body. If it is "underfed," nerves and muscles suffer. What you need is something which will help your blood to take up more nourishment from your food.

KEEP YOURSELF IN TRIM—ready to enjoy the good things in life. Don't let yourself get into a run-down condition that makes you tired out and listless. Healthy people are happy—and popular. They do interesting things, go interesting places and make interesting friends. Be one of them!

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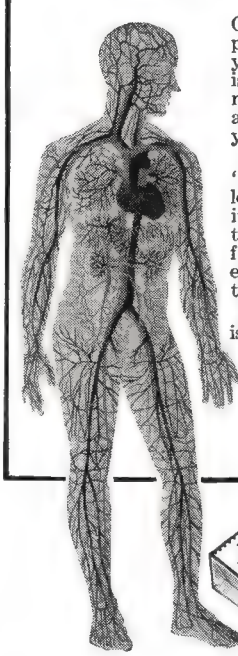
How fresh yeast feeds and purifies the blood . . . Fleischmann's fresh Yeast stimulates the digestive organs, so that you get the full good out of what you eat. More nourishment is taken up by the blood and carried to the nerves and muscles. Your blood is purer, and better able to do its work.

It's your blood that "feeds" your body...



One of the most important functions of your blood stream is to carry nourishment to the muscle and nerve tissues of your entire body.

When you feel "overtired" at the least extra effort—it is usually a sign that your blood is failing to carry enough food to your tissues.

What you need is something to help your blood take up more nourishment from your food.

As a result, you get back your energy. You no longer tire at the least little thing.

It is a common experience that, within a short time after beginning to eat Fleischmann's Yeast, you notice a real increase in energy—an indication of what its continued use can do for you.

Start eating Fleischmann's fresh Yeast today. It is a food, not a drug. Eat it regularly, one cake a half hour before each meal. A simple, natural way of helping to put your blood into good condition—of making you feel well and fit!

"This past fall I was terribly run-down and felt weak all the time. I hadn't energy or pep enough to go anywhere and was just too exhausted to attempt to keep up my favorite sports. It was hard for me to work, too.

"Then I heard people talk about Fleischmann's Yeast, and I decided to give it a trial. I started taking 3 cakes a day—and, in 2 weeks, I had all the pep and energy I could wish, and the necessary reserve strength to carry on my job and my athletics."

Donald F. P. Batchelder, Springfield, Mass.

corrects **Run-down condition**

by feeding and purifying the blood

most desirable partner. She liked a "comfortable partner." When I went into that, she explained that she meant an adaptable partner. That's the whole thing—gracefully adjusting yourselves to one another. It takes character and intelligence to do that.

The most agreeable women dancers—and the most agreeable persons, as well—are flexible, considerate, domestic. They follow their partners naturally, and quickly adjust themselves to the personality of the man.

The most agreeable men dancers can dance well with any woman, put her at her ease, make her comfortable, and convince her, without saying a word, that she is a delightful partner.

If you are planning to indulge in the rather dangerous pastime of reading character by dancing, let me give you some pointers:

Men who point their toes gracefully while dancing are usually in love with themselves. Watch them closely and you will observe how often they glance at their feet to see how prettily they place them. Girls who point their toes daintily are not exceptional. A girl wants to be pretty and dainty naturally. But if she is more interested in her toe-pointing than the dance, you can set her down as vain, too.

MEN who stare into space with fixed eyes and dance one beat ahead of the music are usually of the artistic temperament. The dance itself has no reality for them. They are dancing with an imaginary girl to imaginary music in an imaginary ballroom. They may produce great works of art but they are poor companions. Nothing is present except their imagination.

Plodding dancers who set heel down first, then toes, are egocentric and sure of themselves. They often do well in business. They get one idea and stick to it. Nothing can change them. Likewise, they learn one step and never change that, either. Their ideas are right because they think so.

The dancer who turns his toes out is usually sensual, self-indulgent, and vain. The most charming persons I have ever known were pigeon-toed. Check over your list.

It is not good form to dance springily. My teachers find it difficult to cure. But what it indicates should not be cured. The springiest dancers are usually the most joyful ones. They are radiant, cheerful, exuberant. There is nothing to do except spring along with them.

The aggressive, go-getting man, who has qualities of leadership, holds his partner firmly and lifts his elbows high. Such a dancer may be an excellent provider but he's a tough companion.

The walking dancer who pushes his partner ahead of him, blocks and blocks around the floor, is obviously what he is—a dull and inconsiderate rascal. If a dancer, after years of dancing, remains a pedestrian, he is probably deficient mentally. I do not say that facetiously. Rhythm is part of intelligence. Anybody with an ordinary sense of rhythm who has been on a dance floor many times would unconsciously learn enough about dancing to dance.

I am inclined to distrust the emotional stability of the man or woman who is always in search of new dancing partners. In the average non-professional dancer a frequent change of partners suggests either an inferiority complex or a spoiled, fickle nature. A person who underestimates himself may feel, after each dance, that his partner dislikes him, and so he may change to another. A fickle partner, on the other hand, may actually dislike everyone with whom he dances and go in search of a more pleasing person. He never finds her.

On the other hand, a man who corners a good partner and asks her for every dance is poor company. You can set him down as pretty much of a hog in every other respect.

The man who dances with a sure, solid step and looks neither to the left nor to the right, is usually both stubborn and stupid. He waltzes his partner through the thick of the floor, bumping into other persons with impunity and never making an apology.

"Heaven help the man she marries!"

Men and women who insist upon keeping up a running fire of conversation while they dance may be good dancers, but, for some reason, think they are not. They talk to keep the partner's mind off the dance, trying to distract attention. The trait is, in a slight way, dishonest. I do not mean to say that one should not talk occasionally while dancing if he wishes. I am speaking of dancing phonographs.

PERSONS who change their style of dancing frequently are not affected, as many think. They are the people who make progress—open-minded, adaptable, courageous, and eternally young. The unchanging pattern dancer is a trial to his wife and a bore to himself. I knew a girl of twenty who was so enthusiastic about the waltz that she would learn no other step. And she waltzed with uncertainty. A little investigation proved that she was dominated by her aged, aristocratic parents, who were still living in the waltz period. When the girl learned a few jazz steps, she declared her independence and got married.

If you attend many dances, you know the lay instructor, who quite graciously undertakes to correct the faults of his partner. In a paternal way he tells her to take longer steps, or shorter ones, not to lean forward so much, and so on. He is the vain and cunning type. He tries by ruse to convince his partner that he is an important, kindly man and a good dancer. The female of this species is very maternal. She treats her partner as if he were a little boy, just learning to dance. If he falls for it, he will dance to her fiddle the rest of his life.

I have mentioned elbows in a general way, but here is a formula easily remembered: Elbows down, no confidence; elbows up, sure of self; elbows high, proud and vain.

The loose-limbed and sloppy dancer is an interesting study. He may be a genius; he may be an ass. Whatever he is, he is irresponsible, carefree, and indifferent to himself and everybody else. His legs swing as if pinned to his hips and his hands are inclined to flap.

THE woman who cannot dance without a strong lead is timid. I detected this weakness in a very intelligent business woman who is an executive in a large department store. At first she denied it. Later she confided that she had bought an ermine wrap a year ago and had never found the courage to wear it. She was a good dancer, but would have gone to pieces in the arms of a poor leader.

The less sensitive dancers like fast, march-step music—a beat for every step. The more intelligent and nervous types like music that permits them steps within the beat. They like rhythm rather than tom-toms. The person who prefers the more abandoned dances, such as the rumba, tango, and slow fox trot, is usually easy to live with. The more strait-laced people prefer the stiffer and more formal dances—dignified waltzes, fast fox trots, and such.

Most of the important persons I have seen on the dance floor were nervous and timid. Lowell Thomas sounds very self-assured on the radio. He is a shy dancer. Lincoln Ellsworth, the explorer, flew over the North Pole and went deep into the Antarctic. He is timid in a ballroom. Gene Tunney, one of the world's cleverest champion heavyweight fighters, famous for his rapid footwork, is a self-conscious and awkward dancer. I saw him on a floor not long ago in Bermuda. It may be that he is muscle-bound. On the other hand, I am inclined to think that timid dancers are afraid of themselves—their instincts, bodies, nervous systems. And their sense of inferiority causes them to try so hard to be of consequence that they often become great.

I have told you all the tricks of character-reading that I know. But there is more to the art than watching for out-turned toes and elbows held high. There is the *feeling* about the dancer. It is difficult to define that. It has to do with the animation of the dancer's movements, even if they are incorrect; with the honesty and frankness of the stride and step; with the whole bearing and quality of the person. It is the thing in you that senses the spirit of the dance. The spirit of dancing is fine, free, generous, kindly, wholesome. The person who has that spirit has those qualities.

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packages a year

THAT packages are popular goes without saying. Whether you are sixteen or sixty, it's fun to get them wrapped up and fun to open them again. The retailers of the land are called on to deliver into the homes of America *two thousand million packages a year.*

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International Truck sizes range from Light-Delivery to powerful Dump and Tractor-Trucks, starting with ½-ton 6-cylinder chassis at

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INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

Along the way

First

It's always a cause for jubilation when we publish a writer's "first story." This time the writer is Eleanor Griggs Thompson, and the story is *Deep Pool*, in this issue—her first piece of published fiction.

Mrs. Thompson is the wife of a business man in Ottawa, Kans., and the mother of two small boys. She brings to her writing an unusually colorful background, for her girlhood was spent in Canton, China. Her father, John C. Griggs, was for many years instructor of singing in Vassar College, later going to China as professor of English in Canton Christian College. From him she evidently acquired her love of literature and ambition for a career as a writer.

Her many duties as wife and mother never smothered that lifelong ambition. When the dishes were put away and the boys tucked in bed, she went to her typewriter and wrote and wrote. Articles and features were accepted by newspapers. And now she has come through with what we think is a lovely story. . . .

Sealed

What makes *Deep Pool* doubly thrilling for us is the fact that it represents the discovery of another brand-new writer through THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE'S "Sealed Fiction" plan. When a story reaches us a clerk places a seal of black tape over the author's name before it goes the rounds of readers and editors. None of us knows who the author is. And so the newcomers get an even break with the "big names." Not until the story is definitely accepted or rejected is the black seal broken. And then, you can guess, it's as exciting as opening a surprise Christmas package!—A. B.

Toots

Some months ago my twins, a boy and girl of high-school age, rushed in from school both talking at once. I finally figured out they were talking to me, so I quieted them down and heard one at a time. They might as well have said it together. Both had the same story.

Their high school was organizing an orchestra and a band. The girl wanted to be in one, the boy in the other. Would I buy uniforms? Would I buy instruments? Would I buy a ticket to the first concert? Big affair. Everybody at school was excited. Every other school was excited about bands and orchestras. I got excited, too, and wrote an order to a musical instrument dealer.

The next day it dawned on me that it really was an exciting thing, if true . . . the boys and girls of America marching to bands. So I asked Writer Webb Waldron if he wouldn't like to swing around the country and find out all he could about it. The result is the article *Drumbeats* in this issue.—E. C. W.

Chief

We've had men on our staff with lots of titles and degrees, but a new record was made the other day when one of our editors walked in and announced he'd just been made an Indian Chief. It seems the Blackfoot Indians in Glacier National Park, Mont., got wind of the fact that he was on a train passing through. With a couple of "whoops" and a pair of "ughs" they surrounded the train, demanded his body, and hauled him off to their village.

After daubing red clay on his face, they named him "Chief Big Elk." At first he was honored, but now he's worried. According to Blackfoot tradition, the mother-in-law of a male member of the tribe is not supposed ever to speak to her son-in-law. As a matter of fact, she's supposed to hide her face when passing him. Probably many men wish they were Blackfeet, but it happens that Chief Big Elk lives in the same house with his mother-in-law, and very happily, too.—M. H.

Dance

Not long ago I called at Arthur Murray's dancing school in New York to complete arrangements for the publication of his article, in this issue, on how to read character on the dance floor. While I was waiting for him a friend of mine, a business man, breezed in, but when he saw me he blushed to the roots of his hair.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

I told him I was there on business.

"I'm here on business, too," he explained lamely.

Some days later I had occasion to visit the studio again and, behold, there was my friend dancing painstakingly with an attractive young instructress! Business, indeed! Caught in the act, he grinned at me sheepishly.

I have never been able to understand why so many men try to keep their dancing lessons secret. I don't know whether they're ashamed that they can't dance or ashamed of learning how. In Mr. Murray's studios I have seen famous industrialists, politicians, and writers, waiting their turn. Once I saw Lowell Thomas, the writer and radio announcer, and another time the president of the Philippine Islands senate. Anyway, as Mr. Murray says, "You Can't Hide Behind Your Feet."

—H. K.

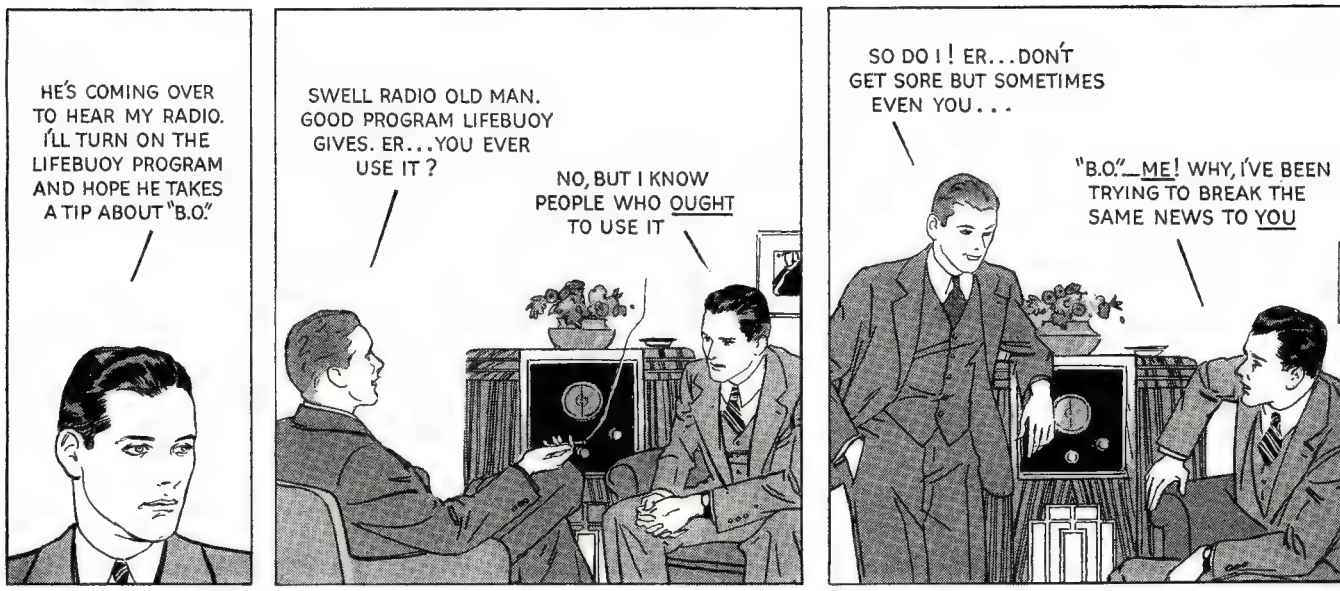
Tink

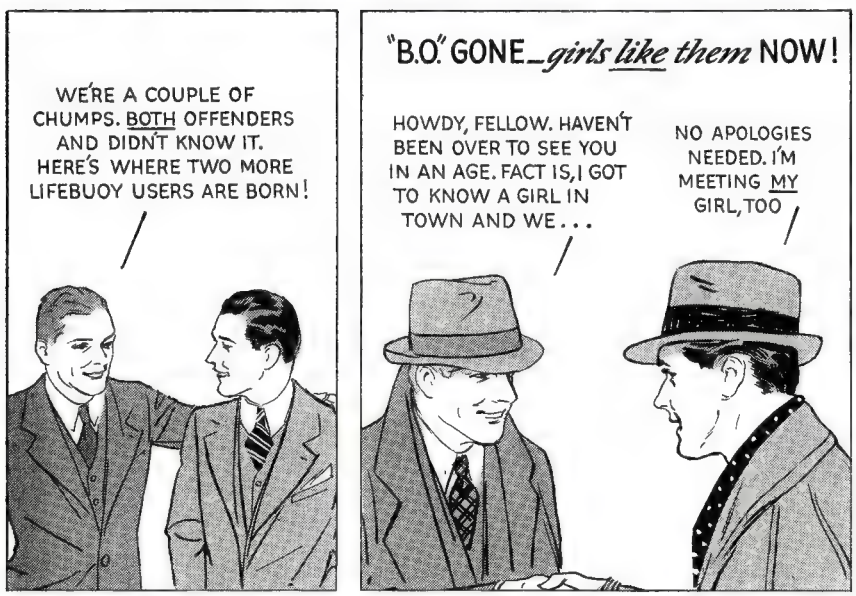
Strange how fiction is born and raised. Some years ago Howard Brubaker was writing a series of articles on the tricks of repairing the family motorcar at home. Through the character of a quaint country mechanic, he instructed laymen in what they needed to know to get the old bus running on Sunday morning. One of our editors suggested that the country mechanic be made a fiction character—and so was created that delightful soul of ingenuity, Tink, who runs the garage at the end of Apple Tree Lane.

One by one other characters came to join him—Pickles, Virginia Baylor, and finally the hilarious Baylor twins. All appear in *Helpful Herman*, Mr. Brubaker's latest, in this issue.—D. L.

DRAWING BY RALPH STEIN

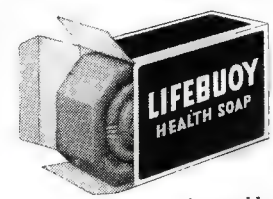
YOU'RE TELLING *Me!*


HE'S COMING OVER TO HEAR MY RADIO. I'LL TURN ON THE LIFEBUOY PROGRAM AND HOPE HE TAKES A TIP ABOUT "B.O."
SWELL RADIO OLD MAN. GOOD PROGRAM LIFEBUOY GIVES. ER...YOU EVER USE IT ?
NO, BUT I KNOW PEOPLE WHO OUGHT TO USE IT
SO DO I ! ER...DON'T GET SORE BUT SOMETIMES EVEN YOU...
"B.O."—ME! WHY, I'VE BEEN TRYING TO BREAK THE SAME NEWS TO YOU


WE'RE A COUPLE OF CHUMPS. BOTH OFFENDERS AND DIDN'T KNOW IT. HERE'S WHERE TWO MORE LIFEBUOY USERS ARE BORN!
"B.O." GONE—*girls like them* NOW!
HOWDY, FELLOW. HAVEN'T BEEN OVER TO SEE YOU IN AN AGE. FACT IS, I GOT TO KNOW A GIRL IN TOWN AND WE...
NO APOLOGIES NEEDED. I'M MEETING MY GIRL, TOO

GLORIOUSLY refreshing for the bath—marvelous for the complexion! Lifebuoy cleanses *deeply*. Yet "patch" tests made on the skins of hundreds of women show it's more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

Cool weather or not, we still perspire—a quart of odorous waste daily. Don't risk "B.O." (*bodyodor*). Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Gives abundant lather even in hard water. Its own clean scent vanishes quickly as you rinse.



Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

120 TO 150 SHAVES IN THE BIG RED TUBE

TOM, THIS IS A SWANKY HOTEL. IF WE'RE DINING HERE, YOU'D BETTER GO UP AND SHAVE
I CAN'T SHAVE TODAY. WITH MY TOUGH BEARD AND TENDER SKIN, MY FACE GETS SORE. HAVE TO LET IT HEAL
YOUR BEARD HAS NOTHING ON MINE, BUT WITH LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM I GET CLEAN, EASY SHAVES EVERY TIME. ITS LATHER HOLDS 52% MORE MOISTURE. TRY IT
I'LL DO THAT, FRANK, RIGHT NOW, IF YOU DON'T MIND MY USING YOUR TUBE

MAN, WHAT A DIFFERENCE! THIS LIFEBUOY LATHER'S SO MOIST —SO SOOTHING —I CAN SHAVE CLEAN WITHOUT EVEN FEELING IT
TRY IT! SEND FOR A FREE TRIAL TUBE
LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream

Send for a FREE Trial Tube

Use Lifebuoy Shaving Cream for a week and you'll never shave with any other. Get it at your druggist's. Or write Lever Brothers Co., Dept. A1511, Cambridge, Mass., for a free 12-day trial tube. (*This offer good in U. S. only.*)

Deep Pool

(*Continued from page 38*)

to greet the old man when he came to call.

David thought of these things as he touched the scrapbook lovingly. He yearned to be with the old man, either over there in that lovely house or in the country, where they could have a pony. But there was his mother. . . . Whenever he felt loyal to one . . . either to his grandfather or to his mother . . . he must feel treacherous to the other.

HALDY RICHARDSON said all people who drank whisky were bad, and they weren't ever saved unless they repented and took the pledge.

David heard the other boys screaming over in the vacant lot, but he lagged along by Haldy's side. The germs of an argument formed in his mind. His grandfather drank whisky; the glasses were small and carved, colored amber or blue. But with his mother's glasses, tall and jangling with ice, the color of the whisky shone forth with the luster of a star beam.

Haldy ran on ahead, eager to join the other boys. There was no room for him, David realized, for he could not rough-and-tumble with the others, scuffing his shoes and his neat blue suits. There were never any grass stains on his white tailored shirts. He was ashamed of this, as if the muddying was upon his character in some way, leaving his linen clean.

David called good-by to Haldy Richardson, cutting across his own yard.

In the front hall he saw Wayne bending over the telephone in a whispered talk with a friend. He knew his mother was not at home, for Wayne could not venture into the hall for a telephone conversation if his mistress was in the house. He stayed remotely in the kitchen unless summoned.

The wide white stairway was dustless and echoing. In the early mornings Wayne quietly and swiftly dusted these sweeping stairs. Sometimes David saw him while Stella was busy in the kitchen with his own breakfast. There was a rapidity and stealth to everything Wayne did, an unctuous caution matching his whispering voice.

Stella, broadly Scotch, was sullen and dexterous. "Come on with your supper," she would say when David dallied. Whenever his mother had a dinner party his own meal would be served to him after he was ready for bed, at a bright table by his bedside. Then he could paste or color or read to himself while the sultry laughter and voices whirled up the white staircase to his room. Long ago he had gotten over hanging half across the railing to watch the guests. They were all the same . . . loud, well dressed, rattling their words in slurred emphasis. Long ago he had given up expecting his mother to come up the stairs to bid him good night.

"May I help you, Wayne?" the child asked as the houseman straightened up from the telephone.

"No, thank you, boy," Wayne answered curtly. He had troubles he couldn't explain to David . . . maybe the dinner would go all right and maybe it wouldn't . . . it would depend on how she came home. He and Stella were about out of patience. If it wasn't for the lad, now . . .

Along the upstairs hall David could smell the bath-powder fragrance from his mother's room . . . a muskiness colored of rose . . . he could smell the color. At the head of the stairs it was apparent, growing stronger as he walked along the hall, strongest when he stepped within the room itself.

SHE was seldom there, but when she was he could be sure she would be seated at the mirror. . . . "Oh, David . . . you home?" And whatever she was doing would be put down slowly before she threw her arms around his neck. Such extravagant words of endearment . . . did she really mean them? he wondered. But she called everyone pet names, except Wayne and Stella, and they were servants, or his grandfather, and he was an enemy.

"Oh, precious, what do you do with your time? You must tell me about your school and your playmates. Would you like a party here? Just a boys' party with prizes, maybe? Would like that, lambie?" The telephone would ring . . . someone would call for a cocktail . . . a dressmaker would tumble into the room from nowhere, her mouth full of pins. David never had a chance to answer.

For only a moment now he stepped into his mother's room. Whirling on his heel, he stood at attention before the picture of his father; then, on the impulse, he saluted the serious face of the man with a rigid salute, backing away a little afraid, because his father was dead and there was a timidity about the very thought of the word "dead" that silenced the child. David backed away and left the room. . . .

He had fixed mustaches on only five or six riders when he heard the front door open, and he knew his mother was home. She sounded happy, not the husky crossness he had learned to dread, but joyful, like a little girl. His heart began to beat faster, and he took an undecided step

"You want to get the boy away from me!" she cried. "Well, you can't do it! . . . Get out of my house!"

toward the hall, glancing hastily at himself in the mirror. Yes, his hair was smooth, his tie straight, a nice-looking little boy with a white, anxious face.

He heard his mother running up the stairs, and, feeling a breathless desire to cry, to fling himself into her arms, he stood, brimming with unutterable words, at his door.

"Mother!" he called as she turned at the landing. "Mother! You're home!"

She bent to kiss him briefly . . . so fresh and sweet she smelled . . . of rain and violets and all outdoors.

"How many times do I have to tell you to call me 'Irene'?" she said sharply. . . .

IN THE spring and summer there were many places to go, and David's supply of money was never-ending. . . . "Here, honey, go to a show, lambie. . . . Wouldn't you like to go swimming? Irene's busy now . . . her friends are all here."

He would wander away from the house, sometimes staying out in the garage, where Wayne had rigged him up a workbench. Sometimes he would go to his grandfather's, but the questions always worried him. Some time he would tell the truth of matters, and he dreaded the day his grandfather learned that his mother had sent him away.

All this the old man knew, but he wished to say nothing which might give the child wonder. "I could get him away from her," he thought. "But afterwards, would he perhaps blame me in the years to come? And wouldn't it hurt him more to have that humiliation? Treadwell says she is ruining her heart and her health . . . just the other day he told me that . . . nothing but parties and foolishness!" So the older mind puzzled, and a coldness grew up between the two David Pendletons. "That woman!" thought the old man. "She is a sleek fox, golden, sly, beautiful, and cunning! She has us all chasing through thickets!" But the girl at home sang and laughed, then wept because her love was dead. . . .

It was a close spring day when David decided he would learn *this* time to swim. The river was swollen from freshets and the deep pool at the upper edge of town was filled with small yelping boys. The concrete pool in the park seemed a tame place, and David again felt the chagrin at his own cowardice. He would go with the other boys!

Although the water was cold and deep, a dogged persistence, born of brooding, forced the boy to try and try to make the long stretch from bank to bank. He *would* do it, he told himself, and, besides, his mother was in the midst of a party; she would not want him home so soon.

In the middle of the deepest stretch he heard a wild cry from the bank. Blinking his water-filled eyes, he saw his mother waving distractedly, calling his name over and over. "The boys!" he thought in a moment of panic. They would see her uncertain steps, hear her loud, joyous laughter; her flushed cheeks would stain him with shame. They would never let him forget they had seen his mother . . . yes, that was the word . . . *drunk*.

His heart turned to lead . . . and his legs and his arms. A plummet of lead, he sank below the surface, and the waters closed over his head. . . .

Someone, he never knew who it was,

lifted him to the bank and spread a robe over him. There were a great many people there, and someone was shouting to call his grandfather: "Old Judge Pendleton; get him here, quick!"

"I'm all right," David whispered. "Irene, I'm all right." But no one answered him . . .

Someone was yelling again, "The doctor! Get a doctor here as quick as you can!"

Again he weakly raised his voice: "I'm all right. Tell my mother I don't need a doctor!"

"Lord love him!" a woman's voice said. "He don't know, of course . . . poor boy."

David sat up quickly, the blanket slipping from his shoulders. "What is it?" he asked in a desperate voice. "Where is she? Where is my mother? She was here before I . . ."

Then he saw the group over on the lower bank, a knot of people bending over a figure lying quietly. He ran across the slippery ground, and no one could hold him back. He was gone like a flash.

She lay there, beautiful in her unconsciousness. Even the streaming water, the soggy clothing. Her face, white and still, had never been, it seemed to David, as beautiful as it was now, and the others in the crowd saw a double beauty . . . the boy leaning over the woman, enraptured, worshipful. And they put their hands to their faces, turning away, for they knew she was dead. . . .

DAVID went quietly into the kitchen, where Stella and Wayne were bent over the papers. They looked up, startled, when they saw his figure in the doorway. His hair was mussed, curled locks lying across his brow, and his chin seemed more pointed than it had last week. Little blue veins showed on his temples, and his mouth twitched suddenly.

"Could I bother you for the papers, when you've finished them?" he asked.

They were surprised at the request. Still, no one had told them to keep the papers from him. They both knew all about the scrapbook, though this would have surprised the child.

"Sure, you can, dearie," said Stella, bending over him, pulling his bathrobe up about his chin, letting her fingers rest for a moment on his straight little shoulder. "Did you want to see what they wrote about your mother? They said such lovely things about her . . ." Her eyes met those of her husband with a warning.

"Does it hurt very much to be drowned?" David asked, with a sudden quiver. "I mean, did she know she was drowning?"

Wayne shook his head soberly. "Did you know what was happening to you when you was under the water?" he whispered. "I doubt if she felt as much as you did, kiddie! All she knew was that her chickie-child was in there, and she was going in after him . . . that's a mother for you!" he added, with an elaborate wink to his wife. "A mother will do anything at all to save her child."

David drew a deep breath. "So!" he thought. Maybe now they're sorry they had often talked so mean about her. Now they were sure she had been a good mother to him . . . that she really wanted to help him all along. He was glad to hear her servants praising her. It was the first time they had ever done such a thing.

"There now, you run along," said Stella. "Here's your papers, and you put them right in your satchel. I'll be up in a minute to pack the rest of your things. Ernest will be here to move you over in a few minutes."

Hugging the papers, David left the kitchen. When he was gone the two servants stared at each other a long moment.

"The doctor says there wasn't any water in her lungs," said Stella after the pause. "Just her heart . . . jumping in that way, in the condition she was in."

"It ain't any wonder, after the pace she'd been going," Wayne replied. "I wonder how the old man managed such nice notices in the papers."

Now this was to be his home, David thought happily. It was a much more interesting house, really, with so many things to do. There was a workshop right in the house, downstairs in the cellar, and his grandfather said there were places in the old barn that would just about do for the pony's stall.

David walked across the library to where his grandfather was sitting. He was on the verge of telling all about his scrapbook, then thought better of it. It was finished, not another empty page. Already it became unreal, almost forgotten. But he wasn't afraid of death any more; it was funny how happy it made him to think of his mother being up there with his father now. It took all the scare away from his father's picture. Now he had that very picture which used to frighten him, sitting on the desk in his new room, and it was a great comfort to him. "She'll be all right with him," he thought. He touched his grandfather's coat sleeve gingerly.

"She really loved me, didn't she?" he asked suddenly. "My mother loved me very much, didn't she?"

SOMETHING in the old man's heart melted. For years he had rebelled at the mention of this woman who had caused him so much grief. She had given him unmitigated worry, dragging him through her disgraces, robbing him of his son, of his security. But now that she was removed he softened toward her, he felt a generous affection warming his heart. How much love for her there had been in this small boy's breast, how much of it had been a fierce pride of blood such as he himself had in abundance, he would never know. He gazed down at the taut, nervous little figure by his side. The boy had her eyes, so brilliantly purple, but with the steadfast intelligence of his own son's eyes.

He looked deeply into that eager face, repeating words he had almost forgotten, saying them slowly, in all reverence:

"'Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for another.'"

The child relaxed against him, expelling his breath in a slow sigh, and the old man was overwhelmed that any eyes so young could hold so much relief.

Almost a Red

(*Continued from page 61*)

still believe that it is the only daring, militant, dramatic, and appealing political movement in America today. I say that with shame for my country.

When I came of age I didn't know just how to use my prerogatives of citizenship, but I soon discovered that political action had its beginning in ward clubs. Full of enthusiasm, I hurried off to see McGinnis, who "ran" the party club in my ward. I told him I wanted to join up. He looked at me with the chilliest, most penetrating eyes I have ever seen, and said:

"If you stick around with me for a year, I may be able to cut you in."

"On what?" I asked, in amazement.

"Police department, maybe. But you can't get a job now—not until after the next election. You got to be in awhile."

"I'm not looking for a job," I said indignantly. "I just want to get into the party."

He looked at me as if I were a strange kind of bug and said, "Yeah. I see. M-m-m." Then he told me to come around to the club Thursday night.

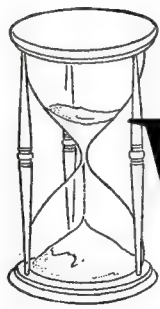
In my beautiful innocence I expected that at the club I would hear discussions of my country's affairs.

But I heard nothing but a lot of gabble about rounding up the boys and putting Fink over for alderman in the next election. Fink was the boy, they agreed. He wouldn't double-cross them as his successor had. He wouldn't give the jobs to personal friends and relatives. He would give them to the men and women who had *fought* for him in the election. I soon found that my part in ward politics would chiefly consist of paying dues and polling precincts to find out how large our next vote would be—so that we would know how many more votes to get. I understood that the "boys" bought them.

Sometimes at our club meetings we had an outside speaker—from the large political world—who ended his oration on the Revolution, the War of 1812, and Old Glory with a fierce injunction to "Snap into it; line up the boys for Fink, or you'll be out of work for another four years."

It seemed to me strange that McGinnis, who was spoken of reverently as the moving force behind the club, never attended the meetings. I thought perhaps he didn't know at what low ebb his party stood. So I looked him up and told him what I thought.

Why didn't we, I argued, get some real citizens into the club, turn it into an open forum of government, send some forceful



We're too old to learn how to hurry

SURE—we're old-fashioned. We admit it. In fact, we're proud of it. And we believe the millions who like our whiskey are glad of it, too.

For we're old-fashioned for a very good reason. You see, we've been in business for a long, long time—*through four straight generations.*

During that time we've experimented with about every distilling and ageing method known to man. In our laboratory—the first ever established by an American distiller—we've put countless schemes and short-cuts to the acid test. And we've always come back to this basic belief:—*To make fine old-fashioned American whiskey (and that's the only kind of whiskey we're interested in), you've got to stick to the old ways of doing things.* You've got to let Time and Nature take their course.

That's why all our whiskey is distilled by the *old-fashioned method* of letting the grain ferment naturally. This takes one-third longer in time. And it takes nearly an extra pint of grain to produce every quart of liquor. But the whiskey that results is worth the extra cost—worth it in rich, full body, in mellow, hearty flavor.

When it comes to ageing the whiskey, we again stick to the only two things we know of that will produce the soft, smooth mellowness that we think whiskey-drinkers want. *Those two things are charred oak barrels and summer heat.*

To let the charred oak work its magic better, we put our whiskey in half barrels, which nearly doubles the contact with the oak. And to give the liquor the full advantage of summer heat, we keep our warehouses at mid-July temperature every day in the year. *We make every season do the work of summer.*

That's why we urge you to compare any Frankfort whiskey with any other whiskey anywhere near it in price. We are confident of the result.

Frankfort Distilleries

LOUISVILLE ★ BALTIMORE

Makers of these fine *American* whiskies

FOUR ROSES	★	PAUL JONES	★	OLD OSCAR PEPPER	★	MATTINGLY & MOORE
Compare it with any other whiskey of any age or price		Since 1865—the American whiskey for the American taste		An old-fashioned whiskey at an old-fashioned price		The highest quality whiskey ever sold at so low a price

[*ALL BLENDS OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES—AND THAT MEANS* ALL *WHISKEY!*]

recommendations to the party councils above us, select able men for office? We all knew how rotten the administration was. We could change it. If we earnestly saw to it that every cent of taxpayers' money was spent for taxpayers, we could build a city as beautiful as ancient Rome. It would be easy to handle this local election if we interested the right people. Why, I, myself, knew dozens of young men and women eager to fight.

"Nerts," he said, and walked away.

BUT it took more than McGinnis and his handful of job hunters to make me renounce my party and cure my idealism. I still believed there was some organization in the city that took politics seriously. But all the other ward clubs seemed to be run on McGinnis's formula. However, when I saw an article in a newspaper announcing the party's plans to organize a young men's club to let in young blood, my heart leaped.

I attended the first meeting, only to learn with deep disgust that it was nothing but a ready-made offshoot of the old party run by its politically tainted sons.

I revolted, and went over to the opposition party. When I registered my name with the secretary before the first meeting he looked up at me insolently, with whitish blue eyes, and said, "Lot of you guys are coming in since we got a little stronger. But listen, brother, don't think you're going to get a job if we *do* win. There's a long waiting list ahead of you."

I quit. No more politics for me.

But four years later the old desire again flared up, and I joined a "youth movement"—to save the world! For the first time since I came of age, I began to get excited over the possibility of going into action as a citizen. We were going to turn the old town upside down, throw the grafters out of the city hall, strike a death blow at torpid, trifling little ward clubs. We would challenge the old order.

The only flaw in the movement was that it had been engendered by a dozen young men in secret before it was brought to public attention. They were all upstanding chaps—sons of business men, bankers, and such, and all well qualified for public office. While the election of officers was open and aboveboard, the prime movers persuaded the first assembly to elect them as a board of control, since they had already formulated a plan of action. . . .

Our meetings were very enthusiastic and well attended. All of us went to work—speaking, soliciting new members, polling precincts.

And then, out of a clear sky, our governing board announced that it had joined hands with the old-line political party out of office. Such an alliance was necessary to put us on the ticket and win.

I saw the whole thing in a minute. The party out of power was the party of big business. The board of control was made up of business men's sons. They had delivered us into the hands of their fathers' party. I was furious.

I went to the secretary of the board.

"Listen, Ned," I said. "We're doing the same old thing over. We do the work, raise the storm, and the old machine takes the city, puts in its job hunters. We can't do it. I'll fight to the last ditch on the floor to repudiate it."

He flushed and said, "Now, Larry, take it easy. You know that's the only way we can win. They've already promised us half the jobs."

I wasn't the only one to leave the "youth movement" because it was dominated by the old guard. My country had been betrayed again. All the enthusiasm, energy, and idealism of youth were at command in that movement—and politicians behind the scenes were pulling the levers for their own ends. The "youth movement" lost the election, even at that. . . .

TWO years ago I came to New York to live. Maybe, I thought, the Middle West was too far away from the centers of political activity to take citizenship seriously. Perhaps in the East I would find a prouder and more active consciousness of citizenship.

My home is in a block of huge apartment houses, where six thousand other people live. It is a good, American, middle-class neighborhood. But never in my block have I seen any evidence of the existence of either the Democratic Party or the Republican. My near neighbors do not know where either party holds a district meeting—if either does. All any of us know with certainty is that there is a government of which we are not a part, and that there are thousands of job holders who support it.

Since I came to New York, I have seen continuous, militant, idealistic activity by only one political organization—the Communist Party. Only one political worker has knocked at my door. He is a communist. He offered me immediate participation in government—but not our own. He offered me action and an outlet for my pent-up zeal. I almost joined.

I HAD known of the Communist Party in the Middle West, but there it had consisted merely of a handful of workers, who, for the most part, frequented the slums. But in New York the handful, enlarged by a greater population and greater economic inequalities, mounted to thousands.

For months I had watched the drama of communist activity on the streets and in the parks of New York. With something like envy, I saw young men and young women on soapboxes in Columbus Circle and Union Square, their faces gaunt with hunger and their eyes aflame, haranguing crowds, challenging the system, crying out for a new world in which all men would be economically as well as politically free. I saw girls and boys in their late teens, driven from aristocratic Fifth Avenue by police because they were obstructing traffic. I saw them stormed by groups of ex-service men and other citizens who thought they were protecting the Constitution by suppressing free speech. I saw them send young communists flying, with bloody noses and bruised bodies, more convinced than ever that their cause was right.

And back they came next day, crying bravely for a new world. That's what got under my hide. It was thrilling. Here was an opportunity for action, service, sacrifice.

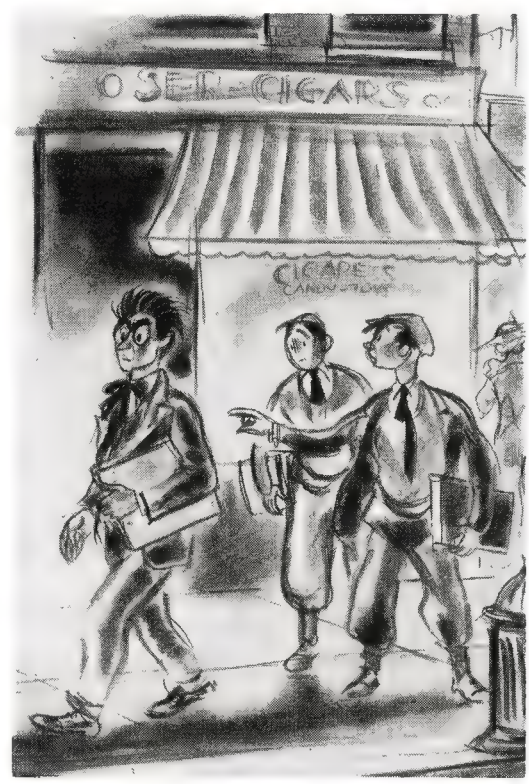
These youngsters had fortitude, courage, idealism—all the virtues that are young America's. Frankly, I was stirred.

Then, one night in a restaurant, a friend of mine introduced me to a teacher in a relief school—tall, shock-headed, muscular. He sat down at our table and chatted. Somehow I got turned loose on my favorite theme—inefficiency in government, the failure of American citizenship, closed doors for youth. He looked up with alert blue eyes, and said, "Yeah. Go on. I want to hear more."

Two weeks later he called me up and asked me whether my wife and I were free for the evening. He wanted to come up and talk politics. I told him to come along. He did.

"Well," said my friend, slapping a pile of books and pamphlets on the table, "you better get out the guns. I'm a communist, come to convert you."

I told him to go ahead. I was ripe for some kind of po-



"That's my brother. He's the Red sheep of the family"

Gregory d' Alessio

"I'd know *that* taste with my eyes shut"
LOOK FOR OLD GRAND DAD ON EVERY BOTTLE
Wherever you meet
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you'll discover the finest straight bourbon whiskey that ever came out of Kentucky
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THE HARVEST

DURING the spring and summer the seed is sown and crops are cultivated. At harvest-time, the fruits of labor are gathered and stored for the days when Nature may be less kind. In the spring and summer of life, men and women save in order to reap the harvest of a retirement income during their autumn years.

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Thomas A. Buckner
President

SAFETY IS ALWAYS THE FIRST CONSIDERATION . . . NOTHING ELSE IS SO IMPORTANT

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litical conversion, so faithless was I of the present setup. And he turned loose.

He came to the point very quickly. If I wanted political action, he could give it to me. All I needed was a little education. The party had schools all over town—just to train men and women for communism. Some of the schools, he said, laughing, were paid for with PWA funds. As soon as I mastered the principles, he would second me, along with some other communists, for party membership. And if I wanted to go to work, I would be given the opportunity . . . the hardest, most exciting, most glorious political work of which I had ever dreamed.

I CAME quickly to the point, too. I would not join a political party promulgated and supported by a foreign nation to overthrow my government. I was an American, not a Russian. He laughed.

"Listen," he said. "This system of ours is more American than America. It has its roots in the opinions of small groups of citizens. It provides that these opinions are to be synthesized and carried up by representatives to a larger group, and so on until they reach the government itself. The government is to accept and act on the opinions.

"Our treaty with Russia states clearly that she is not to engage in any anti-government propaganda or activity in this country. I'm not suggesting treason to you. I'm merely suggesting that you use your constitutional rights to organize and act against rotten politics, special privilege, unemployment, poverty . . ."

He went on and on, very impressively, setting up a utopia to fight for. The system he proposed sounded very much like the noble theories I had imbibed in Professor Smith's Civics-A—a government by the people, for the people.

If I wanted to speak and write for the Cause, proselyte, or fight with my fists, my friend could fix me up. He would see to it that I was assigned to duties that I could perform best. That was a principle of the party. As for a school, he would recommend me to a white-collar one to study the principles of communism.

But we decided to put off joining the Cause until we could learn more about it. My friend, the communist, played up the glamorous side of his party's activities—its dramatic appeal to a young man or young woman eager for service in the cause of government. I had learned in my Civics-A class that early dramatization of citizenship makes for good citizenship, and that participation in government is the best teacher of government. Perhaps that's why so many American youngsters are interested in communism now.

The party has only 30,000 members, the majority of whom, judging by parades and demonstrations I have seen, are between 18 and 35 years of age. But behind that 30,000 membership is an army of sympathizers, ever growing, variously estimated at between 500,000 and 750,000. In American universities today, communist sympathizers hold meetings, under the guidance of party members who hope to be officers in the great revolution.

My wife and I attended several communistic demonstrations, as observers, but the police did not charge. They parleyed with the leaders of the crowd—like the officers of an opposing army. It was stirring to see these youngsters receiving overtures of compromise from the powers. I wouldn't say that if I felt close to the government. I do not. Between me and it stand machine after machine—greed, trickery, mass indifference.

Then we were invited to a dock on the Hudson River to see a "little demonstration" when the German liner, the Bremen, sailed. I went alone that night. The dock was crowded and I noticed an unusual number of young men and young women. When I got to the gangplank, I found it guarded by police. I looked around for my communistic friend, but did not see him.

Then a young man at my side suddenly caught my arm.

"Look," he said in an excited whisper. "There he goes! Ah . . . he's running for it."

A roar went up from the young people on the pier, and my companion's voice rose shrilly. I followed the direction his trembling finger pointed, in time to see a youth detach himself from the crowd on the Bremen's forward deck, dash to the bows, vault upon an elevation near to the flagmast. Something gleamed in his hand—a knife! With two deft slashes he severed the halyards. The swastika flag of Germany fluttered down into his hands. He tore it into shreds and flung it triumphantly over the ship's side into the waters of the Hudson. There were cries from the ship, and around me were turmoil and confusion. Then, suddenly, I saw a tiny spurt of flame above the heads of the crowd on the forward deck—a pistol shot! The young man at the stem pitched forward.

"They got him!" cried my companion. In his voice was exultation.

"Who is he?" I asked, my mouth dry.

"A comrade. The party's demonstrating. We're showing the German workers that we're for them. Let's charge the cops!"

But the police were charging, pressing forward with swinging night sticks. There were shouts of rage and pain and the thud of wood upon skulls. The young people around me, slowly giving ground, began to sing the battle hymn of communism, *The International*. I elbowed my way out. I was not a communist. It was heroic action . . . but, I asked myself, for what?

THE whole thing had been a thrilling gesture, a fine display of youthful courage. But it seemed to me that the party had gone far afield in building an American utopia.

My friend called several days later. I told him I wanted to discuss the Bremen affair with him. He had told me that the Cause was American and social. What was being accomplished by starting trouble between our country and Germany?

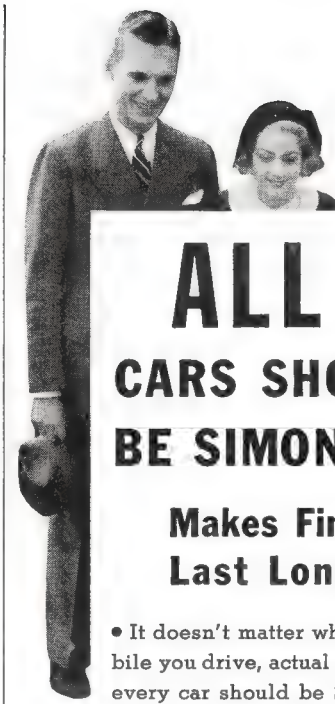
"Don't think in terms of America," he retorted. "Think in terms of the world."

I told him that the world for me began in America. His face hardened.

"You see," he said coldly, "there are certain things we do not argue about in the Communist Party. The Bremen demonstration was ordered by the leaders. We obeyed."

"But I don't accept things like that just because they are ordered. A political party is not an army. I like to thresh things out."

He smiled tolerantly. "You must



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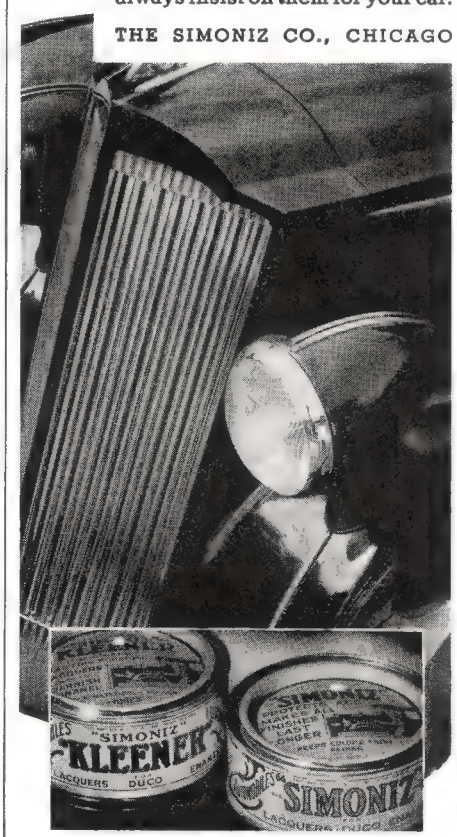

MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ

learn," he said. "Before you are admitted to the party, you must accept three premises—that the capitalist class, the owners of property, hate the non-owners of property, the workers; that the capitalist system is doomed; that it will take revolution to do it. You accept that. It's all settled. It's a closed matter in the party."

"But not a closed matter in my mind," I said. "I'm an American citizen. I'm free to think . . . and speak . . ."

"And nobody listens to you," he replied. "You speak alone."

He was right about that, and so content with being right that he never came again. I was to accept him and his doctrine on faith—not by reason. But I did not give up my quest. I went on exploring. I began to find, indeed, that the Communist Party did appeal to *feeling*, not to *thinking*. . . . That was its great attraction for youth. It offered mystery, romance, high adventure.

I MET one young man—a sturdy American in overalls—who had just returned from San Francisco, where he had been assigned to mobilize union longshoremen against their employers and the government. He had stood in the midst of jeering mobs. He had dodged bricks and blackjacks. But he stood his ground for his Cause. And when he overcame the opposition of workers and won them over, he still had to face machine guns and revolvers in the hands of militia and police.

A political job? The Communist Party seldom pays more than $5 a week to its employed agitators. Like all youth, these boys and men are glad of the privilege of sacrificing, suffering, fighting. . . . Most of them are paid nothing. As a matter of fact, they pay for the privilege of belonging to the party. Some of them pay only fifteen cents a week. Others pay more.

In my rambles about centers of radical activity, I met one youngster who told me he had been commanded to get into a state penitentiary, by hook or crook, to preach the gospel of his party to fellow convicts. He said he had committed grand larceny to get there—to create unrest and foment riot among "the victims of the system." Another youngster told me he had been assigned to enlist in the United States Army to preach discontent.

These youngsters were proud of what they had done. The tragedy was that they were seeking participation in something—anything—that was dramatic and adventurous, and that would give them self-esteem. They were glad to accept the commands of they-knew-not-whom for the privilege of participation. How sad that they cannot participate in American government!

I followed my communist friend's suggestion and diligently studied the tenets of the party. I have little to say of the logic of communism here. It is brilliant on paper, where one can make opposing armies with two words—capitalists and workers. I do not admit opposition between the words. I am a capitalist-worker. If I were not one, I would still have equal opportunity with other citizens to be one. But I may not have that forever, unless I find a way to share equal opportunity with other citizens in participating in the affairs of my country.

I think that communism is a philosophy for the defeated, the thwarted, and the baffled. But do not these words describe thousands of young Americans today? They describe me politically.

This defeatist philosophy sprang from an Old World empire, where a primitive mass was cruelly oppressed by a degenerate and powerful minority. The Russian revolution was an attempt to equalize terrible inequalities. Communism was an impoverished and suffering people's dream of something like America—the thing America could be. It took the extreme form of equal sharing—regardless of merit—rather than equal opportunity. To achieve its ends, it suppressed free expression, free enterprise—the person!

I WANT to belong to a political organization—as thousands of other young men and young women are eager to do—that will define the kind of freedom for which this nation stands—freedom of thought, speech, and action. I want to aid in the creation of an America that is beautiful, tolerant, honest, and just.

I am not proud of the citizenship of indifference and helplessness. I am not proud of parties that compromise with the underworld for blocks of votes, and that wink at ugliness, ignorance, and dishonesty. I am not proud to be an outsider, tempted with treason.

As a young man of America, I throw down the glove to the leaders of my country. Does any party dare offer youth an opportunity to participate in its activities just for the sake of high, adventurous, idealistic service—for the sake of the great America we dreamed of as children?

I am merely asking. I hope my political quest has not ended with defeat.

Marry the Girl

(*Continued from page 60*)

out of here and hop to it, when you get your orders."

Dmitri got out.

He closed the door of the syndicate manager's office, turned away from it, and collided violently with a soft body in silk.

"Oo-oo—*pardon!*"

"Uh! Sorry," said Mary Mayne.

They looked at each other for the first time.

For an instant, Dmitri, still dazed with the sudden violence of Mr. Partridge, did not focus clearly. Then he became aware of Mary Mayne's blue eyes.

Mary, too, had to clear her mind of exigent thoughts of David Partridge. She realized this strange young man's dark eyes before anything else, and put on a slow, easy smile, on the strength of them. Then the full effect of him reached her. She let her feet falter toward him.

He caught her arm with a firm hand. "I am desolated," he said.

She laughed, as she could on occasion. "My fault. You and I should go where we're looking."

Still holding her arm, he said, "No. I think not. Because, if we do not tap each other thus, we pass without noticing."

"There's something in that. Who are you, anyway?"

"Kieff."

"You work here?"

"A leetle."

"I work here, too. My name's Mayne. Mary Mayne."

"I am enchanted."

"Oh, give me time."

"Pardon?"

"Nothing, Mr. Kieff. What do you do?" . . .

THE collision outside his door gave Dave time to read the two notes Miss Overman had laid on his desk. He read his employer's communication first:

My dear Partridge:

A situation has arisen that makes it impossible for me to remain here a moment longer than absolutely necessary. I shall try to stay until the new contract is signed, but I am not sure I can. I cannot too strongly urge upon you the necessity for all speed. Wire me what day you can arrive.

R. S. RADWAY

Dave's nostrils twittered like a rabbit's over this mysterious message. He gave it up and slit open the other envelope:

Dear Dave:

I suppose I'm an awful coward, but I've been here three or four hours and had all I can stand. You've simply got to get me out before I go completely mad. I don't care how you rescue me, but do it *soon*.

My room is the corner one on the second floor, on the left as you face the house from the drive. It's at the top of the stairs—the last door on your right as you get to the head of the staircase, which comes up in the shape of a C. Poor Mr. Forrester's cell is next. Then the old Mae West bit, Mrs. Allington, the doctor's sister. Then, at the other corner, Father. Olive is down the hall of an ell, her room next to Father's bath.

The doctor's down that hall, too. Also, the male nurse. That's everybody. I believe there is a spare bedroom off the ell hall.

I tell you all this in case you need it in your plans. I hope you're working on them, because it's *urgent*. Oh, Dave, do be a love and *hurry!*

Yours,

GINNIE

He saw her head, bent against his chest, with that tiny, defenseless curl on the back of her neck. He heard himself—quite mad—saying, "Ginnie . . . Ginnie—dear."

Nice problem in ethics. You get so fond of a girl that you help her to make herself miserable for life. Throw herself away on that . . .

He was still groping for adequate terms in which to describe Dmitri Kieff, when Mary came in and derailed his train of thought, with horrible carnage.

"What do you want?" he growled.

She sat down and crossed her legs.

"Thought I ought to keep you informed. My editor-friend has been talking to his lawyer. He's afraid the articles might give you some grounds for suit."

Dave lied: "That's what my lawyer said."

"Oh?" She tilted her head.

"So what?" he said.

"So your prose poems will have to remain unpublished. Except the high spots that will come out in the trial."

"What trial?"

"Of the breach-of-promise action."

"Breach of what promise?"

"The promise to marry, dear."

"Oh, that?" He walked, stiff-legged, to Miss Overman's desk. He licked his lips and turned back. When he stood in front of Mary again, he said, in a voice that sounded as if it came from a tin phonograph:

"Will you marry me?"

"Hah . . . ?"

"I'm proposing marriage to you. Are you going to tell me it's so sudden?"

"No . . . but it is."

"Well, what's the answer?" he snarled.

They stared hotly into each other's eyes.

Mary spoke at last. "Yes," she said.

"All right. We'll see about arrangements. Now, get out of here. I'm busy."

"All right, dar-leeng." . . .

JOE MULCAHY gaped at the letter and made a face. He laid the paper on the bar, rested an elbow at each side of it, gripped his forehead, and read it again.

"Ow-oo!" he said.

Max put down the glass he was polishing.

"The wife?" he guessed.

Joe lifted his head and flipped the letter down the bar. "Nah. Lookut."

Max read it, and smacked what there was of his brow.

"That's a sweet one, Joe."

"There's some times, Max, I think this Forrester's more trouble than what he's worth. Lemme have a beer."

Max drew the beer and slid the glass across the bar. "But, Joe, you can't do nothing . . ."

"One of the greatest little guys in this man's world," Joe said. "The louse."

"I could of told you, Joe, when he was in here—"

"And now I got to spring him out of a private nut ranch."

Max's mouth, open in preparation for a breath he was going to blow on the glass he was polishing, stayed as it was. He closed it with some effort.

"You ain't thinking of trying it, Joe?"

Joe leaned furiously over the bar toward him.

"What do you take me for, Max? A guy that'll let a pal get the works and leave it lay at that? If Bull Forrester asks me to spring him, I'll spring him."

Max appealed to reason: "Joe, you can't go doing a job like that."

"Will you button up that big mouth a

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See what the microscope tells about your tooth brush, in the photo-micrographs below. These scientific pictures, taken after both brushes had been in equal *daily use for 6 months,* prove that Pro-phy-lac-tic Round-End Bristle *stays* round and soothing, while actual use and wear make ordinary bristle more jagged, split, and sharper than when new.

Ask to see all four sizes of the new TUFTED Pro-phy-lac-tic at any drug counter. *Regular Adult* and *Small Type for Adults,* 50¢. *Youth's,* 35¢. *Child's,* 25¢. Guaranteed to satisfy or your money refunded. PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH COMPANY, *Florence, Mass.*

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No other has Round-End Bristle

minute, Max? I'm thinking," Joe replied.

Max started to shine another glass.

"You know Red O'Leary?" Joe asked suddenly.

"Sure."

"Okay. You know what he does when he's working?"

"He's a bur-gu-lar, ain't he?"

"That's his regular job, Max. And he put the bee onto me for a yard the other day."

"Yeah?"

"And Forrester says it's worth half a grand to get him out of this dump. If I had a guy with me with a little expert training in that line . . . Forrester says there ain't no wall or anything. Just one farmer boy for night watchman . . ."

"Joe, *listen* a minute—"

Joe Mulcahy started for the stairs that led to his private office.

"O'Leary'll be in for lunch," he said. "I told him he could eat here on the cuff. When he comes in, you send him right down to see me. See?"

"Listen—"

"Did you hear?" Mulcahy roared.

"Okay, Joe." . . .

David Partridge spoke to the syndicate's lawyer:

"When can I have the Stryker contract, Mr. Rodgers?"

"I'm just reading over the typed copy."

"I'll send a boy for it right away."

He turned to Miss Overman.

"Take a telegram."

"Yes, sir."

"To Mr. Radway. You've got the address on that slip of paper I gave you. . . . 'Document ready driving up this afternoon Partridge.' Get it off at once, please."

"Yes, Mr. Partridge."

It was immediately evident, when Sparks came in a minute later, that the business manager was suffering less acutely from the Partridgeophobia that seemed to have been afflicting him lately.

"Morning," he said, almost chummy.

"Hello," Dave said with reserve. He had no way of knowing that Sparks had just finished his seventh reading of Olive's note, and had decided that what she meant was that things might be patched up.

SPARKS sat down. "About Stryker," he said.

"Yes?"

"I've just got it straight that Drake, our rival, is definitely going to make a stab at him."

"Oh? He'd better pull up his socks. I'm planning to bring him back alive before tonight."

Sparks allowed his eyes to gleam. "You're going up to his place today?"

"Bucketty—bucketty. Why?"

"Well . . . if I could give you a hand . . . I could fix things to run up with you."

Dave looked at him and detected eagerness. Not a particularly vengeful young man, he had a natural prejudice against serving Sparks's convenience.

"Why?" Dave said.

Sparks became positively ingratiating. "Look here, Partridge. It's all very fine of you to be willing to do your job without calling for help, but I can really make things easier. What time are you leaving?"

"I don't know. I've got a mess of things to do. Some time in the afternoon."

"Why don't you give me a ring when you know just what time? I can join you wherever you say, and—"

"It's a roadster. And I've promised to—ah—take an aunt of mine. She's fat. There wouldn't be room for you."

For a moment, Sparks seemed to forget his determination to be amiable. His jaw set. "Say, what are you giving me?"

"I'm awfully sorry," Dave said, "but that's the way it is.

Sparks got up. "*All* right," he said, with a big-bad-wolf intonation, and repeated: "*All*—right." The slamming of the door rattled the window.

Dave took up the telephone.

"Give me Mr. Kieff," he said. "Mr. Forrester's wire." . . .

MARY MAYNE hauled the piece of copy paper out of her typewriter and read over what she had written:

"Mr. and Mrs. Thomas P. Mayne, of Great Neck, Long Island, announce the engagement of their daughter, Mary Montgomery, to Mr. David A. Partridge. Miss Mayne, who is well known for her bedtime stories . . ."

Still reading, she got up and walked out of her cell, making for the syndicate manager's office. At Dave's door, she smoothed

away her man-eating look and arranged a slight, superior smile. She turned the handle softly, swung the door gently inward, and stepped over the threshold.

She paused sharply, then backed away half a step and stood listening.

Dave, seated with his back to her, was speaking with his voice cautiously lowered. An obviously confidential conversation. And the first words she heard were enough to account for his manner:

". . . sure to get there before half past nine. My Filipino will let you in and see that you have everything you need. You may as well go to bed, because I can't be sure what time I'll arrive. . . . You can wear my pajamas. I'll be there some time before morning. . . . That's right. See you before breakfast. I—"

It was enough. Mary closed the door. Her clenching hand made a hard ball of the paper she was holding. . . .

April was laughing her girlish laughter that afternoon without a suspicion of a girlish tear.

David Allen Partridge, the top of his roadster folded down and the sun warm on his brown hair, kept feeling, in spite of his pretty definite information to the contrary, that it was good to be alive.

The roadster hit a hard bump and the steering wheel joggled violently back and forth. He told himself which kind of fool he had been, not to put air in that front tire. No wonder she shimmied. . . . A sign beside the road announced that the Wheaton Garage was a quarter of a mile farther on.

He drove the car up the broad concrete slope to the garage entrance, shut off the motor, and got out.

"Air!" he called.

Inside, he saw two mechanics in overalls leaning over the engine of a car. With them was a man in a gray felt hat. This man raised his head to speak to one of the workmen. His profile was clearly visible. Recognizable.

"Goog . . . !" Dave gulped. He was standing with the roadster between him and the group. He bent forward suddenly, so that it screened him from view. He heard one of the men coming toward him over the concrete floor. He squatted and pretended to give his whole mind to the problem of unscrewing the valve cap.

Frank Drake! In Wheaton, Connecticut. And Stryker's Three Oaks was in North Wheaton.

He heard Drake's domineering voice, to make the identification complete: "Is it okay now for sure? I don't want to get on some lonely road and have it—"

"I tell you, mister, I took the old wire clean out and put in this new one."

"Okay," Drake said. "Now . . . you say I go on about five miles and take a left fork off the main road for North Wheaton?"

"That's right, mister. A little dirt road."

"And I suppose somebody in North Wheaton can tell me . . . Say, I'd better have ten gallons of gas."

"Air?" the mechanic said behind Dave.

"Please. Quick!" He scrambled to his feet.

The man brought the end of the long air hose.

"Got a gauge?"

"I can guess," Dave said, and squeeched air into the tire.

He was backing out of the garage, his hat tilted over his face, when he saw the other mechanic putting down the hood of Drake's car. It would take five or six minutes to put ten gallons of gas into it. And Drake would have to stop to ask directions in North Wheaton.

Ten minutes' start, say. Fifteen, with luck.

He bore down on the accelerator. The roadster sneezed, trembled in astonishment. Then it gritted its teeth and shot along the concrete surface. . . .

HE FOUND Dr. Stryker alone at a desk in the library of Three Oaks. Frank Drake must be leaving North Wheaton by this time. . . .

"Ah, Mr. Partridge," Stryker said. "What are you doing up here in our pastoral retreat?"

Dave spoke a little jerkily. "Papers for Mr. Radway to sign," he said. "And I brought you some proofs to go over." He fumbled in an inside pocket and brought out the long galley sheets.

"Ah, yes. . . ." He laid the proofs beside him on the desk. "I'll look these over."

"Ah . . . Dr. Stryker."

"Yes, Mr. Partridge?"

"I'm afraid, Doctor, that I've taken an unpardonable liberty. I want to explain . . ."

"A liberty?"

"There wasn't time to consult you, sir. You see— You remember Frank Drake, Doctor? The syndicate manager who—ah—left us recently?"

"Drake? Certainly. Smart man."

Dave leaned confidentially over the

desk. "You never heard, Doctor, exactly —why he—ah—left Popular Features?"

"I understood he had taken another position."

"M-m-m-m," Dave hummed. "Yes. That seemed the kindest thing to say."

"The kindest? I don't understand."

"Of course not. Silly of me. Start at the beginning." He looked warily over his shoulder. "The truth is, Dr. Stryker, poor old Drake . . . Well, sir, he'd been getting queerer and queerer. He was—what do you call it when a man gets peculiar about—about his own importance?"

"You mean Drake was unbalanced?"

Dave whirled a forefinger beside his right temple. "Definitely. We saw it coming on."

"You don't tell me?"

Dave nodded. "He had to be eased out."

Dr. Stryker made a sympathetic clucking sound.

"And since then he's gone quite completely coo-coo."

"Poor fellow."

"And now, Doctor, he's got a queer hallucination. He thinks he's running a rival syndicate."

Dr. Stryker drew his mouth up. "I see."

"It's been embarrassing for us several times. He's gone into it elaborately. Got letterheads and contract forms and everything printed. And he's been going around to our people, offering them contracts with his—his imaginary syndicate."

"M-m-m-m-m."

"IT'S rather difficult. We don't want to have him put away. And yet we can't allow him to go on."

"Naturally, not."

"Well, sir . . . I hope you'll forgive me, Doctor . . . I ran into Drake yesterday and I told him that your contract with us was running out. I rather suggested that he might come and try to sign you on."

"You did?" Stryker's eyes bulged.

"It struck me that the only hope was to get him under expert observation. Naturally, he won't consult a psychiatrist. So I thought if you could observe him—in—sort of—the grip of his obsession . . ."

"Oh. Oh, I see." The eyes receded a little, like those of a startled snail.

"I thought you could tell us what to do. I felt that it would take a big man like yourself, Doctor, to handle this case."

Stryker tapped the blotter with his finger tips.

"So he's coming to see me?"

"Yes, sir. Any minute, I should think. I found out that he was planning to come up here today."

"You don't say?"

"I hope you'll forgive me, Doctor. I thought, since you knew the man before . . ."

"M-m-m-m. Yes. Although I don't know much I can do . . ."

"If you could humor him, let him rave. He'll have it very well worked out, very convincing—and pretend to take him seriously. But, naturally, don't sign anything."

"Sign anything!" Stryker laughed "*Oh*, no."

Dave got up. "Thank you, Dr. Stryker. You're very kind."

"Not at all. Only too glad . . ."

"Do you happen to know where Mr. Radway is?"

"I think he's in the hammock under

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the oak trees. There's a path that leads—"

"Thank you, Doctor. I'll find it."

They shook hands again.

A car snorted up to the door, just as Dave was making for it. From behind the dining-room portieres he watched Frank Drake come in.

Conscious of a sudden rubberiness in both legs, Dave tiptoed outside.

Richard Seton Radway greeted Dave hysterically. He half fell from the hammock and danced around his employee.

"Partridge! My dear boy! I can't tell you how I appreciate— You've got the contract?"

"Yes, Mr. Radway. All set."

"Ah, good, good! You've saved my life."

"I'm very glad, Mr. Radway. I don't quite understand."

"No." Radway's manner became furtive. He leaned close.

"Stryker's sister," he whispered.

"His sister?"

"Yes, Partridge. A—a formidable woman. A widow with a passion to remarry. And her eye fixed on me."

"Good grief!"

"Ghastly," Radway said. "I've got to get away. She's shameless. Stops at nothing. She's had to go to the village now, and this is the first moment's peace I've had. Two or three more days . . ."

"Soft! He comes!" Dave held up a warning finger.

Dr. Stryker came striding down the path. They stared at him, as if he were the devil he so remarkably resembled.

"Ah!" the doctor said. "If you're going to bring your office up here, Mr. Radway, the change won't benefit you much."

Radway choked.

"Urgent business matter," Partridge said. "Sorry to intrude."

"It doesn't make for peace and repose."

As his colleague seemed turned to stone, Dave put the question: "Was that Drake who drove up just as I left you, Doctor?"

Stryker compressed his lips and nodded. "Yes . . . By George! Fortunate thing you warned me, Mr. Partridge. If ever I saw a genius at persuasion . . . And he was offering the most extravagant terms—naturally, Partridge, eh?—and not a slip, not a hint that there was anything wrong. . . . Oh, perhaps a little wildness in his eyes, but nothing to speak of. I might very easily have accepted his proposition. Hah!"

He walked off, headed toward a sound on the driveway. The sound had come from a powerful car, gathering speed. If there had been any slip . . . If Drake had proved to Stryker . . .

There was a new sound of tires on gravel; a car door chunked shut.

"Whatever she says—" Radway breathed, clutching Dave's arm.

"I'm with you, Mr. Radway."

BUT it was Sparks who appeared round the corner of the house. He paused and threw his head back, as if sniffing the breeze for a scent. He sighted Radway and Partridge.

"Hoy!" he called, waving. He stroed up and burst into speech without preliminaries: "Say! Wasn't that Frank Drake's car I met just now?"

"Probably," Dave said, a little overairily. "Yes. Very likely. He's been calling on Dr. Stryker."

The combined respiration of Sparks and Radway was reminiscent of those mystery pictures through which a storm rages while the murders are done. Sparks was the first to manage words: "He's beaten you to it?"

"Oh, no. No. I don't think so. If all goes well, you might say I've beaten him to it."

Radway gargled: "You let Drake get at Stryker alone?"

"Yes, Mr. Radway. But not before I had got my word in."

"Hah!" Sparks sneered. "*Your* word! . . . Well, that's the end of *What's on Your Mind?* for us."

DR. STRYKER returned in time to hear the end of this conversation. He seemed to show a preference for settling his own fate.

"I'm not aware," he said pompously, "that I signed any contract."

"You didn't then?" Sparks breathed.

"Fortunately, Mr. Partridge reached me in time. I'll tell you frankly, I should never have suspected the man's condition."

"His condish—"

Dave, behind the doctor, wigwagged Sparks into silence. Radway darted mystified looks from one to the other.

"Is that what they call—eh—megalomania, Doctor?" Dave ventured.

Stryker jerked his shoulders. "Old-fashioned term, Mr. Partridge. Meaningless. One has to probe the subconscious, get at the causes. Megalomania describes a symptom rather than a condition."

"And you think—with proper care—he might come around?"

"M-m-m-m. The sooner he's under treatment, the better." He turned to Radway. "If you have Drake's interests at heart, remember that," he said.

"Ah? Yes. I shall," Radway burbled.

A deadly silence. Dave kept his eyes on both Radway and Sparks, either of whom might upset his whole scheme with an ill-chosen word.

"By the way, Doctor," Dave said, "I brought along your new contract. Some of the terms are rather more favorable than in the old one. We raise your minimum guarantee, for instance—"

Stryker cut him off. "Not now, not now, Mr. Partridge. After dinner, let's say. When we'll have plenty of time."

"Just as you like, Doctor."

"You'll stay for dinner, Mr. Partridge? You must. You too, Mr. Sparks. Afterward, we'll settle this business." . . .

Dave left Richard Seton Radway and James Honeywell Sparks under the oak trees, staring at each other like two men who have seen the same ghost. He saw no sense in hanging around until they got themselves sorted out and began to discuss the ethical faults and possible future consequences of the deception he had confessed to them. The contract he had in his pocket would bind Stryker to Popular Features for two years; in that time they ought to be able to smooth it over somehow.

He walked away with nonchalance.

At the edge of some trees he met Olive Radway. She was making her way heavily, her head down. She spoke to him without the spirit for any surprise at his being there.

"Is it nice walking along here?" he asked, trying to awaken her.

"Oh, yes. Very pretty," she said. "My sister's down there by the brook."

"Really? . . . By the way, Jim Sparks is up at the house."

She looked at him suddenly, wide-eyed. An unhappy smile started at one corner of her mouth and disappeared. She passed on.

He moseyed along, too. Down-there-by-the-brook sounded like a more than adequate goal for his ramble. He swung into a firmer gait. How far to down-there-by-the-brook? . . .

Ginnie lay prone on the flat top of a great cube of rock in the middle of the stream bed. She was staring down at the water that eddied around the base of her granite couch.

The rushing water's swooshing and gurgling swallowed the sound of his approach. Ginnie was still unaware of him, when he reached a reasonably secure flat rock beside her small cliff.

"Hello," he said softly. Too softly. He stretched out a hand and laid it on her shoulder.

She jumped. She scrambled, half-rolling, to turn toward him.

"Well, for heaven's sake! I thought you were one of the neighborhood satyrs."

"Can I come up?"

"Can you?"

"I'll try, if you don't mind company."

"Misery loves it."

Two wriggles, a grunt, and a little scuffling got him to a position on his knees beside her.

"Very expert," she said. "I had to crawl up on all fours from the other side."

He stretched his long body prone on the rock beside her. "You mentioned misery. What's the matter?"

"Get yourself committed to this institution," she said, "and then ask me."

"But that's temporary. And getting more so every minute."

HER small hand lay beside him. He put his hand on it softly. She looked down at it, then up at him.

"Funny," she said.

"Why? . . . Here I am, ready to slay the dragons and ride off with you draped across my saddle—and you say I'm funny."

She looked at him, her brown eyes soft. "You're very nice, really. And you're going to rescue me?"

"Sh-h-h!" He hunched his body an inch closer to her. "Tonight," he whispered.

"Oo-oo! Honestly?"

"Very dishonestly. By deception."

"And—you've arranged—with Dmitri?"

He frowned at the passing stream. "Could we leave Dmitri out of the discussion for a while?"

"But—don't you like Dmitri?"

He squeezed her hand. "There's no accounting for gustibusses. I have my opinion; you have yours."

"But, if you feel that way about him, why are you willing to help me?"

He turned his head toward her, and met her eyes.

"Because," he said, "you asked me. Because I think you're—a lot of things I won't

try to say. Because I'd do almost anything you wanted me to."

Her underlip gave a quiver that made him turn back to the brook.

"You're nice," she said again.

"Oh, extremely. I'm going to be the old friend of the family. Godfather the first baby. Push the carriage round the park for you. When my wife will let me."

"Your *wife?*"

"Second tabooed subject," he said. "Hard to keep the mind a blank, isn't it?"

"Don't tell me you're in love. Are you?"

"I was just wondering."

"If you have to wonder, you're not," she said.

"Good. Let's hope you're right."

They said nothing for several minutes, lay side by side, watching the water.

Ginnie broke the spell.

"Good gosh! Does that say it's after half past six?" She indicated the watch on his wrist, above the hand that was still holding hers.

"Looks mighty like it. 'Day is done and grass is wet with twilight dew. Our weary hearts are sinking with the sun' . . ."

"But, come on! I've got to get cleaned up before dinner." . . .

SPARKS saw Olive coming up the path, and waited for her in the hammock, where her father had left him. He remained still, petrified, until he knew by the sound of her footsteps that she was within a few yards of his ambush. Then, clumsy from having thought about it too much beforehand, he sprang up and half staggered the three paces that placed him before her.

"Oh!" she gasped, starting back at his swift rush. "Oh! You startled me!"

He had never seen her so lovely, the equivocal mask of business efficiency left behind her in the office. Straight and slender, she was as fresh as the young leaves on the tree over her head. He could find no words to say to her.

"Well . . . !" she murmured, a suggestion of impatience in her voice.

"Olive—darling!" He held out his arms.

She stood even more rigidly erect.

He tried to take hold of himself. "I—I got your note, Olive."

He was all wrong in his tactics. He had begun by startling her. He had assumed that she was ready to fall into his arms as soon as he opened them to her. And now he was reminding her that she had sued for an armistice.

"Did you read it?" she asked icily.

"Duh-did I?" . . .

"I think I wrote you that I supposed you'd been under a strain and that you might have spoken hastily, without meaning what you said. I believe I suggested that you might have the grace to say you're sorry. If you took it from my note that I thought I was wrong to be loyal to my father—if you came up here, expecting me to crawl right into your arms—well, you've made a long trip for nothing."

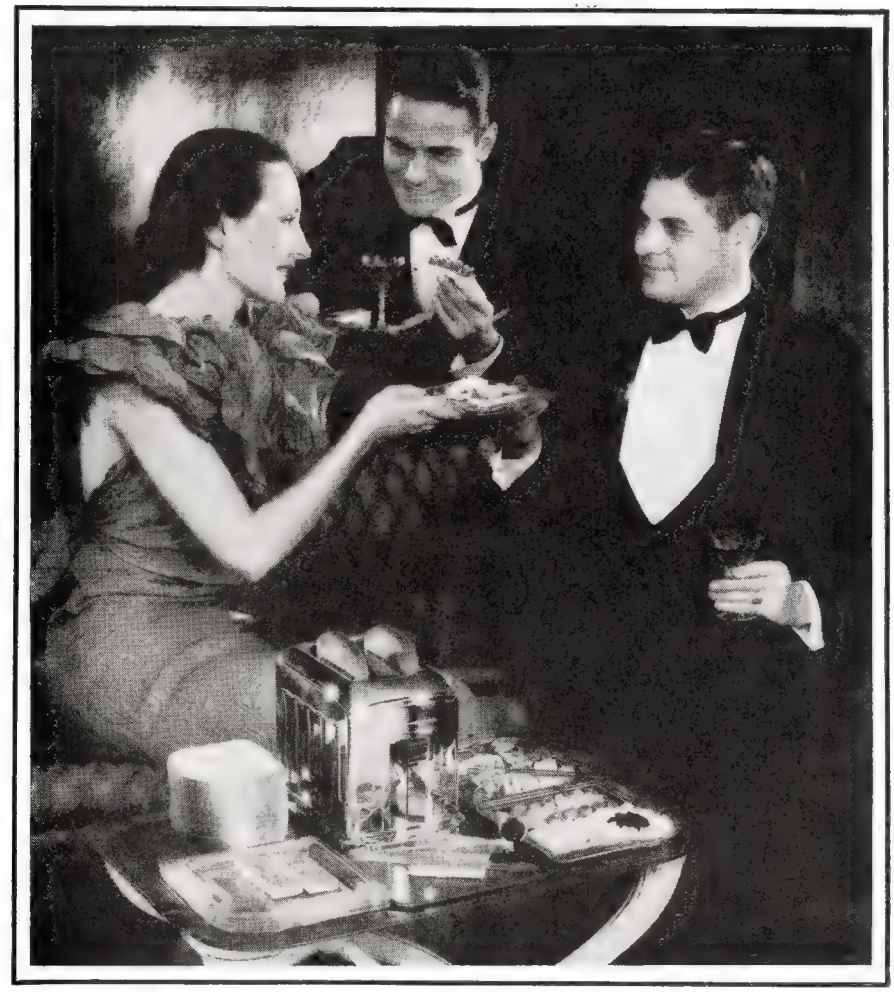
"But—Olive—dearest—try to be reasonable . . ."

"I doubt that we have the same idea of reasonable."

"But I *am* sorry you feel this way—"

"I didn't ask you to care how I feel. I asked you to realize that it was unfair and —and rotten of you—to say what you did about Father. As you don't seem to—"

"But honestly, he—"



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Toastmaster with Hospitality Tray

"Would you mind letting me pass?"

He gave ground before her.

She walked up the path and disappeared around the corner of the house. . . .

Dave outlined his plan to Ginnie on the way to the house.

"I'll get myself invited for the night. Then I'll take a stroll before going upstairs. There's bound to be a ladder about."

"Oo-oo! Exciting! Elopement in the best tradition."

"Nothing too good for you. We're going to do this in style."

"All right. Go on. So—you locate the ladder."

"And put it under your bedroom window for future reference. Before that, I leave my car in the drive. The rumble seat will be open. When you go upstairs, you dress for travel instead of bed. You leave a lamp on. Also, kindly remain awake."

"I think I can manage."

"At some time or other, depending on how things go, your light will go out. That will be the signal."

"For what?"

"Action. Go to the window where the ladder is, climb quietly down, and run for my car. Leap nimbly into the rumble seat and close it after you. There's a little door in the side for golf bags or something. I'll leave that open for ventilation. You may have to wait a bit.

"Meanwhile, I'll create a diversion. This will draw the redoubtable farmer from his sentry post, and the house will be aroused. We'll discover that you are missing. A hue and cry will be set up. Somebody will try to telephone the police. The telephone will not work. We'll find the line has been cut. More hue, more cry."

"I hate to miss all this."

"It might be fun, at that. Well, just when everybody's pretty hysterical, I offer my services. I say I don't mind starting for town at once. I'll stop and inform the police on my way."

"Applause and some laughter."

"Applause; no laughter. I dress hastily, leap into my car, and am off. I stop and call the police. Then I let you out, and we drive comfortably to town."

"And—if you'll pardon my bringing it up—what about the elopement?"

"Oh, that. Well, Dmitri'll be sleeping at my apartment. We go there, get him, proceed to any reliable minister, show our marriage license—which we will have filled in by this time—and there you are." He took her arm. "If," he added, "you're sure Dmitri's your man."

She looked at him, wrinkling her forehead. "Oh, Dave, Dmitri's the finest—"

"All right. It's your life, Ginnie."

"I *wish* I could make you see "

"You needn't. Mine not to make reply, mine not to reason why, mine but to do and —*Oop!* Here's our old friend, Sparks, looking as if he wished the waiter would hurry with the hemlock." . . .

JOE MULCAHY'S big car had been selected for its usefulness in the days of prohibition. Joe's driving was of the same era. Red O'Leary crouched on the seat beside him.

"They's only one thing, Red," Joe shouted, taking his eyes perilously from the road for an instant. "Forrester says they got a farmer for night watchman. He sits outside Forrester's door. What do you do about him?"

"Lay one onto the back of his conk," Red said. "Hey, Joe, what's the hurry?"

"Wanna get there, look the joint over. Say, you want to see this old boiler go?"

"Joe, be reasonable. Y' missed that tree by a eyelash."

"I missed it, didn't I?" . . .

Mary Mayne couldn't have said what, precisely, she intended to do. She knew only that she had been boiling with a single-minded fury for an unprecedented length of time.

It had started at white heat before luncheon, when she had overheard Dave Partridge's stealthy words over the telephone to that unidentified (blank, feminine gender) who was to go to his apartment, and wait for him to come home. It had sizzled through the noon interval and prevented her from swallowing her food. It had made a mess of her brain all the afternoon, which she had spent in a moody and fruitless effort to compose a story for the accursed children who were her public. It had made of her attempt to dine as much of a mockery as of her lunch. Now, after killing the evening in the presence of a talking picture she had not even noticed, she found the inner blaze undiminished.

She was in the mood for a *crime passionné*.

She took a taxi to Dave's apartment.

The elevator man, noting the glint in her eyes, took her up to the fifth floor without even venturing a question.

She jabbed the button beside the door marked 5-E, and heard the bell within give a startled cry. She poised herself, ready to fling her weight against the door. She heard activity in the apartment. The paint at the edge of the door bubbled a little under her glare. . . .

She found herself looking into the deep brown eyes of Dmitri Kieff.

"Buh!" . . . she gasped.

(To be continued)

The Captive Bride

(Continued from page 35)

stream, one behind the other, with a hundred yards or so between them. The river, deep and swift, serpentined between them in a series of hairpin turns.

"Quick!" cried Denny impulsively. "Someone—give me a cigarette! I must make my offering."

Derek Haskell held out a package. She took one and tossed it overboard just as the Maid labored up past the last towering rock. She turned to the half-breed and said, with an intonation that made a question of her statement, "The Stikine won't bring me any misfortune now."

The next afternoon Denny stood in front of the wheelhouse watching for the first glimpse of her destination. Then she saw River House.

It stood in a setting of birches on a high terrace overlooking the village—a baronial lodge of logs and stone. Dormer windows in a spreading green roof, a pergola of logs wrapped in vines, a great, outside chimney. From the pergola at the side of the house a half-wild garden sloped down a hundred feet to the river level. At the bottom along the bank was a compound in which a long, log warehouse stood under cottonwood trees.

On the bank above the small wharf Tarnigan's inhabitants were gathering to greet the boat—white men in khaki and high boots and stiff-brimmed sombreros; copper-colored Indians with flashing teeth and black eyes; Indian girls in orange, blue, and purple calico. All the natives wore moosehide moccasins. Behind them sprawled a wide, white store building, with a line of pack horses tied to the hitching rail outside. The sign above the door read:

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY
Incorporated May 1670

The boat made fast to the wharf in a hubbub of greetings. Boom and Harp, on the forward sun deck, suddenly began shouting, "Hello, Honey-Jo!" "How are you, Honey-Jo!"

They were hailing a short, stout, bareheaded woman who was coming down the road to the dock in the billowing, floating manner characteristic of fat people. Her skin was milk-white, her mouth fresh and red, and she had a mass of pale-gold hair brushed back from her face and knotted insecurely at the nape of her neck.

"Hey, Boom!" she called. "Did you bring that leg of lamb I ordered from Wrangell?"

"We brought something bigger and better than a leg of lamb!" bawled Harp.

"Idiot!" roared Honey-Jo, pausing, hands on hips, to look up. "Lummox! It was a leg I wanted. A l-e-g! Can't a man ever do as he's told?"

HARP was imploring, "Now, wait a minute, Honey-Jo! Doggone, look, won't you?" He indicated Denny's slim figure. "See—this is what we brought. Larry's own little kid come home to River House."

The blond woman stared up as if unable to believe her ears. Then, "O-o-o-o-o!" she breathed, a radiant and delighted smile slowly transforming her countenance.

Denny wanted to cry out, "No! No! This is not my home! It will never be my home!" That these river people should persist in the idea was preposterous, outrageous. It made her feel helpless to evade

something that was reaching out to claim her against her will. But she had little time to dwell on the thought because Honey-Jo, batting white men and Indians out of her path, was eagerly making her way up to the sun deck to welcome Larry Keith's daughter home to River House. . . .

"Honey-Jo! Aw, baby, let me hug you just once! Doggone! I've been trying to make love to you for fifteen years and you—"

"Scat!" responded that lady. "I know your kind of love. It's in your stomach, like all men's. Well, there's your coffee on the table."

Harp had persisted in his wooing from the day Honey-Jo landed in Tarnigan, lured on by the fact that no one had ever been able to ascertain whether Honey-Jo was a widow or a spinster. She had appeared in response to an advertisement for a housekeeper, which Larry Keith had inserted in a Seattle paper.

"My name's Honey-Jo," she had announced.

"Miss or Mrs.?" politely inquired Tarnigan.

"Either or both—as you like," she had replied, with the captivating smile that sent one corner of her red mouth slightly upward. And Tarnigan, unable to decide, had compromised by calling her simply Honey-Jo.

It was very pleasant in the large, low-rafted kitchen, with the sun shafting in through the open windows. In this, her culinary temple, Honey-Jo prepared food with reverence and regard for Northern tradition. Here lingered a delectable incense compounded of cleanliness, the aromas of spiced conserves, Yorkshire puddings browned under the drip of caribou roasts, pickled delicacies of moose nose, fresh-baked bread and pastries.

After her pies were all out of the oven she slipped one onto a plate and placed it before Harp. She settled into a chair opposite him, and in temporary amity the two began reviewing incidents of the three weeks that had gone by since Denise Keith's arrival.

"SHE'S a good little egg," praised Harp. "Got a lot of Larry in her. But it does burn me up to see her trotting about with that swell-headed stiff, Jack Page. All he's hanging round her for is to get hold of River House. And if she sells to him—well, I'm through."

"Same here. But I think he's really falling for Miss Denise. She's mighty appealing. But he's running around with Willow, too—Derek's little half sister. He ought to be ashamed of himself. Willow's a full blood and not a day over fifteen."

"Well, if Page is wise, he won't let Miss Denise catch him skylarking round with a native girl," said Harp. "Or Derek, either. Derek doesn't want Willow to mix with white people. He told me once he wished they'd never sent him out to be educated. Still, his book learning makes him solid with the white women. Rio Carew—she's down at the warehouse now watching him check the outfits."

"Don't be nons'ical, Harp." The housekeeper came to her feet, billowed over to the window, and stood looking down to the native quarter below. In front of one of the log cabins a knot of Indian women had gathered.

"Look at the bunch waiting to see Dr.

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Van Cleve!" She shook her head commiseratingly. "He's not a bad sort. Been dealing out pills and advice ever since he landed. For charity, too."

Harp was beside her now, leaning on the window sill. "Doc is sure a gloomy cuss, but at that I bet he's an A-1 surgeon."

"I liked him from the first, even though everyone says he's a woman hater."

Denny and Captain Page were walking their horses along Tarnigan's main street—a cottonwood-shaded road skirting the riverbank.

"I can hardly wait to see the Maid rounding the point at Lonewater tomorrow!" Denny exclaimed happily. "Just think—mail from home!"

"I guess it must be pretty boresome here for a city girl like you," said Jack sympathetically, "especially up there in that big barn of a house."

"Not a bit. I'm having a grand time. I can see how my father could love this country and this crude, delightful little village. It's like something out of a book."

"Going native, are you?" Page laughed. "The next thing I know you'll be telling me you've decided not to sell me River House." His manner was careless, but there was a speculative look in the gray eyes he turned on her.

THOUGH he concealed it fairly well, Denny felt his growing eagerness to get possession of the Keith holdings on the Stikine. Now, instead of truthfully saying that she was enjoying Tarnigan because she knew she would soon be leaving it, she replied gaily, "Perhaps I *am* going native."

Denny's eyes were now on the Keith compound, which lay just ahead. The sight of the great log warehouse under the cottonwoods and the activity inside the enclosure gave her a thrill of possession. She liked the big magazine with its mingling smells of coffee, smoked meats, and leather. Hams and slabs of bacon dangled from shadowy rafters. Saddles and bridles hung on pegs about the walls.

Each expected sportsman had been assigned a section for his outfit and a number which was painted on his grub boxes and on the clean white tarpaulin that wrapped each unit. Every tarpaulin bore the Keith mark—a large Diamond K.

After Denny and Page left the warehouse they crossed the compound to the foot of the flagged path that ascended to River House. She paused there.

"I'm going to leave you here, Jack," she said. "I must finish my letters for the outgoing mail."

"Can't I come along, Denise? I won't bother you."

She smiled and shook her head. "Not today, Jack. Come to tea tomorrow."

"Tomorrow is a million years away."

Reluctantly he turned away, and Denny climbed the winding path that led upward through the wild garden of juniper, brier roses, and little clusters of birch. She gained the top of the terrace where the flagged pergola jutted out from the side of River House. A massive oak door, made in two sections, led directly into the living-room. The upper half was open, letting in a flood of sunshine as Denny went through.

Harp had told her that the room had not been changed since the first year of her parents' marriage. Bookcases lined the walls. Two couches faced each other before the huge fireplace. The mantel had a carved design in maple leaves, and a motto, *Fortitude in Distress*. The latter had been taken from the elaborate gold medal of the Beaver Club of Montreal, which was set in the wood just above it. The medal had come down from the first Larry Keith, who had helped mold the fortunes of the Hudson's Bay Company over a century ago.

THERE were only three pictures in the room. One, an enlargement of a snapshot showing Denny at the age of five, a pup in her arms and one pantie leg hanging down. Another was a full-length portrait in oils—the first Larry Keith of the Beaver Club—a young man dressed in the fashion of his time. The painted Keith looked from his frame straight across the room at a canvas that held the place of honor over the fireplace—a slim girl in ruffled organdie: Sylvia, laughing out from under the wide, drooping brim of a hat wreathed in roses; Sylvia, gloriously blond, frailly feminine, frankly frivolous above that sturdy pioneer motto, *Fortitude in Distress!*

Harp told her, "Your father looked like his nibs over there." He jerked his thumb toward the Keith on the wall. "Same dent in his chin. 'Tis a sign of a man who's soft with women, so they say."

"A dent in his chin," Denny said to herself, looking up at him. "A man who's soft with women."

And for no reason she remembered

It's the Law

By Dick Hyman

ILLUSTRATED BY O. SOGLOW

In Boston, Mass., it is against the law to keep a dog more than ten inches in height

Tickling a girl under the chin with a feather duster is contrary to the law in Portland, Maine

In Charleston, S. C., prisoners are compelled to pay $1 for riding to jail in the patrol wagon

In Los Angeles, Calif., it is illegal to shoot at a hare or jack rabbit from a trolley car in transit

Do you know any curious laws or local ordinances still in existence in your community? If so, send them to "It's the Law," The American Magazine, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. We will pay $5 each for those accepted.

Revelry Bourne's chin. Yet he certainly was not soft with women. His mouth was firm and faintly cruel above the dent in his chin, and—a shiver of remembrance ran through her—it had a velvet warmth. . . .

He would be back in Tarnigan tomorrow with the Maid. He spent part of each week in Tarnigan while the Maid was in, but so far he had not mentioned the buying of River House, and she had been given no chance to make him feel any uncertainty about the acquisition of the Keith property. His attitude, so in contrast with Page's aggressive eagerness, piqued Denny. His remark about "no halfway" still rankled in her mind. So, when she met him, which was seldom, she treated him with a certain formality, addressing him as "Captain Bourne," while she called Page by his first name.

She turned now, to see Dr. Van Cleve entering with a sturdy, sandy-haired man, the Reverend Dudley Grey. The latter's blue eyes twinkled in a fresh, pink-skinned face and he carried himself like an officer on parade. "The Commander" everyone called him, and he was, in truth, a British naval officer turned Episcopal missionary. For three years he had been doing his matter-of-fact British best as doctor, dentist, minister, mediator, and midwife to the Thaltan tribe. Denny, who had already grown fond of the missionary, greeted him warmly now and directed him to his favorite chair.

"Doctor, won't you join us in a cup of tea?" she asked, turning to Van Cleve.

Rio Carew came in from the terrace, where she had been murmuring with Derek. "Hello, everybody! Well! What an honor!" she cried, with a hearty lack of tact. "Our woman-hater taking tea with the ladies!"

The Commander, obviously distressed, tried to change the subject by saying, "My word, Mrs. Carew! This country certainly agrees with you. You're as vivid and sparkling as a jewel today.". . .

STEAMER day, mail day, the thrilling break in the pleasant monotony of life at Tarnigan! Denny sat before her desk reading Murray's two letters. He wrote:

"You will see by the clippings that the Gay-and-Lovely hasn't missed any chance for publicity. She turned your trip into a whale of a story for the newspapers. But —darling, come home as soon as you can. I miss you. To fill in time I go anywhere, everywhere. Barged into Madonna Baggs' studio the other night."

Murray's second letter told of a week end at Del Monte and a studio party for Madonna, who had just completed another masterpiece—or thought she had.

At first, as Denny read this, she laughed. But now a little furrow came between her brows, for it occurred to her that every letter from Murray contained some mention of Madonna.

After a time, however, she fell to thinking how Murray would have delighted in the arrival of the hunters today. Harp was at the wharf with his band of Indian guides arrayed in their best chaps and kerchiefs and most colorful blazers. But the foreman's hawklike face was solemn under the devil-may-care cant of his sombrero, for this was the first time he had taken the place of Larry Keith to greet the guests of River House as they arrived on the Maid.

It was evident that the four new

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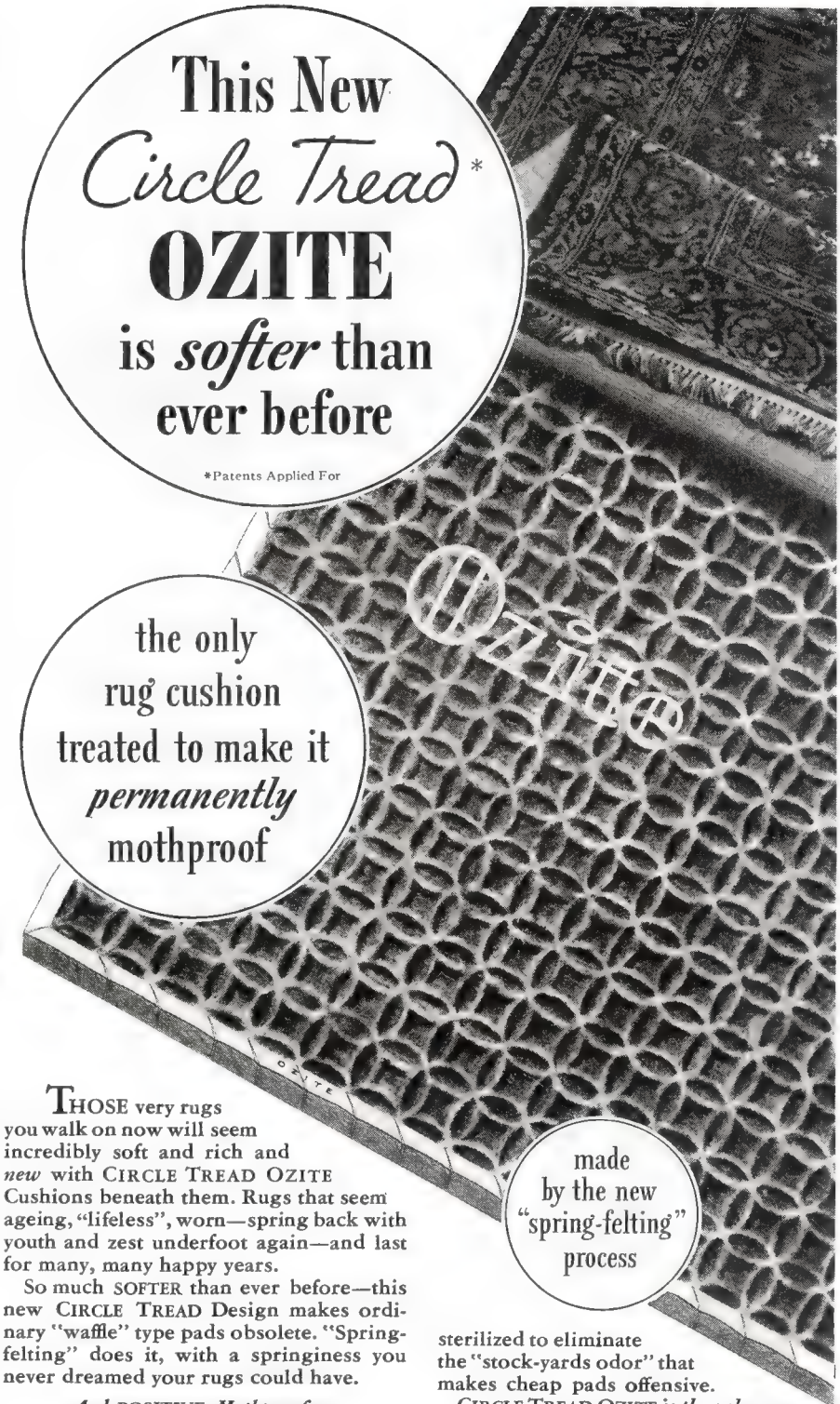

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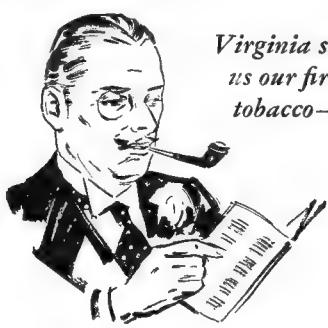
WRITES J. W. MOORE FROM ENGLAND

I have always hoped that somewhere there might be a vintage tobacco, to be approached with reverence, like a rare wine.

My quest is ended

Along a path remembered by many a burnt tongue and countless half used packages thrown away.



Virginia sent us our first tobacco—

and now she sends me my only *tobacco,* **EDGEWORTH.** *Long may you flourish and continue the good work. Surely this is the "pursuit of happiness," nay, the attaining of it!*

Yours faithfully,
J. W. Moore

Harton, South Shields
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BUY A TIN of Edgeworth today and discover why Mr. Moore searched all England to find "vintage tobacco" before he finally turned to Edgeworth and found the smoking pleasure he had been yearning for. You will agree with him! Larus & Brother Company, Richmond, Va. Tobacconists since 1877.

On your radio, tune in on WRVA, the Edgeworth Tobacco Station, 1110 Kilocycles.

hunters were enjoying the show to the full. Very sporting in outing suits and stiff, high leather boots, they came laughing down the gangplank—the big, bluff colonel whose luggage shouted in white letters, "Dublin, Ireland," and three young engineers from Vienna, who were confiding to everyone that they could "spik so leetle Engleesh." . . .

EVERY white resident of Tarnigan was aboard the Stikine Maid that evening, as she lay moored to the Hudson's Bay dock. From jackstaff to rearstaff the river-boat rang to the gaiety of the Hunt Dance.

Despite Jack Page's efforts to monopolize her, Denny danced with every man on the deck, so that it was midnight before Revelry Bourne could claim her for a dance. They began to waltz with the smoothness of two who instinctively know each other's steps. Denny closed her eyes and let the sounds of the night flow through her. The radio orchestra was playing something slow and rich. But beneath the sophisticated melody she was conscious of the beat of a Thaltan drum pulsing down from the native quarter, the occasional clash of a bull moose sharpening his antlers in the birch grove across the river, the eternal, subdued murmur of the Stikine flowing, flowing.

She was still faintly under a spell when the music stopped. Bourne led her forward away from the sun deck, and they sat on a bench in the shadow of the pilothouse.

The lone figure of Dr. Van Cleve came prowling along the deck.

"Hello, Van!" the captain greeted him cordially. "Come sit with us for a spell."

The doctor complied, seating himself at Denny's other side, and the three were silent for a while.

Denny's eyes were on the moon moving up above the ridge across the river, when suddenly, from the foot of its birch-covered slope, a strange, long-drawn call breathed through the night, thin and high and indefinably seductive.

"A cow moose calling," volunteered Bourne.

Farther downstream on the same side a bull sent forth his answer, deep, discordant, throbbing with wild love. From high up on the same slope a second bull flung his challenge to the first. *Oo-oo-oo-waugh!* Harsh, full-throated, the war cry vibrated along the river.

Silently Bourne lifted his hand toward a treeless space on the crest where the splendid creature stood, massive body and flaring antlers black against the saffron glow of the moon. He tossed his palmated horns, and again through the dusk his *Oo-oo-oo-waugh!* pulsated, afire with fighting fury.

The first bull defied him with a coughing, grunting bellow laden with menace and murderous intent.

Then there began a drama of sounds startlingly penetrative in the night air—breaking of saplings under two half-ton monsters; branches rattling like musketry as swinging antlers struck them on the run; and finally the plunging shock of meeting bodies.

The darkness was filled with the fierce intensity of the hidden combat—clash of horns, cracking of tree trunks, hoarse gasps, whistling snorts, the stamp of huge splay feet. Through it all the Indian drum kept beating, the strings of the Montreal orchestra sang across a continent.

The mad symphony ended with a rasping grunt of pain and the crash of a heavy body being flung backward into the trees. Rushing, shuffling sounds of retreat followed. Simultaneously the victorious bull thumped the earth with his hoofs and hurled his cry of triumph to the stars:

Oo-oo-oo-waugh! Oo-oo-oo-waugh!

Denny came back to a realization of her surroundings to find herself shivering with excitement and gripping Bourne's hand on one side, Van Cleve's on the other. She dropped both hastily.

Beside her Van Cleve lighted one of his rare cigarettes. It made a line of light as he gestured toward the scene of the battle.

"Wounds, blood, failure, for one. Blood, wounds, and a hollow victory, for the other," he said with reflective acrimony. "Glorious strength wasted for a thing of so little value."

"That's a matter of viewpoint, Van," Bourne countered. "Personally, I'd fight for similar stakes. Coolly and quietly, if it seemed best. Or madly—as furiously as the bull moose fights—if I had to."

Denny rose and faced the two men. "Come!" she said huskily, holding out her hands. "Let's dance."

She spoke to Captain Bourne, and was surprised when Van Cleve responded first. He took her in his arms and bent his dark, bitter face to hers. "Yes. Dance while the music lasts," he replied under his breath.

When they neared the pilothouse, Bourne, with quiet assurance, reached out and tapped the doctor on the shoulder. "Tag dance, Van!" he smiled engagingly. "She's mine."

Denny resented that. She was not his in any way. She had never known a man more alien to her, she told herself. Yet she was more keenly aware of him than she had been of Van Cleve, the man from her own world. . . .

THE next morning Denny stood on the flagged path just above the compound watching Harp swing his hunting parties into line for the out trail. Each hunter had an entourage consisting of his guide, cook, and horse wrangler, together with their respective mounts, and in addition ten pack horses that carried food and the many accessories which made each sportsman's camp in the wilderness nearly as comfortable as a hotel apartment.

When every member of each outfit was in the saddle, Harp, heading Rio's party, began to move slowly toward the gate of the compound, drawing the entire colorful cavalcade behind him. The column began the ascent of the road leading up past the front of River House to the top of the hill back of Tarnigan.

After the departure of the hunters, Denny formed the habit of spending several hours each morning going over the records of the business her father had built up in this remote wilderness. She found that her father's enterprise influenced the lives and well-being of all the natives and white settlers in his outpost empire.

She had moments of regret that the name of Keith would soon be no more than a legend on the Stikine. She was selling her heritage—for what? Money to gratify her mother's vanity and her own. And within

a month she must decide who was to be the new master of River House—Revelry Bourne or Jack Page?

Without admitting it to herself, she had from the first favored Bourne, despite the fact that she owed him something for his insulting remark on that first night. But she had intended to sell to him only after forcing him to compete with Page for her favor. Events, however, had not turned out as she had planned. It happened that every time Bourne called, Page also was present. Yet the master of the Stikine Maid invariably greeted the other captain with a careless cordiality free from any hint that he considered him a competitor.

Bourne's behavior exasperated Denny. She insisted to herself that there was nothing personal in her resentment; she was merely disappointed because her father's friend was meekly submitting. Yet, despite her arguments with herself, she was becoming more and more concerned. And of late a spirit of retaliation had caused her to play with the thought of letting Page buy River House.

ONE day about a fortnight after the hunters had departed, Denny was feeling unusually buoyant as she and Revelry Bourne rode up past River House to the top of the hill and turned south toward Lonewater. It was sunny after a night of frost, an afternoon of glorious September color. And it was the first time Revelry had asked her to ride. After a brief dash they drew in their horses, holding them to a walk through the yellowing ranks of birch. Bourne's stirrup leathers rubbed against her own; his eyes met hers with a friendliness that took for granted her kinship in the freemasonry of the wild.

They had gone some distance without meeting anyone when suddenly a crimson-calicoed little figure on a pony appeared. It was Willow Haskell, halted at a point where a short-cut trail came up from Tarnigan to join the road. Denny spoke pleasantly to Willow, who answered with a shy, childish smile.

The Indian girl, when they had passed, wheeled her shaggy mount, and, with moccasined heels beating a tattoo against his ribs, raced the pony back down the slope toward Tarnigan.

Meanwhile Denny, half in jest, half in earnest, was saying, "I'm beginning to think that child is shadowing me, Captain."

Bourne gave her a quick, unreadable look that stayed in her mind; and, without answering, changed the subject.

She suspected that he had asked her to ride today so that he might discuss the purchase of River House without the presence of Jack Page. Unlike Page, however, he appeared to have no concern with business when he was riding with her.

These thoughts were obscuring her pleasant mood, when they came out of the birch woods and Bourne, with mock ceremony, said, "Welcome, Denny Keith, to Lonewater, my ancestral acres! I haven't lived in the old house since Mother and Dad died."

They reached the riverbank, where the old boat ways slanted up well above the high-water mark. The device was a wreck. Denny said, more for the sake of making conversation than for any interest she felt, "I don't suppose you could haul the Maid out here."

"Not unless I was willing to take a

"Important? Not to me!"

ARE YOU SURE? If, upon the death of a close friend or a relative, you were asked to take care of funeral arrangements, what could be more important than knowing what to do?

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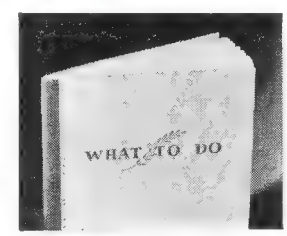

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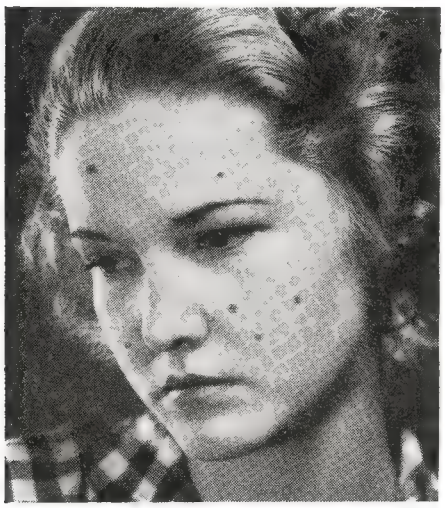
Adolescent Pimples
may leave lifelong scars



TO YOUNG GIRLS, *the teens often bring complexion tragedy—painful humiliation*

THAT sensitive girl of yours who doesn't seem quite as popular as she ought to be—

That moody young son who so often goes around with a grouch—

They're going through real troubles. A pimply skin is one of the hardest trials adolescence has to bear.

In adolescence—from 13 to 25—there is a general disturbance of the glands. Poisons are thrown into the blood which are especially irritating to the skin.

When these pimples are allowed to go on and spread, they often leave scars that last through life and are permanently disfiguring.

ONE OF THE BEST WAYS known for clearing up pimples is fresh yeast. It clears the skin irritants out of the blood. Many physicians regard it as a specific for this trouble.

Start your boy or girl eating Fleischmann's fresh Yeast today. It should be eaten 3 times a day, before meals, until the skin becomes entirely clear. In some cases, it will clear up pimples within a week or two. In bad cases, it sometimes takes a month or more.

•

"My skin was in horrible condition. Something had to be done because I have a job that demands my looking my best always. I went to the doctor and he prescribed Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day.

"It certainly worked. In a few weeks, the acne had all disappeared, my skin was clear and fresh again, and has been ever since."

Violet Sowden
Philadelphia, Pa.

—clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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long chance with her. I haul my boats out at Wrangell; that makes it possible for me to take advantage of the first open water."

They had left their horses and were following a path through the alders, when Denny noticed a small grave beside the trail. On the sturdy wooden headboard was a crudely carved inscription:

Here lies
BARNEY
A faithful dog

"My first pup," explained Bourne. "Your father gave him to me on my fifth birthday. Mother and I carved those letters."

"Tell me about your mother."

"She was a little thing, much younger than my father. She had red-gold hair that always came loose and blew in the wind when we played together by the big pool in the front yard. You'll see it when we go down to the house. I fell in one day, and Barney pulled me out. I don't suppose I was in any danger of drowning, but later on when I fell into the river—well, it would have been good night for me if he hadn't gone in after me."

"What happened to him, Captain?"

"Poisoned. A trapper who'd had a disagreement with my father fed him strychnine."

"Oh! How horrible! Did your father punish him?"

"No. But I did. I was ten years old at the time he killed my dog, but I still remember the day I went up to River House and asked Larry Keith if he would teach me to box and to use the foils."

"Did he take you on?"

Bourne nodded. "We went at it nearly every day—I was an earnest kid. By the time I was fifteen I was pretty husky and nearly as tall as I am now. I'd kept track of the trapper and knew he was running a trap line up on Dease Lake. So I went up there alone one day and we fought it out. I knocked him out—just a lucky blow. It was ten below zero, so I dragged him back into the house. But I made the mistake of reviving him, and he came at me again like a raging bull moose. In cramped quarters, my science wasn't of much advantage and—well, anyway, half an hour later when Dad came along looking for me he found us both unconscious on the floor."

HIS quiet recital, more impressive than any loud-voiced outburst, sent a faint chill over Denny. Then elation followed. "Oh," she cried impulsively, "I'm glad you went after him, Captain! I like a man who fights for his own."

"Any man will fight if he has sufficient provocation," he said casually. "Or if he has a thing worth fighting for."

In quick exasperation she replied, "That's what I can't understand about you. Surely River House is worth—your business is worth— Oh, how can you drift along as you are doing now, allowing another man to get in ahead of you?"

For a moment he looked at her as if at a loss to follow her line of reasoning; then his eyes took on a half quizzical, half mocking light of understanding. "What a pugnacious little thing you are!" he said, smiling. "But—consider this, little dark child—no campaign was ever won by noise and wasted effort before the battle began."

"Oh, what's the use of beating about the bush any longer? Ever since I've been here you have left your enemy an unchallenged field."

After a considering silence his reply came quietly, unsmilingly: "There are some weapons and some methods I refuse to use. I will not play the sedulous ape to any woman for any advantage."

She felt as if he had thrust her away, when her only thought was to help him.

"I'm not riding any farther with you," she said distinctly; and started back to her horse.

A moment later she was galloping toward the main road. She knew now that she was going to sell River House to Page.

Honey-Jo met her in the living-room. "Captain Page was here not long after you left, Miss Denise," she said. "Wanted to know where you went and when you'd be back."

"What did you tell him, Honey-Jo?"

"Nothing. I let him stew. He got tired finally and said he'd go back to the Taku Wind and work on his accounts till you came home."

The fact that Page, at least, was alive to the value of her favor—and River House—restored Denny's self-esteem. She decided impulsively not to wait until evening. She would go down to the Taku Wind at once and tell him.

EARLIER in the afternoon, after Jack Page had learned from the frankly gloating Honey-Jo that Denny had gone riding with Bourne, the master of the Taku Wind walked thoughtfully down to his boat and climbed the companionway to his own cabin back of the wheelhouse. He fastened the door wide open to let in the sun, and sat down at his desk, and at once became absorbed in columns of figures and calculations.

He started with surprise when, some time later, a soft, husky voice spoke behind him: "Hal-lo-o . . . Ja-ack." He swung his chair halfway about. Little Willow Haskell stood in the doorway, smiling.

Page eyed her grimly. "What are you doing here, Willow? I told you never to come down to the boat."

"You don' make mad wit' me, Ja-ack. . . . *She* not home in big house now to see me come. She gone for riding wit' Cap'n Rev. I think," she added slyly, "I think maybe so she lofe that Cap'n Rev."

Page snapped, "You've no business thinking anything about her! And get this, Willow—you mustn't come down here again. Never! Understand?"

Her answer was a quick, flowing movement that brought her to her knees in front of him. Her dark eyes raised to his were misty. "Lofe me, Ja-ack!" she whispered tensely, pressing her soft, warm body against his knees. "Lofe—me now. . . . Jos' leetle kees?"

Slowly she leaned over his knees, putting her hands out until she was grasping the chair-back on either side of his head. "Ja-ack." She raised her face to his. "Jos' . . . leetle baby kees, Ja-ack . . ."

With an oath of surrender he caught her in his arms and swung her up across his knees with a strength that turned his chair, so that the back faced the door.

Both of them were oblivious of the fact that Denny Keith had come to the door and was standing there, wide-eyed.

(To be continued)

Helpful Herman

(*Continued from page 21*)

pain to fellow mortals, they were natural-born actresses, they hated to go home, and they liked odd characters until they got tired of them. Tink gathered these facts together in his mind as he would have assembled the tools for a repair job.

He was not caught unprepared, therefore, when the workshop was filled with raucous noises, honks from the "Baby Grand," shouts of greeting, flashes of color, and the rush of slim forms. Tink withdrew his head from the hood of a car and got a double armful of sweet girl graduates.

"Here come the old grads," cried June.

"We're a finished job," Jane added.

"I never thought they'd let you stay to the end," he said.

Tink inspected the alumnae. The brown-eyed youngsters had always suffered by comparison with the family beauty, but now at seventeen they, too, showed distinct traces of pulchritude. He remarked this in well-chosen words:

"You kids don't look as lousy as you did."

"Oh, you and your pretty speeches!" cried June.

Tink said that this reunion of three loving hearts seemed to call for a celebration. How would they feel about gulping down a mess of lunch? They accepted this proposal without hesitation.

As Tink was about to withdraw to take off his overalls and wash up he displayed signs of acute embarrassment. From his workbench he produced two little white cardboard boxes.

"You better take this junk off my hands before the police find it," he said, and hurried away.

"This junk" was a pair of lovely wrist watches.

CHEERED by the graduation presents, the twins seemed in a receptive mood, so Tink broached the subject that lay heavy upon his heart.

"I've got a little job for you kids." Tink lowered his voice. "I want you to take your Uncle Herman Vogel for a ride."

"All right; we'll bump him off," Jane said.

"I thought he was kind of cute myself," June added, "but if you want him rubbed out, okay."

"That man has an incurable case of helpfulness. He has no business of his own, so he minds everybody else's."

"What has happened so far?" June asked.

Tink started with the original attempt at arson and the rock-garden crime. Then

SPEEDY . . . STIMULATING . . .

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● 50 SECONDS TO MASSAGE . . . Rub Vitalis briskly into your tight, dry scalp. Feel how it tingles and wakes up. Your hair has a chance!

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STEP UP your good looks. Improve your appearance. Wake up your scalp and keep your hair healthy and handsome with the *60-Second Vitalis Workout.*

Tight, dry scalp is a common cause of thin, sickly and even dandruff-ridden hair. For tight, dry scalp means hair robbed of the natural, the nourishing oils it needs for good health and perfect grooming. And that scalp needs a workout — it needs stimulation — it needs Vitalis and massage.

Vitalis and massage rouses the scalp—quickens the circulation—revives the flow of natural oils. Loose dandruff disappears. Your hair looks healthier, because it *is* healthier. It's better looking and it stays in place. And it never has that "patent-leather" look.

Buy a bottle of Vitalis from your druggist. And enjoy the freshening, healthy glow of the 60-Second Workout today.

ASK YOUR BARBER . . . When your barber prescribes Vitalis—he's giving you good advice. Take it!

VITALIS

KEEPS YOUR HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

the old boy burned grass in the back yard. The fire got away from him in the wind and threatened to run all over that part of town. The next time the fire department came it was on a different errand. Uncle had gone up to the roof to try to fix a leaky flashing around the chimney. The ladder fell, and there was nobody at home who could get him down.

"You see, he doesn't believe in hiring people for these odd jobs. The radio didn't work very well, so he fixed it. Now it doesn't work at all."

UNCLE HERMAN was shocked to learn that the Baylors had to pay a man to haul away garbage, so he built a tin incinerator out behind the garage. This was the only one of his contraptions that worked. In fact, the smoke annoyed all the neighbors, and the Board of Health cracked down on the family for maintaining a public nuisance.

But this philanthropest did not confine his work to the household. On the contrary, he was forever dropping in on neighbors with a word of advice about their problems and helpful hints on how things were done in Larabella, Indiana.

"It's getting so citizens hide behind bushes when they see the grand duke rolling down Mayfield Road, for fear he'll stop and pep them up. He shows kids how to shoot marbles and fly kites. He umpires ball games, and he's pestering musicians to organize an orchestra. He entertains Jin's boy friends with stories about Larabella's swell sewers and cemeteries, and he's driving away some of her best customers. In fact, he's an ache to every head in town except one." Tink paused for rhetorical effect. "That's the blond one of the Widow Klump."

"Oh-oh!"

"Yes, siree, sir. Amanda laps up all the duke's advice and asks for more. He drops in every day to give that good-looking young widow a hand, and he's been seen driving around town with the three little Klumps. Maybe your family hasn't got the jitters! They don't think it would be so hot to have Amanda Klump turn out to be the Grand Duchess of Pickledom."

The twins were rendered speechless by this thought.

"Of course, if you want that dippy dame to be your aunt, it's okay by me. If he'll marry Amanda and take her and her three holy terrors to Larabella, Indiana, it will make Burnley a better place to live in. A man can't walk down Main Street without danger of getting backed into a corner and told all her troubles."

"Something has got to be done about this," said Jane.

"She's the world's worst mess," June declared.

"So's your old uncle."

Tink returned to the attack. He told his pitiful tale of the busybody's efforts to uplift and modernize him and make him stop being a stick-in-the-mud.

"He goes around pricing choice locations on the Post Road, and now I've got a flock of real estate agents in my hair. He wants me to run a glittering palace of sin with indirect lighting, air conditioning, and potted palms. Either you get rid of Uncle Herman or I go to the booby hatch."

"It's a good thing we came home," said Jane. "You ought to have sent for us long ago."

"The Marines are on the job," her duplicate announced.

"There's a catch in it, though. You can't use strong-arm stuff. If you make him sore he'll cut your family out of his will, and it might cost you two a nice piece of change. You've got to kill him with kindness."

The idea was that the girls were to take up Uncle Herman in a big way and run him ragged with entertainment. Make him spend money till it hurt and keep him on the go night and day.

"You can do anything with him if you sell him the idea that he's being helpful," said Tink. "Make out you're a pair of bookworms wanting a little pleasure in your sad lives. Stay away from home as much as possible; don't let him go near the designing widow; and, above all, keep him

"Well, wise guy—is it peppamint?"

George H. Mabie

away from my shop. Sooner or later he'll get sick of you and beat it for that dear Larabella. Then I'll blow you to a party in New York."

"Boy! Is that a job!"

Thus the twins accepted the position.

For several days Tink enjoyed relief from uncleitis and led the happy, carefree life of a stick-in-the-mud. Then, in the middle of a certain busy afternoon, a young woman with a high and haughty nose entered the shop and announced herself:

"Lady Jane Vogel-Baylor, the Baroness Cucumber."

"Where is Lady June?" asked the mechanician.

"Her Grace has gone joy riding with His Highness. I've got the afternoon off."

"How is the racket working?"

THE young person dropped her aristocratic manner and spoke like one of the common herd:

"I'll say this for Unkie Hermie. He can certainly take it!"

Jane told a story of hectic days. The twins had sold themselves to their uncle as a couple of pale intellectuals suffering for fun. He had dropped his other work and started to bring sunshine into their drab lives. The trio had roamed far and wide.

"Uncle Herman is a grand old party. He pays and pays and pays."

"Keep up the good work, Jane. He'll crack under the strain."

"Somebody will, Tink. Tonight I've got to go with him to a party given by the Stanfield Hutch of the White Rabbits of America."

A COUPLE of days later, in came Lady June Vogel-Baylor, Baroness Cucumber, who seemed worn by her social duties.

"Your Grace," said Tink, "is not looking so hot today. How come?"

The story was that she and her aged relative had gone to a movie in Chichester last night. After the show the vivacious veteran had proposed that they drop into a dine-and-dance joint to shake a leg and guzzle some ginger ale.

"The old heartbreaker danced with every gal in the place," said June, "and by one o'clock he was playing the cello in the orchestra. Everybody got a great kick out of Unkie Hermie except me. I'm getting fed up."

Tink's face took on that lugubrious look he always affected when pleased.

"It's a hard life, baby, but we'll stick it out a little longer."

"What do you mean, *we?* All *you* have to do is to take cars apart and put them together again."

"What's the old boy doing today?"

For the first time June's weary eyes lighted up.

"He made Jane get up at seven o'clock to play tennis. Was she sore!"

For another week the situation grew steadily worse. Far from cracking under the strain, the pickle duke was growing younger every day. It was Virginia who brought this bad news to Apple Tree Lane.

"Your idea looked all right, Tink, but it's a flop. Uncle Herman is having the time of his life. He'll never leave here while the fun lasts. He's planning to run fast and loose around the bathing beaches and amusement parks all summer, and the twins are talking about moving out to the old ladies' home."

"Well, it was a noble experiment."

"The girls are losing interest in their job. They're beginning to let him run around alone. He was over at the widow's house today showing her how to pickle onions."

"The next thing I know he'll start in making a captain of industry out of me again. I'm sorry, Jin, but I'll just have to toss him out on his ear."

Virginia begged him not to do anything rash, but Tink was firm. He was fighting for a man's inalienable right to be a stick-in-the-mud.

When, therefore, the pestiferous uncle entered the shop alone the next morning, Tink left his lathe and went to meet him halfway. His face was dark with scowls and he began without a word of friendly greeting:

"Now, listen, Duke—"

"No, it's all right, Tink!" The little man smiled benevolently. "The twins explained the matter to me last night. I'm starting home today."

"Oh, is that so?" Tink's voice showing unflattering relief. "You and the twins have been having gay times, I hear."

"I think I've helped them a little. They

were all run down from overstudy. I've tried to show them how to enjoy life."

"You did them a good turn," said Tink with admirable self-restraint.

"Now, I'm going to do you a good turn, Tink. You said one time that the best thing a man could do for folks was to let them alone."

"Well, a person has a right to manage his own life."

"I didn't understand what you meant until my nieces told me about it last night. I didn't realize that I was standing in the way of your happiness. I'll just withdraw and wish you luck."

Tink was puzzled but not inclined to quarrel with his luck.

"Thank you, Duke." He took the proffered hand. "You're a good Boy Scout."

"I always try to be helpful."

The little man twinkled, and started for his kiddie car. Tink was sorry that he had spoken so harshly of the well-meaning fellow. But the parting guest made a farewell remark that left Tink sputtering with hopeless rage:

"She's a nice little woman and she'll make you a good wife. And the children need a father's firm hand. Good-by, Tink."

Those poisonous twins had made him out to be an applicant for the heart and hand of Amanda Klump, the world's greatest mess! If that dizzy widow had heard about this he might as well leave for South America and begin life anew.

WITHIN the hour the cucumber aristocracy arrived. They were radiant with happiness, their faces shining with the consciousness of good deeds well done.

"The job is finished."

"When are we going to have that party?"

Tink looked with loathing upon the pair.

"Just a couple of little pals!"

"He doesn't want to take us to New York," said Jane, with a crestfallen face.

"Probably," said her gloomy sister, "he means to take Amanda Klump."

"Whose big idea was that?" he asked.

The explanations came in a rush: Something desperate had to be done. Unkie Hermie was so fascinated with his charming nieces that he was planning to spend the rest of his life in Burnley.

"You told us yourself that he'd do anything to be helpful."

"So we made good."

"What did he tell that woman about me?"

"Not a thing," Jane answered. "He never saw her again. We told him he'd better keep away from her, because she might make a scene. Nobody will ever know about this little affair, unless you go boasting around."

"It'll just be our sweet little secret," said June.

Presently peace was restored and the duchesses were invited to dinner and the theater in New York on Saturday. June insisted upon a testimonial:

"We've saved you from Unkie Hermie, and Unkie Hermie from Amanda Klump. Don't you think we're marvelous?"

"Aren't you terribly proud of us, Tink?"

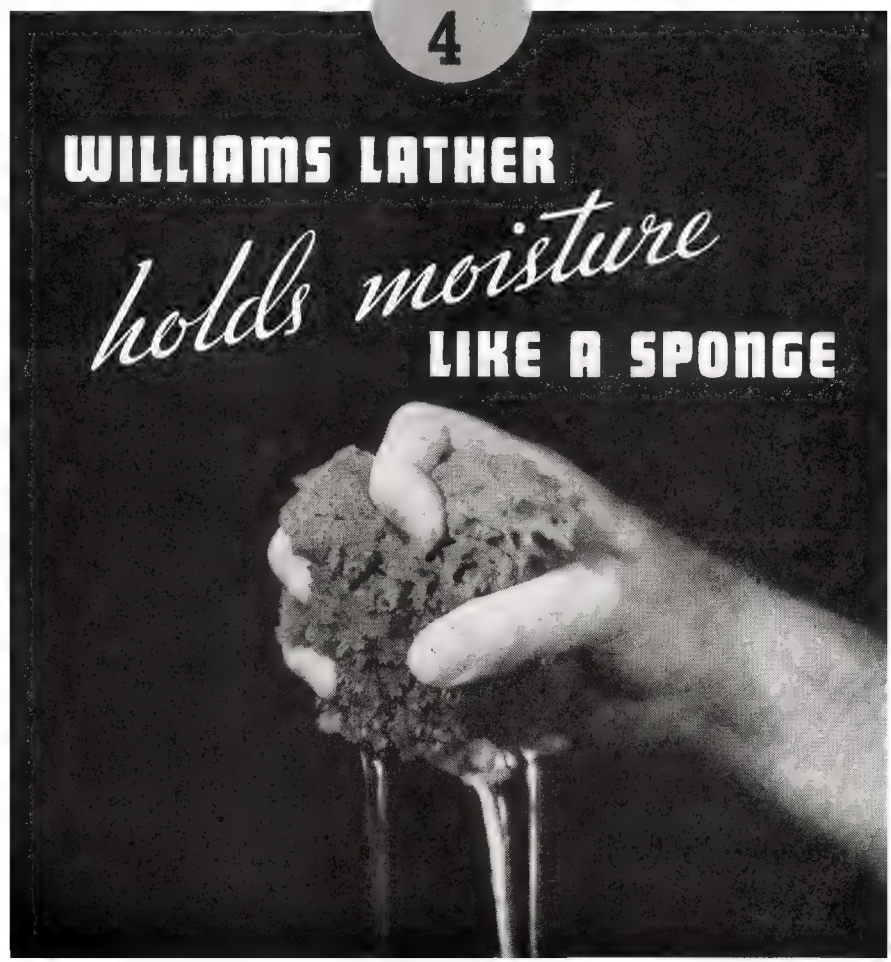
"There *is* one good thing about you."

"Yes, yes; go on!"

"You're not quintuplets."

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

NO. 4
IN A SERIES OF CLOSE-UPS ON WILLIAMS



A lather that's rich, luxurious, *moist*—that *stays* moist. Economical to use—a little goes *far*.

Extra mild, too. Only the very finest materials (and experience) can make a lather so *mild*—and yet so thick and moist. That's why Williams keeps the skin soft and supple—why it gives the world's quickest, cleanest shave.

And remember, after every shave, a dash of sparkling Aqua Velva.

● JUST NOTICE THE FINE SKINS OF MEN WHO USE

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Nature's Medicine Cabinet

FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN OIL BY LYNN BOGUE HUNT

The wild turkey mother makes her youngsters eat bitter spicebush leaves to keep them from catching cold

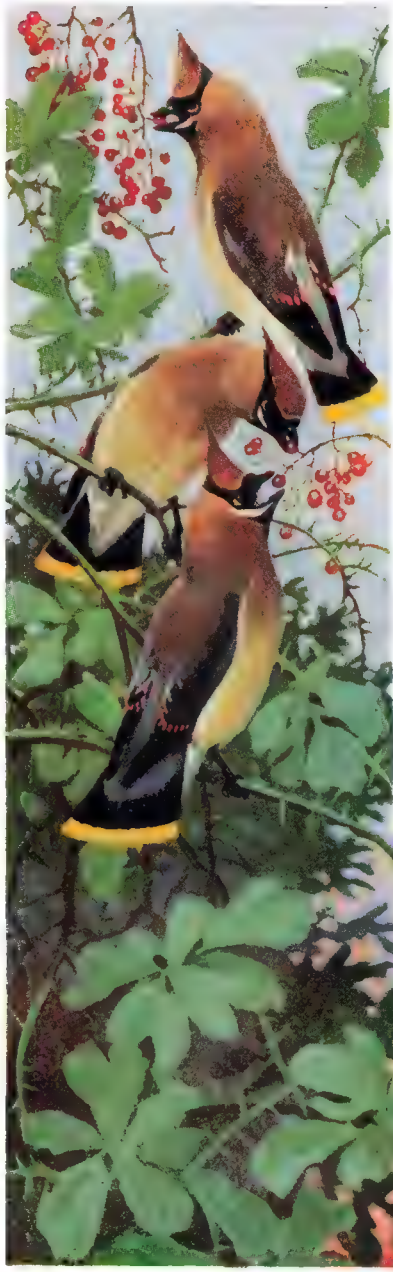
By Archibald Rutledge

ONE rainy day in June I was trout-fishing far back in the Tuscarora Mountains. Standing under the dusky canopy of a hemlock to be sheltered from an especially heavy shower, I heard, coming through the brush near me, certain shrill elfin pipings. Soon a wild turkey mother appeared, and after her a brood of eighteen talkative young, not larger than quail. She, too, was speaking, and in an admonitory tone. Near the trout stream there was a little copse of spicebushes, and toward these the mother led her young, obviously directing them to eat the leaves. As most of these were on high branches, she would catch a twig in her strong bill and bend it down so that the chicks could get their medicine. For it *was* medicine.

The leaves of the spicebush are not ordinarily a part of the wild turkey's diet. But here was this rainy day; and rain is the foe of little feathered things. They get all tired and bedraggled, and their vitality ebbs. At such a time they need a tonic. All right. Here it is, in nature's medicine cabinet. Though the leaves of the spicebush are bitter, the tiny turkeys stripped the twigs dutifully. They knew that Mother knew. It was pathetically appealing to see these children of the wilderness fortifying themselves against the ill effects of the chilly rain.

The ancients would have said that there is a god in the spicebush. Well, there is; and in countless other leaves, in roots, bark, fruits, and flowers. Minerals are alive with mystic powers, usually beneficent. In the world of nature every living thing is its own physician, and it finds in nature healing for practically every ill.

Despite the brilliant progress of medical science I believe that man is relying too little on nature to help him. Judging by the ways in which children of the wild



Cedar waxwings recognize poisons. While they eat wild swamp brier berries they will not touch near-by poisonous gallberry fruit

neal themselves, there are many cures awaiting our discovery; and they will be found in the woods and the fields rather than in laboratories.

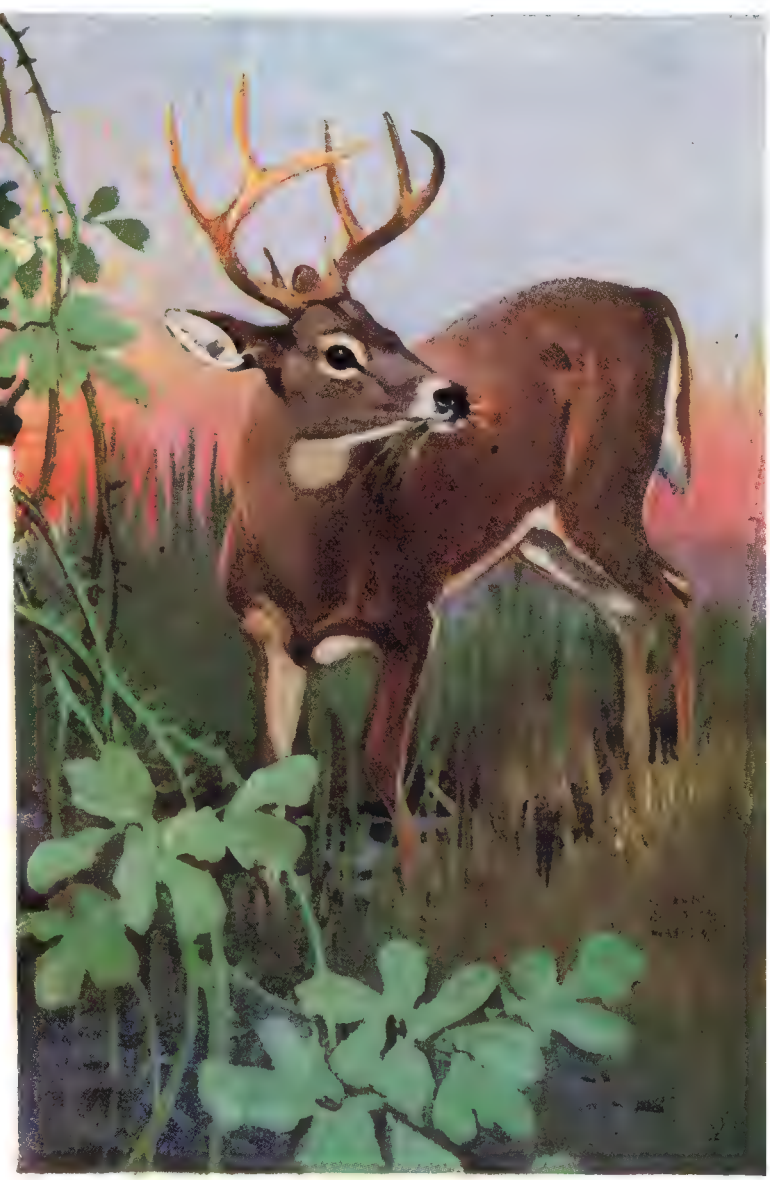
It has always seemed to me that man knows less by instinct than the birds and animals. They, and even their little children, will rarely touch a natural poison. The wild deer is a voracious feeder on edible mushrooms, but he never eats the poisonous varieties, as man sometimes does. The Herbivora will not eat the nightshade, from which we get belladonna, or the foxglove, from which we get digitalis. I have seen hungry cedar waxwings eating the berries of the wild swamp brier; and, though still very far from satisfied, refuse the alluring fruit of the gallberry, growing in abundance under the briers.

That birds know exactly what is poisonous in nature I have sad reason to know. When I was a boy, I had a mind to become the Mockingbird King of the world. I simply planned to catch young mockingbirds and put them on the market as singers. My great trouble was in getting the captives to eat. One day I saw the mother of a newly made prisoner feeding her fledgling through the slats of its cage. Within an hour the baby was dead. When I later described the incident to a renowned ornithologist, he said, "Often a mockingbird mother will feed its young poisonous berries if you cage it. I don't know how to explain why she does so, unless she thinks that is the only way to set her little one free."

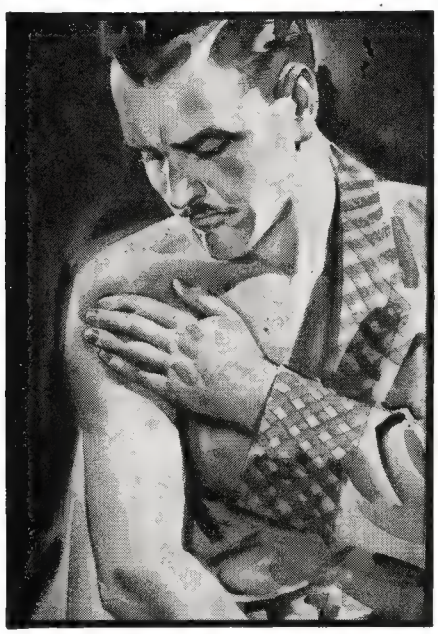
One day in a wild marsh-field of the great delta of the Santee, I dimly saw some creature moving amid the reeds. I skulked forward, and soon saw through the sere and serried tops of the marsh the horns of a stag. Something had him very busy. Now his splendid head would be down, now up. Closer I drew until I could see that he was digging a hole in the ground! Moreover, he was eating something from that hole, though he evidently did not relish it. An animal plainly shows by his facial expression when the food he is eating tastes bitter.

After the stag had left, I examined the spot. Out of that green morass he had been digging up and eating the aromatic roots of the calamus, or wild sweet flag, a medicinal root that has

When they feel the need of a tonic, deer dig up and eat unpalatable calamus roots



HE WOKE UP IN DREADFUL PAIN



But Absorbine Jr. Brought Relief

*NOT until T. J., lawyer of Shreveport, La., woke up with shooting pains did he realize he had sprained his shoulder when changing a tire the afternoon before.

Fortunately his good wife knew what to do. Immediately she jumped out of bed, got the bottle of Absorbine Jr. off the bathroom shelf, and began rubbing that wonderful liniment into the sore spot.

Relief came quickly, says Mr. J., and he calmly went back to sleep as though nothing had happened.

Thousands of letters in our files tell similar experiences of grateful users. Nothing like good old Absorbine Jr. for sundry aches and sprains. Also, it kills the fungi that cause Athlete's Foot.

Economical to use—little goes far. At all drug stores, $1.25 a bottle. To obtain free sample, write today to W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

** Based on actual letter from our files*

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, bruises, muscular aches, sprains, Athlete's Foot

been used by human beings in Africa for countless ages. He apparently was not hungry, for he overlooked all the succulent greenery and browsing that a deer could wish. He was after a tonic, and he knew what to get.

Among the Carnivora there is a standard remedy, supplied by the pharmacy of nature. Their alimentary tracts appear subject to more frequent disturbances than is the case with the Herbivora; therefore, all members of the canine and feline families often become eaters of grass. This is taken distinctly as a medicine. Frequently, when a dog has been ailing and I have turned him out into the yard, the very first thing he will do is to eat green grass. Even lions and tigers have recourse to this same remedy.

ONE of the most curious and interesting examples of self-ministration I know of is that of the hibernating alligator. In Carolina, where I am most familiar with him, he sleeps for several months during the winter. This prolonged slumber makes it necessary to provide somehow for the slow, continuing processes of the vital organs. The alligator gives especial attention to his stomach. Before hibernation he swallows an indigestible substance—a heavy pine knot, a brickbat, a stone. The faithful digestive organ goes to work on it; and in the spring, when the alligator awakes, his stomach is still active. Such heavy objects sometimes disintegrate and disappear; again, a thin membrane grows over them, and they remain incorporated, apparently without harm.

All horn-growing animals need lime. But how is one to get hold of lime in the wilderness? These creatures know that they need it; and what they need, they generally find. I have known wild deer to travel twenty miles to get the lime-impregnated water in old marlpits and in the canals made by phosphate dredges; and, far out in the lonely pinelands, I have seen an old cow calmly mouthing and sucking a shed deer-horn, obtaining in that way some of the lime that the horn contained.

In nature there are no ambulances, hospitals, nurses, or physicians. Everyone is his own doctor. But there is far less sickness among wild birds and animals than among us; and the reasons are very simply given. Nature's children never rush—unless pursued or in capturing their prey. They are always temperate about eating and drinking. If they are not well, they refuse to eat at all. They never overexercise. Unless in the course of a long life-and-death chase, they never, I think, get fatigued. They wisely squander time in resting. They are unconscionable loafers.

Not only the creatures of nature but wild tribes of human beings, especially in Africa, Borneo, and South America, know a lot about natural poisons and remedies. Our North American Indians used poultices of snakeroot for the bite of the rattlesnake. Savages tip their arrows with a combination of vegetable poisons, most of which have the simple and deadly effect of coagulating the blood. I have seen plantation Negroes make a concoction of dogwood, poplar, and wild cherry bark which is exceedingly tonic in its effect. There must be literally thousands of natural remedies awaiting our discovery. And it may be that perfect health for us all is sleeping in the soil, in roots, barks, seeds, leaves, minerals.

What's Wrong with Business?

(*Continued from page 47*)

are often viciously hostile toward them.

Day after day apprehensive observers see the advice and urging of such visionaries received hospitably—if not eagerly sought—while expressions of any other point of view are barely tolerated or even suspiciously or vigorously rejected.

There are two sides to this story. There is no doubt that some big business advisers, who were at first relied upon, were not on the square and did their best to diddle and obstruct the original New Deal. Their conduct was such as to create resentment and distrust, and they are directly responsible for a large part of the present jitters, suspicion, hostility, and uncertainty which are the curse of this country today.

The original New Deal, as it was plotted, proposed, and, in the beginning, executed, laid the ground for a permanent recovery. It is radical pressures and departures that have thus far offset its essential soundness and retarded its beneficial effects.

If we can rid the New Deal of these warts in time, its fundamentals will do the job of destroying depression. But the longer these departures are indulged, the greater is the danger that they eventually may sidetrack the whole effort into some bypath of frustration. Or they may so disgust the people with the whole idea that it will be thrown out the window.

In the Democratic platform or in the campaign promises there was nothing about taking property from one man and giving it to another, about "production for use and not for profit," or any other departures from the traditional incentives of industrial nations—with the exception of Soviet Russia. If there had been any such proposal the election would have resulted differently. Yet lately this kind of doctrine is repeatedly proclaimed by some officials, and it is not repudiated.

In its first year, the Administration faithfully kept the fiscal and budget promises of the campaign. Suddenly that whole principle seemed to be abandoned, and it is difficult to see how the departure can be pursued without an eventual resort to printing-press money—however high the resolve may be against it.

Furthermore, a tax program is presented which obviously is not intended for maximum revenue (another plan would produce much more) but which *is* designed to limit or prevent profit. In appearance, if not in

substance, this plan follows the threat of the late Huey Long to use the taxing power, *not* for revenue on the principle of ability to pay, but to "share our wealth."

There has been no spoken threat of any of these things, but he would be a fool who would close his eyes to the fact that, to the businessman, some departments of the federal government reek with an *atmosphere* of threat.

Great business enterprise and sustained recovery cannot proceed in such an atmosphere. It is not that business is nursing its greed or its animosity. Every executive in this country would do anything in his power to restore business. It is simply that risk of bankruptcy courts and a loss of public trust and esteem hover over those business managers who risk other people's money in the face of the "danger" signs that can be seen in many recent governmental actions.

We just can't continue to paralyze prosperity in this way. One out of five of us is in destitution, and the only security for such as these is in the government's assurance that no one shall starve or freeze. It is not enough. A convict in a penitentiary is sure of that. Hope, ambition, and the chance to work and progress is the inalienable right of these millions of people. The only thing which can give that to them is a resumption of normal business.

NORMAL business would resume tomorrow if only some fresh breeze would blow this murk away and leave the original sound, basic, and logical New Deal.

Suppose that tomorrow this country could know with absolute certainty—

(1) That NRA hours, wages, labor rights, and fair-trade practices will continue, thus bringing confidence to all wage-earners and Little Fellows in business.

(2) That AAA policies will positively assure at least prewar parity prices to farmers, thus letting the whole agricultural segment know that they can go ahead with a roof over their heads.

(3) That all investors and depositors can rely on the safeguards of the Banking and Security laws and that all consumers will be protected from any unfairness in utility rates.

(4) That the money with which business is done will be protected from any attempt to frustrate the profits of prudence, work, frugality, and skill by any destruction due to unlimited excess of government expenditures over revenue except for necessary relief.

(5) That no use of taxing or other governmental powers is going to be made to destroy the profit system or impair property or personal rights.

(6) Most important of all—that these five things are the New Deal, and that *they are all there is to the New Deal.*

Does anybody suppose that if only those few simple things were certain, there would not instantly be a rush of hitherto timid investment into every field of productive enterprise and a destruction of this accursed depression in a few weeks' time?

In view of our universal gloom, stagnation, and the acute suffering of so many of our people and the certainty that restored business is the only way to their relief, no consideration should be permitted to stand in the path of a prompt return to the original New Deal.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

TOOTH DECAY
Film is judged one of the chief contributing causes of tooth decay. It glues "decay" germs to the tooth enamel.
BLEEDING GUMS
Film combines with minerals in the saliva ...to form hard, sharp deposits, which may cause soreness and bleeding of the gums.
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Film absorbs stains from food and smoking. To remove these stains you must remove the film.

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Remove it daily as only Pepsodent—the Special Film-Removing Tooth Paste—does

MANY dentifrices claim to remove film from teeth. . . . but for that duty Pepsodent stands unique.

Film is a glue-like mass that forms on teeth. It absorbs stains from food and smoking . . . makes teeth unattractive. Worse still, it shelters germs which break down these food particles to form acids. These acids attack tooth enamel and cause decay. Therefore, removing film should be rule number one in protecting lovely teeth.

Film may combine with minerals in saliva to harden into tartar. The jagged edges of these tartar deposits can make gums sore and even cause them to bleed.

How to remove film

In removing film the Pepsodent laboratories have made a great discovery. A new cleansing and polishing material has been developed. As a film-removing agent it stands unsurpassed. Yet this material is far softer than the one most commonly used in dentifrices. Being softer, it cannot harm precious tooth enamel.

And so, in judging a dentifrice, ask yourself: Does it remove film? Is it safe? These are your dentist's standards. Judged by them Pepsodent stands unique. No other can give you Pepsodent results.

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Please send me FREE 10-day supply of Pepsodent, the Special Film-Removing Tooth Paste.
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NEW! PEPSODENT TOOTH POWDER —utterly different from all others—Contains NO SOAP—NO CHALK—Try it!
New Radio Hit! **Pepsodent's New Radio Sensation—Al Pearce and His Gang—N. B. C.**

Mother's on the Air

"BUT, Mother"—Alvin Perry's voice was agonized—"I got to go to the party. Why, it's the first party since I got home, and the first time I've had a chance to wear my tuck—"

"I'm not asking you to give up your party." Mrs. Perry's voice was calm and sweet. She was sitting before her dressing table, putting on her hat. In the mirror she smiled at her oldest son. "Your father will be home long before it's time for you and Jody to go." Here her smile went to sixteen-year-old Josephine, sitting on the bed. "All I'm asking you to do is to see that the other children eat their suppers and get to bed. Junior and Harry go the minute I'm through talking on the radio. I'm sure they'll not make any trouble. Bets should be in bed by eight-thirty." She went to the closet for her coat.

Alvin followed her, protesting:

"But, Mother, suppose Dad doesn't get here—suppose the train breaks down— Honestly, I got to go to that party. I'm taking Lucinda Marsh. I couldn't stand her up. It's bad enough not to have the car—"

"Don't worry about the car," put in Jody. "Hank will take us all in his. I don't want to keep him waiting, either, Mother. It's the first time he's asked me to go out with him. All the girls are crazy to have him take them. Why, he's in college—"

"But, children"—Mrs. Perry slipped into her coat, opened a bureau drawer, and took out her gloves—"you won't have to give up your party. I'm sorry it happened to be Sarah's night out, but there's nothing I can do about it. As for the car, I've explained to you twenty

"Bets! Bets! Wake up and give us Mother's Croup Talk!"

FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN WATER COLOR BY CHARLES KAISER

By Dorothy Sanburn Phillips

times, Alvin, that the trains don't run very often this time of day, and I can get into town and out again quicker if I drive. . . . Now, let's stop discussing. Run along downstairs, all of you, and eat your supper. And don't forget, Alvin, drops in Harry's nose. He's got a little cold. And Junie sounds a little hoarse—better rub camphorated oil on his chest. . . . Don't look so glum, Alvin. That isn't much to do. If you mind, Bets or Jody will attend to it—"

"Why can't you stay home and do it yourself?" He flung the words out.

A startled silence fell over the room. Mrs. Perry swung around in the doorway, staring at him. Jody gasped. Bets's jaw dropped. Even the two little boys looked at their brother with big, round eyes.

"But, Alvin," cried Jody, "Mother broadcasts!"

"What would happen if you didn't turn up, Mother?" put in Bets excitedly. "Would they have someone else read your talk, or would they fill in with music?"

"We won't go into that, Bets." Mrs. Perry spoke dryly. "I'm sure Alvin didn't realize what he was saying, or perhaps he was joking."

"I wasn't," cried Alvin fiercely. "I've been thinking a lot about it lately, and I've been meaning to have a talk with you and Dad—a serious talk. It wouldn't be so bad if you played the piano or told bedtime stories to kids, but all this junk about babies' diets and feeding the children vitamins, and all this"—he paused, gulped, brought out the words with great distaste—"five little Perrys stuff! Honestly, couldn't you lay off the five little Perrys a little? The kids"—he nodded towards his brothers and sisters—"they're young. They don't mind. But when a man gets to be my age, going out and around places, with people, and all that—well, the fellows are always guying and—"

"Yes," put in Jody eagerly, "they tease me too. Hank's always asking me if I've taken my cod-liver oil and eaten my cereal. You know, Mother, it does get—"

"But Mother couldn't stop talking about the five little Perrys," cried Bets. "It wouldn't be Mother if she did. Why, there're millions of women all over the country just waiting to hear how Mother brought us up—"

Mrs. Perry had left the bedroom and was going down the stairs. Alvin clattered after her, his voice rising indignantly:

"You mean, when I go to college, when I'm twenty—twenty-five—thirty—when I get married and have children of my own, you'll still go on talking about the five little Perrys?"

In the hall below his mother paused, her hand on the front door. The children gathered around her.

"Really, Alvin, I can't discuss my talks with you—now, anyway. After all, dear," she smiled sweetly, "it's my job—just as your father has a job—"

"But I should think it was your job, too, to look after your children's noses. Look!" He pointed at Harry, outraged. "Can't that child use a handkerchief, or hasn't he got one? And look—" This time his hand went indignantly toward Junior. "Does he have to go around half naked, or hasn't he any buttons on his pajamas?"

"Bets," Mrs. Perry interrupted quietly, "see that Harry blows his nose. Junior, button your pajamas this minute. And, all of you, go out and get your supper before it's stone cold." She turned to her two elder children. "Have a good time at your party, darlings. I'll wait up for you. I've never seen you dressed up, you know, Alvin."

SHE was halfway out the door, when Jody laid a detaining hand on her arm. "Mother, you're sure Dad's coming right home?" There was an urgent note in her voice. "You called him up and reminded him?"

For a minute a shadow crossed Mrs. Perry's face, then she smiled. "No, dear. I didn't call him up. I was so busy it slipped my mind. But really there was no need. He'll be here. Good-by."

The door closed behind her.

Alvin and Jody faced each other in the hall, as the other children disappeared in the direction of the kitchen.

"Do you mean," Alvin hissed, "that he doesn't always come right home?"

"Lots of times he doesn't."

"But I thought he was working late at the office, and was going to get dinner in town and then come right out—"

Jody nodded miserably. "Yes, that's what he does, but sometimes he—"

A voice came to them from the darkness of the dining-room: "He stops at the club—he has to go right by it, you know—for a rubber, or he meets men on the train and they drag him to their houses to make a fourth—"

They both swung around. Twelve-year-old Bets emerged into the lighted hall.

"Dad's just crazy about contract,"

she went on conversationally, "and when he's at it he just forgets everything else. I bet he hardly remembers there are five little Perrys. Mother told him he ought to cut down on it—it was just getting too much." Alvin and Jody stared at her, struck dumb, while she continued pleasantly, "But he laughed. He said when she gave up her radio audience he'd give up his contract. She didn't like that at all—"

Alvin found his voice: "Bets! Don't talk like that—as if Mother and Dad were quarreling!"

"Oh, no, it was just—just a discussion. Of course, she couldn't go back on all those mothers, yet I can see his point of view, and"—she nodded her head wisely—"I've read that marriage is always a compromise—"

"You read too much, and talk too much and listen too much and think too much!" he interrupted savagely.

BEFORE that tone, Bets fled. Jody and Alvin followed her into the dining alcove off the kitchen, where the little boys were already eating.

Alvin gave one glance at the bowls of vegetable soup, the plate of lettuce and cream cheese sandwiches, the baked apples.

"I don't wonder Dad doesn't come home for dinner!" he exploded. "Haven't we any food for men in this house?"

He raided the kitchen, and returned presently with several slabs of bread, a plate of cold chicken, and a bottle of milk.

After Alvin had demolished a good part of the chicken, and drunk three glasses of milk, he felt better. He ran upstairs, whistling, to get out his evening clothes and put the studs in his shirt. It was going to be a swell party—Lucinda was a swell girl, and even if he hadn't the car—

From below, where the children were clustered around the radio, rose his mother's voice, calm, sweet, impelling confidence. He winced once as the words, "five little Perrys," were wafted to him. When her voice ceased, he called loudly over the banister, "Bets, bring the kids up to bed!" With masculine aplomb and mastery, he superintended teeth-brushing, chest-rubbing, nose drops, and even condescended to open the little boys' window.

Quiet settled down on the house. Peacefully Alvin finished dressing.

When it was getting towards half past eight, he went in search of Jody. He found her in her mother's room before the dressing table, applying her make-up.

"Time Bets went to bed," he said.

"She's going."

He lowered his voice: "He hasn't come yet."

"I know."

"But I got to call for Lucie."

Her eyes were worried. "I know, but—"

The doorbell rang. Her face lit up.

"That's Hank!"

He grabbed her arm as she made for the door. Terror was in his voice:

"Say, Jody, you won't go back on me, will you? You won't go off with him and leave me here alone with the kids?"

"No," she answered briefly; "we'll go together if we go."

"We're going," he cried, "if I have to go out and find Dad! That's what we'll do, Jody! We'll go and find him."

"Honestly, Alvin, will you?" Jody's eyes were sparkling, her voice admiring.

"Sometimes he doesn't come out till the 8:50," came a calm voice from the darkness of the next room. "It hasn't come in yet."

The doorbell pealed again. Jody made for the stairs.

"We'll meet him in Hank's car, and bring him home," Alvin cried after her. "You tell him while I call up Lucie."

But calling up Lucie took longer than he thought.

"No, I'm not stalling. I'm coming, but I'll be a little late. . . . It isn't my fault! My father's detained in town on business. He'll be here any minute. . . . My mother's a public figure. She's got an audience of thousands of women all over the country. . . . She couldn't disappoint them . . . No! We couldn't leave the kids alone! Why, a burglar might get in, or the house might catch on fire. I'm the oldest. A man of my age has got to take a little responsibility. . . . Okay, see you soon!"

Perspiring, breathless, he dashed down the stairs, to the others waiting at the front door.

"Hullo, Hank, old boy!" Alvin tried to

be gay. "Too bad we're having a little complication here, but it won't be long before we're off." He pitched himself into his overcoat, grabbed the front door.

"You aren't all going?" Again that voice from the darkness. This time it came from above. By the night light in the hall, they could see a little figure in a red bathrobe leaning on the banister. "Why—the house might catch on fire or one of us might choke or—"

Jody and Alvin exchanged glances. Then Alvin pushed Hank into the living-room.

"You stay here. We won't be a jiffy. I can drive your car. Just make yourself at home. . . ."

"You mean I'm to stay here with those kids?" Hank gasped.

"They won't make any trouble. They're all asleep."

Hank's glance went involuntarily to the bathrobe hanging over the banister.

"Well, she'll be asleep soon!" cried Alvin. "Bets, you go back to bed! Honestly, Hank, we won't be a moment."

The front door banged. Alvin and Jody were running down the path to the car.

THEY tore down the street faster than Alvin usually drove and drew up at the station just as the train came to a stop. They were out of the car in a moment, ready to pounce upon a familiar figure. But among the passengers, scattering across the square, they did not see their father.

They turned and stared at each other.

"Perhaps we missed him—"

"Perhaps he came out earlier and stopped at the club—"

But the club, though Alvin searched it from locker-room in the basement to billiard-room on the top floor, revealed no father.

"He's playing cards somewhere else," he told Jody gloomily."

"He may be home already." She tried to make her voice cheerful. "Anyway, we'd better go back. Hank will get sore."

"Lucie's sore already."

Hank met them at the door, face pale, eyes anxious.

"Dad here?" they cried together.

Hank did not answer. "Whew! I'm glad you've come!" he exclaimed. "One of 'em's coughing—"

"But what about Dad?" began Alvin, then stopped abruptly.

FROM the silence above came a cough, a harsh, racking, sepulchral cough—another—then cries, gasping, frightened cries: "Mamma! Mamma!"

Jody and Alvin threw their coats on the hall table and ran up the stairs to the boys' room. Junior was sitting up in bed, blinking, red-faced, gasping. Alvin began to pound him on the back, while Jody banged down the window. The noise and light roused Harry, and he began to whimper.

Jody stared at Alvin, wide-eyed.

"It's croup. He has it sometimes—"

"But what do you do?" gasped Alvin. "He can't get his breath! I'll call the doctor, Jody. You stay here."

He hurried to the upstairs telephone, and fumbled through the book. "Main 6030—Hullo! Hullo—Get off, you! This is a busy wire! . . . Oh, Lucie! Sorry, but I got to get the doctor. Hang up, will you? . . . Oh, you were calling me? I'm coming as soon as I can, but one of the kids is sick. . . . All right, go ahead with some other guy! Only get off the wire!"

A few minutes later he was leaning over the banister. "Hank!" he bellowed. "You go get the doctor! He's gone to some place over beyond the railroad tracks. They haven't a telephone. Grady, on West Street. And make it snappy!"

"Okay!" answered Hank, grabbing his overcoat. "Grady—West Street."

The front door banged behind him.

Alvin turned towards the boys' room. Those coughs echoed through the house.

Jody met him at the door.

"We got to do something!"

"What does Mother do? Don't you know? Can't you remember?"

"No. I never paid any attention—"

A light broke over his face. "Bets! She'll know. She knows everything!"

They hurried into the girls' room and switched on the light. Bets was sound asleep. They grabbed her and shook her.

"Bets! Bets! Wake up!"

She blinked. "Why—? Who—?"

"Mother's croup talk. What does Mother say to do for croup?"

"Quick!"

Slowly Bets sat up, her eyes half open.

"'Mothers'"—her voice came out full, sweet, and calm, a perfect imitation of her mother—"'when your child is sick, the first thing to do is to call the doctor—'"

"Yes, yes; we've done that!"

"Skip that!"

"'But in the meantime, until the doctor comes, there are often simple little things that you can do that will help, things that I've found valuable from my experience with the five little Perrys—'" Her voice died away.

"The five little Perrys—" encouraged Alvin.

"'Mothers, have you ever been awak-

ened out of a sound sleep to hear your child coughing—gasping, catching his breath—in the dreaded croup?'" She paused, slumped down in bed.

Alvin pulled her up.

Bets blinked, opened her eyes again. "Oh, yes; where was I?—'A croup kettle in the house is always useful. Add some tincture of benzoin to the steaming water. Then—'"

"Croup kettle!" Alvin turned to Jody. "We got a croup kettle?"

"Top shelf of the linen closet," Bets answered in her natural voice. "Benzoin in the medicine chest, if there is any." Then, assuming again her mother's manner: "'Hot compresses on the throat changed every fifteen minutes often bring relief—'" Her voice wandered on, ending sweetly, "'Good night, everybody. I must get home to the five little Perrys. We will meet tomorrow evening. Until then—'"

The last few sentences were uttered to an empty room. Jody was already in the bathroom, soaking a towel in hot water, and Alvin had dashed to the kitchen to put on the kettle. While he was waiting for the water to boil, the doorbell rang. His face lit up and he hurried to answer it. But it was not the doctor. A young girl with brilliant red hair bounced in.

"Why, Lucie!"

"Say, are you taking me out or aren't you? That's what I want to know!"

"Oh, Alvin!" Jody's voice came from above, wailing, distressed. "I put on the hot compresses. But there isn't any benzoin. I've taken out everything in the medicine closet, and Bets said that helped—" A cough interrupted her.

Alvin grabbed Lucie's arm.

"Are you in your car?"

"No. Leonard and Kathy—"

"Well, see here, you run along out and get Leonard to take you to the drugstore, and get some tincture of benzoin—"

"But, Alvin—"

"Do you hear that cough? It's Junior. He's sick. Tincture of benzoin," he repeated, pushing her out the door, "and quick, too!"

WHEN Mrs. Perry arrived home a little while later, she found three cars parked in front of the house. One of them she recognized as the doctor's. Though the lights were ablaze downstairs, she noted with relief that the windows in both the boys' and Bets's rooms were dark.

Quite a group were collected in the large front hall—Mr. Perry, the doctor, Jody, Alvin, and four other young people.

"Why—? What—?" she gasped.

"It's all right, Elizabeth—" began Mr. Perry.

"Everything's fine," put in the doctor. "The boy's sound asleep. He had a touch of croup, I judge, from what these young people tell me."

"Oh! And you knew what to do, George?"

"I wasn't here," answered Mr. Perry.

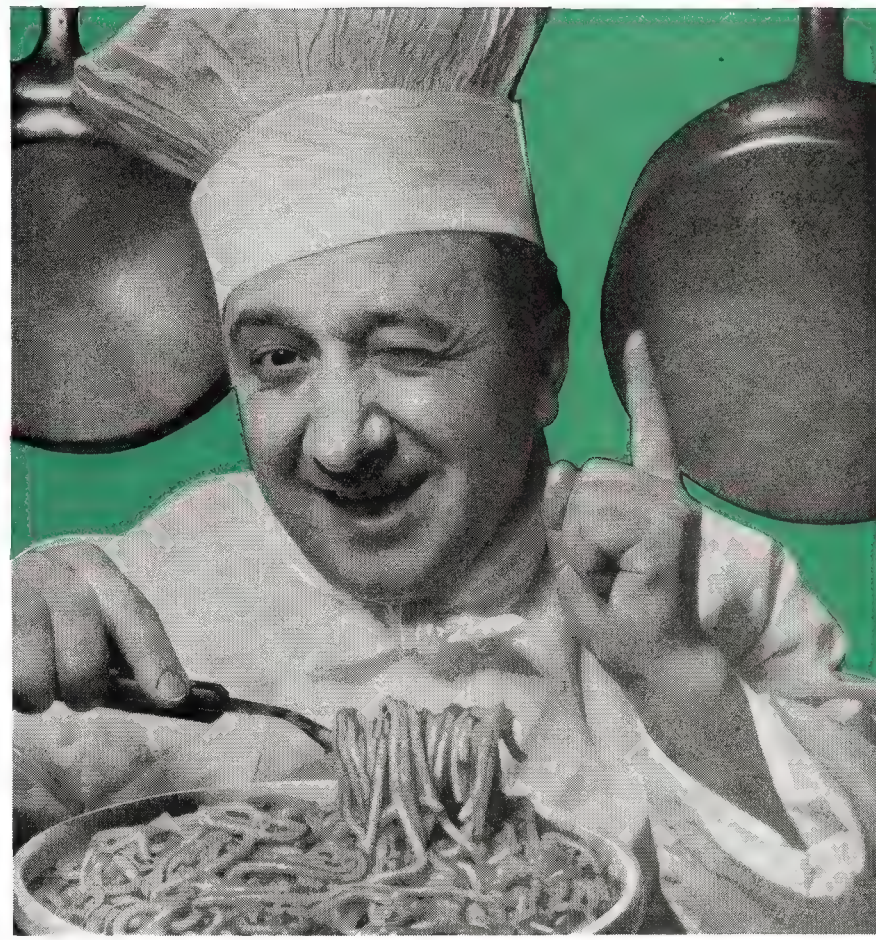
"You weren't—? Then—?"

"This young fellow took charge," said the doctor, smiling at Alvin.

"Well, someone had to take the lead, and—a man of my age naturally gets sort of used to assuming responsibility. But I didn't do it alone," he went on magnanimously; "everyone took a hand."

"But how did you know what to do?"

"Oh, that was easy. We woke up Bets



Fine Italian Hand

By Josephine Gibson

This Neapolitan cooking secret bestows new glamour upon yesterday's roast

OF COURSE, the Italians know a thing or two about cooking. There, a well trained chef is looked upon as just as much the artist as is the operatic tenor.

Italian cookery is thrifty cookery. Well may we heed their schemes for conjuring from drab leftovers, dishes that climb the relish heights. A basic dish of theirs, of course, is richly sauced spaghetti. They feast upon it, not merely as an entrée in itself, but also as an embellishing ingredient in dishes concocted largely of the meats and vegetables and other things left over from the day before.

I have no plan to set down here a recipe for Italian sauced spaghetti. Instead, I've news that brings to you spaghetti at its best—all cooked and sauced as you yourself would do it from a Naples recipe.

I wish you could see the air-washed rooms at the House of Heinz where the raw spaghetti is kneaded, stranded and dried. From those rooms it goes to an immaculate kitchen where it's cooked under the watchful eye of the master spaghetti chef—then drenched in a sauce that fills the kitchens with appetizing fragrance. Heinz Italian-style spaghetti comes to you sealed in tins, cooked and sauced in the true Neapolitan way.

Heat and serve it as it comes, and watch your family and guests "go for" it. Better yet, use it lavishly and often as the dresser-up of refrigerator remnants. Combine it with leftover meats and vegetables, and bring forth casseroles that bring forth eager calls for second helpings.

I could fill many a page with recipes for enticing ways we've found and tested, of merging Heinz Italian-style spaghetti (it's one of the *57 Varieties*) with leftovers. I haven't room to give them here, so I've put them into a special Bulletin which I'll be glad to send you for the asking.

My scheme enables you, in effect, to employ skilled chefs to do the more tedious part of your cooking. Two steps, taken today, lead to grand meals from leftovers. Step one:—stock up on Heinz cooked spaghetti. Step two:—send for that Recipe Bulletin.

FREE RECIPE BULLETIN

A dozen ways to make feasts from leftovers are given in this new Recipe Bulletin. It is called "Leftovers Dress Up and Step Out."—and it is free to you. Merely request it by mail, addressing me, Josephine Gibson, Dept. 147, H. J. Heinz Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.

and made her give us your croup talk. Jody did the compresses, and I got the croup kettle ready, and Hank went for the doctor, and Lucie and Leonard and Kathy got the benzoin."

"Then you didn't go to the party?"

"Go to the party, Mother!" Alvin's tone was injured, almost insulted. "And leave the kids alone—with Dad not showing up and you away, and Junior getting sick and nearly choking to death!"

There was a little silence.

The doctor broke it. "Well, I'm not needed here. I'll be running along."

"We can go now, too, can't we, Alvin?" asked Lucie eagerly.

"Sure," he grinned. "Let's get going! The evening's young—"

There was a flurry of coats, talk, laughter.

Mrs. Perry stood silent, watching them.

"Now, Mother, don't worry." As he went out, Alvin paused to smile at her and pat her shoulder. "Everything's okay!"

Mr. and Mrs. Perry were left alone in the deserted hall.

"Honestly, Elizabeth," Mr. Perry burst out, "I forgot all about their party. I would have come right home if I'd known. But Peters picked me up in his car, and we stopped at his house—"

"For a rubber of contract?" she smiled faintly.

"Yes; I left early, thought I'd get home about the time you did. I'm terribly sorry," he went on miserably. "I wouldn't have done it for the world, if I'd thought about their party—"

SHE laid her hand gently on his shoulder. "That's all right, George. It wasn't your fault any more than mine. I wasn't here, either. I was off telling mothers how to look after their children. . . . I got to thinking about it when I was driving out. I had a feeling you wouldn't show up very early, but I thought Jody and Alvin would go to their party just the same. Suppose they had, with Junie getting sick and—"

"Well, they didn't go."

"No, they didn't. They stuck by the ship, while you and I—"

"It won't happen again, Elizabeth. I guess you're right about my going in for cards too much—"

"It won't happen again with me, either. I'm going to give it up, for the present, anyway."

He gasped. "You mean—you're not going to broadcast any more?"

"I think it's time I stayed home and looked after my children's coughs the way I tell other mothers to. After all, the five little Perrys are still sort of little, though Alvin," she smiled, "is a man who assumes responsibility in emergencies—"

Her voice trailed off. For a moment they were silent, smiling at each other.

"Say, Elizabeth, we certainly have some swell kids."

She laughed. "Okay! You've said it!"

As Mr. Perry leaned over and kissed Mrs. Perry, they were too absorbed to notice the edge of a bathrobe protruding through the banister in the hall above. Nor did they hear the soft patter of slippered feet, as Bets slipped back into her bedroom.

"'Course, we're swell," she said to herself; "on the air—and off!"

Two of a kind

(*Continued from page 27*)

loving you, anyway. I'm big-hearted like that. Well, good night, beautiful. Got a kiss left?"

Her lips pressed against his. . . .

OLD MUTT was on his way to class. He did not become aware of Julie Colwyn until she attached herself to his arm with that feminine clinginess which foretells the grinding of an ax. Then he looked down over his glasses, and his blue eyes lighted in a tender smile.

"Ah, little Julie," he said.

Julie was by no means little. But Old Mutt always thought of her as a child with sun on her hair, toddling on uncertain legs.

"Professor Johnny"—Julie seemed almost to drape herself on his arm—"I want to speak to you."

Old Mutt squinted his shrewd eyes.

"You know, little Julie," he said, "you're the only one who ever calls me 'Professor Johnny' any more. It's gratifying and—ah—refreshing. But why don't you say 'Old Mutt' like the rest do?"

"I'd like to," said Julie, so suddenly and vehemently that the professor started.

"Eh?" he ejaculated.

"I want," said Julie, "to speak to you about Pete Prescott."

"Ah! Prescott? A fine athlete, I'm told, but not much of a student. I recall his father. Not an exceptional student, either."

"I don't care anything about his father," Julie almost snapped. "The point is, Professor Johnny, that I know—I mean, I feel that you're fixing to keep Pete out of the Carteret game."

Old Mutt shook his head. "That's an ill-considered statement, little Julie. I'm not 'fixing' anything. I'm merely planning to abide by a faculty rule. And I've gone out of my way to warn Prescott."

"Professor Johnny," Julie said, "I want you to do me just one favor. I want you to make an exception in Pete's case."

Old Mutt looked at her. Her blue eyes were turned up to his, serious, almost somber eyes today. He said, "You are asking me to set aside the principles of a lifetime to gratify a whim of yours."

The girl shook his arm. "Oh, Professor Johnny, it isn't just a whim. You don't understand. But this game means everything to Pete and to me. Would it make any difference if I told you that I had a—well, a personal interest in him?"

Old Mutt gave her a sharp look.

"Oho!" he said. "I might have suspected some such thing. May I offer my congratulations? Young Prescott's a fine boy, though a wretched mathematician." His eyes twinkled. "I don't suppose, however, that makes an atom of difference to you."

"Not even half an atom. Are you going to let Pete play?"

Old Mutt stared at her. Her eyes were wide, pleading. The earnest eyes of youth. Youth clutched and anticipated, never counted the possibility of disappointment. He had seen it so many times. But this—this was strange. Buck Prescott and his starry-eyed girl. And now young Prescott and little Julie. All over again, like a continuous show witnessed twice. And somehow, trick of a perverse god, he, Jonathan Bailey, had become involved in both pictures.

"Look here, little Julie," he said carefully; "I'd do a great deal for you, but I've never sacrificed a principle yet, and I don't intend to begin at this age. The best I can promise is that I'll reconsider Prescott's case. But I don't hold out much hope."

And Professor Bailey, breathing a little more heavily than was his wont, escaped to the sanctuary of his classroom. . . .

A crisp fall breeze, whipping out of the west, stirred ivy leaves outside the open window of Old Mutt's study. There was a chill in the air tonight, harbingers of winter were loose. But Professor Bailey seemed unconsciously to transcend the elements. Just now he was gazing at a pile of quiz papers before him, thinking particularly about the one on top.

So this was the best young Prescott could do, eh? Young Prescott, though doubtless he had burned midnight oil by the gallon, had definitely fallen by the wayside. His paper mirrored a mind devoid entirely of knowledge of co-ordinate geometry.

OLD MUTT tamped the tobacco in his pipe and frowned. This settled it, and his conscience was clear. He had foisted this unexpected quiz upon an outraged class with but one purpose—to test young Prescott. And the balances had found young Prescott wanting, with the Carteret game but four days away.

Well, his duty lay ahead of him. Tomorrow he would recommend to the faculty that young Prescott be disbarred from further participation in football this season. It was too bad, of course. But what could one do?

Someone knocked on his door. Old Mutt said, "Come in!"

There was a step within the room, and a shadow fell across the pile of quiz papers. Old Mutt raised his eyes. And quite suddenly he started. Buck Prescott faced him.

Twenty-seven years had changed Buck Prescott only slightly. He was heavier, fuller in the face. But the gray threads in his black, wiry hair were sparse and his eyes, as they swept Old Mutt, were still filled with a curious, almost electric fire.

"Prescott!" Old Mutt rose hastily. "This—this is most unexpected."

Prescott smiled. "Well, Prof, it's been a long time, hasn't it?" He gazed at Old Mutt keenly. "You haven't changed much."

"Neither have you, Prescott. Sit down, won't you? Here for the game, I suppose?"

Buck Prescott settled himself in a chair.

"Yes," he said. "Wanted to see my boy play."

Old Mutt's eyes went down.

"Ah, yes," he said vaguely. "To be sure. Tell me, Prescott—you live in Colorado, I believe. Rather a long way to come for a football game, isn't it?"

Prescott's eyes were still on Old Mutt's face. "You'll remember, I expect, Prof, that I was always sort of—er—interested in football?"

"I could hardly forget it, Prescott. I was saying to your son just the other day that it seems to run in the family."

Suddenly Prescott got up.

"Look here, Prof," he said, "let's drop the fencing. I'll begin by admitting that I haven't come all this way just to pay you a social call. There's no sense humbugging each other. You and I weren't friends. And I doubt if we ever can be."

"Sorry, Prescott!" Old Mutt's tone was strangely like the one he had used to Buck Prescott nearly three decades before. "But I'm at a loss to know why you have come to me."

Prescott swung on his heel. "You know as well as I do that I'm here about Pete."

OLD MUTT'S face darkened a little. "There's no use disguising from you that I suspected as much." He sighed. "But I'm afraid, Prescott, that it isn't going to do any good."

"Pete phoned me last week," Prescott said. "He told me how things stood. And I—well, I grabbed the first train East."

Old Mutt shook his head. Football! Football! Inconceivable how the Prescotts of this world got themselves worked up over it. He said slowly, "I really don't see what I can do, Prescott."

"I was right," said Buck. "You haven't changed. I seem to remember your saying the same thing to me once."

"Yes. It appears that there's something in heredity." Old Mutt tapped the quiz paper on top of the pile. "This might well have been handed in by you, Prescott."

Buck smiled. "That bad?"

"Pretty bad," said Old Mutt. "Listen, Prescott, I'm not—er—ah—persecuting young Prescott out of malice or any perverted sense of humor. The boy is simply a poor student. In my department, at least. On his showing I find myself under the necessity of abiding by the rule. Offhand, I admit, it would seem that I had it in for the Prescotts. That isn't the case, I assure you."

"Has Pete ever mentioned the little trouble you and I once had?" Prescott asked suddenly.

Old Mutt shook his head. "No. Come to think of it, he hasn't."

Prescott snapped his fingers. "You're darn' right he hasn't. And I'll tell you why. Because he doesn't know anything about it. I never told him. I didn't want him to come here with any—er—prejudice against anyone. So—well, I invented an injured kneecap."

"That was decent of you, Prescott," Old Mutt said. "I appreciate it. Unfortu-

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nately, however, he has acquired the prejudice in his own way."

"Prof"—Buck Prescott faced Old Mutt squarely—"I'm going to ask you a favor. I want you to give the boy the break I didn't get."

Old Mutt's face took on its grim look. "We make our own breaks in this world, Prescott. I've warned young Pete. I even held a quiz this week for his especial benefit. And he made a mess of it. I can't possibly, in view of that, do other than I'm doing."

Buck Prescott twisted his big hands. "This means a lot to me, Prof. Look here, I'm not much of a—a wheedler. But there's one thing more—something I've never told anyone. I'm going to tell you now because, more than you know, I guess, Pete is in the same position I was. Listen. I suppose you think that keeping him out of this game won't make any difference to his life in the—er—larger sense. Well, ten to one it won't. But"—he drew a breath—"in my case it did."

Jonathan Bailey started. What poppycock was this?

"Are you suggesting," he inquired, with a trace of sarcasm, "that my preventing you from playing years ago had any far-reaching ill effect on your career?"

Prescott smiled. "I don't know for certain. Never have known. I only suspect. You won't remember, I suppose, Prof, but a girl came East to see me play in that game."

Ah! He was wrong there. The girl with eyes like stars. Pretty, she had been. Old Mutt said shortly:

"Yes, I remember."

A shadow crossed Buck Prescott's face. "I—I was engaged to that girl," he said. "But—well, I never married her."

"But what has this got to do—?" Old Mutt began.

PRESCOTT held up his hand. "Wait! Her father didn't approve of the engagement. He was a strait-laced, hard-bitten old boy, and he thought I was a bum. Somehow or other he'd gotten the notion that I was sort of a tramp athlete and no good for anything else. I'm not going into details, but he had other plans for his daughter, and I guess daughters listened more to their fathers in those days. The long and short of it is that the old man influenced her to break the engagement. And I've always believed that he used against me with her my rotten scholastic record and the fact that I was kept out of that particular game because of studies."

"But you don't seriously suggest—?"

Again Prescott interrupted. "Not exactly. There were other considerations, of course. My point is that the game was a small thing, but I think it helped work against me. And I don't want young Pete to have anything wrong with his record, even little things. I want him to have a clear field, if you get me."

"Still," said Old Mutt, "you did marry someone and . . ." Suddenly he looked at Prescott's eyes. Something in them stopped him short.

"LISTEN, Prof," Prescott said in a strangely quiet voice; "my boy is engaged to a girl in this town. I've met her, and I like her. Now, I don't mean to sit here and claim that anything is going to happen between them if he doesn't get to play. But—maybe I'm superstitious—but his case and mine look kind of alike. And I"—he crashed a fist into the palm of his other hand—"I don't want anything to interfere with their happiness, that's all."

He got up then and went to the door. Old Mutt, lifting shrewd eyes, played with a paperweight.

"I think, Prescott," he said slowly, "that I understand—everything."

For a second Prescott hesitated, as if there were more than he could say. But he had already said much—for him.

The door clicked. . . .

"Prescott!"

Young Pete looked up quickly. "Yes, sir!"

"Are you engaged in any—ah—matters of vital importance at, say, around two o'clock?"

"No, sir!" said young Prescott.

"Then report to me—here!" And Old Mutt stumped away, leaving Pete Prescott staring open-mouthed after him.

At two o'clock Old Mutt Bailey, smiling almost sardonically, handed the still bewildered young Prescott a paper.

"There," he said, "are four of the simplest propositions possible to find in the whole of co-ordinate geometry. Despite your rather—er—limited knowledge of mathematics, Prescott, it may be clear that anyone answering two of them correctly would be credited with fifty per cent, which is, I regret to say, the deplorably low passing average in vogue at this college."

Young Prescott gulped. "You—you mean if I pass this, I can play?"

"I won't commit myself that far." Old Mutt eyed him keenly. "But you might regard it as another chance. I advise you to take it. I'll give you two hours, Prescott."

Almost feverishly young Prescott set to work. Old Mutt pretended to busy himself. But from time to time his eyes stole over their spectacles, to note a satisfied look on the boy's face. He was solving the first proposition, as Old Mutt had known that he could. Nothing save a jackass would have missed that one. But the second would tell the tale. As for the third and fourth—well, they were there just because they were there. Old Mutt would have bet the savings of a lifetime against Prescott's working his way safely through those impenetrable jungles.

An hour passed. And now Prescott was chewing the end of his pencil.

It occurred to Old Mutt then that possibly his presence disturbed the boy. He got up quietly and went into an adjoining classroom. There he stood at the window.

Outside, the gold and brown haze of autumn hung over the world. Old Mutt frowned for a moment at a black-capped freshman who was passing the window. But it was not of the freshman that he was thinking. Against his will the eyes of that girl of long ago—Buck Prescott's lost lady—were forcing their way back into his memory.

He passed a hand across his own eyes and puffed furiously. Good heavens! Was he getting to be a silly, fanciful old man? What trick of the imagination seemed to fill those remembered eyes with reproach? Bah, it was ridiculous. He—he was doddering, and he might as well recognize the fact. An improbable story, that one of Buck Prescott's. What girl in her right mind . . . and yet . . . and yet . . . Oh, well, what did it matter, in the long run? Despite his heartbreak Buck Prescott had found his niche. And doubtless the starry-eyed girl had found hers, too. Youth attached too much importance to these things. Julie Colwyn, now, and young Pete in the next room. They were in love, or thought themselves so. But suppose something happened, and they never married! What of it? Julie and Pete would learn, as Buck and his lady had learned, that there is no such thing as complete happiness. They'd find their destinies somewhere, either together or apart, and in the end what did it matter? What, when you came right down to it, did anything matter? . . . And then, suddenly, a thought struck Old Mutt. If nothing at all was to matter, what became of mathematics—and rules?

"Believe me, Coach, this is the last time we play against the Osteopaths' College"

R. A. Hershberger

Warm Today. . .Freezing Tomorrow. . . Warm Today. . .Freezing Tomorrow

DON'T GET CAUGHT IN THE WINTER SEE-SAW
50°
20°
One day the thermometer may climb as high as 50°... and ordinary anti-freezes boil off, evaporate. You lose your freeze-up protection.
Next day, the thermometer may drop below freezing. If you depend on an ordinary anti-freeze, your protection may be gone. It's "buy again or freeze-up."

FIND YOUR CAR ON THIS CHART

IMPORTANT! The price per gallon of an anti-freeze means nothing unless you know *how many gallons* you will need during the *entire* winter. You can't get that information on a boil-away anti-freeze. But you *can* get it for Eveready Prestone...and here it is. See how reasonably you can get two-way protection *all winter long* against both freeze-up and rust with *one shot* of Eveready Prestone—one shot because it won't boil off, no matter how warm the weather gets between the cold snaps. If your car isn't on this chart, your dealer has a chart showing all cars; and amounts needed for temperatures to 62° below zero.

Find your car and read from left to right. The first figure shows the protection you get with one gallon of Eveready Prestone in the cooling system; the second with one and a half gallons—and so on. "+" means above zero. "−" means below zero. If your car has a hot water heater, add ¼ gallon to the quantity called for.

	1 GAL.	1½ GAL.	2 GAL.	2½ GAL.
Auburn				
6-52, '34; 6-53, '35	+12	− 4	−27	−59
8-100, '32; 8-101, 8-105, '33	+15	+ 2	−16	−42
8-95, '30; 850, '34; 851, '35	+17	+ 6	− 9	−28
Buick				
40, '34, '35;	+ 6	−18	−54	
60, '32; 50, '33, '34, '35	+10	− 8	−34	−62
80, 90, '32; 60, '33, '34, '35	+15	+ 2	−16	−42
80, 90, '33; 90, '34, '35	+19	+ 9	− 3	−19
Cadillac				
370-D, '34, '35	+14	Zero	−21	−50
355-D, '34, '35	+16	+ 4	−12	−34
452-D, '34, '35	+19	+ 9	− 3	−19
370-A, '31; 355-B, '32; 355-C, '33	+21	+13	+ 3	− 9
Chevrolet				
Stand; '33, '34, '35	−12	−62		
Master; '33, '34, '35	− 6	−47		
Master; '31, '32	Zero	−34	−62	
Chrysler				
6-, '32, '33, '34, '35	+12	− 4	−27	−59
8-, '31, '32, AF, IMP, '35	+15	+ 2	−16	−42
Roy 8, Imp 8, '33; Air 8, '35	+16	+ 4	−12	−34
Imp, '30, 77, '30, 70, '31	+18	+ 8	− 6	−23
De Soto				
6, '31, '32; '33; 8, '31	+10	− 8	−34	−62
6, '34	+16	+ 4	−12	−34
Airflow, Airstream, '35	+12	− 4	−27	−59
Dodge				
6, '32, '33, '34	+ 8	−12	−43	
Sen 6, '30; New Six, '35	+12	− 4	−27	−59
8-'32, '33	+15	+ 2	−16	−42
Ford				
A, '30, '31; B, '32, '33	Zero	−34	−62	
V-8, '32, '33, '34	+18	+ 8	− 6	−23
V-8, '35	+16	+ 4	−12	−34
Graham				
73-Spl 6; 72-8, '35	+14	Zero	−21	−50
6, 8, '33; 6, 8, '34; 75, '35	+16	+ 4	−12	−34
Hudson				
8, '31, '32, '33; 6, '35	+12	− 4	−27	−59
8, '35	+17	+ 6	− 9	−28
8, '34	+19	+ 9	− 3	−19
Hupmobile				
18, '31; Cent. 8, '32; 321, '33	+10	− 8	−34	−62
417, 421, '34; 521, '35	+10	− 8	−34	−62
Hupmobile (con't)				
322, '33; 422, '34; 518, '35	+17	+ 6	− 9	−28
326, '33; 426, '34; 527, '35	+19	+10	Zero	−15
La Fayette				
1934; 3510, '35	+15	+ 2	−16	−42
La Salle				
350, '34; 35-50, '35	+15	+ 2	−16	−42
345-B, '32; 345-C, '33	+21	+13	+ 3	− 9
Lincoln				
136, '33, '34, '35; 145, '34, '35	+23	+17	+10	− 2
Nash				
60, '31; 960, '32, 70, '31; 970, '32	+ 3	−25	−62	
1130, 1070, 1170, '33; 1220, '34	+12	− 4	−27	−59
1280, '34; 3580, '35; 1080, 1180, '33	+17	+ 6	− 9	−28
Oldsmobile				
F-30, '30; F-31, '31; F-35, '35	+ 3	−25	−62	
F-32, L-32, '32; F-33, '33, L '35	+12	− 4	−27	−59
L-33, '33; L-34, '34	+15	+ 2	−16	−42
Packard				
120-'35	+12	− 4	−27	−59
Sup. 8, '33, '34; 8, '33, '34, '35	+16	+ 4	−12	−34
Sup. 8, '35	+18	+ 8	− 6	−23
745, '30; 845, '31; DeL '32	+21	+13	+ 3	− 9
Pierce Arrow				
41, 42, 43, '31; 54, '32; 836-A, '34	+21	+13	+ 3	− 9
840-A, '34; 845, '35	+22	+15	+ 6	− 5
Plymouth				
30, '30; PF, PG, '34	+ 6	−18	−54	
PA, '31; PB, '32; PE, '34; PJ, '35	+10	− 8	−34	−62
PC, PD, '33	+ 3	−25	−62	
Pontiac				
'30, '31; 6-'32, '35	+ 6	−18	−54	
8-'33, '34, '35	+ 8	−12	−43	
Reo				
6-21, 6-25, '32; FC '35; Roy. '35	+15	+ 2	−16	−42
8-25, '32; S-2, '33; S-6, '34	+16	+ 4	−12	−34
Studebaker				
Com 8, '31, '32, '33; Dict 6, '34, '35	+10	− 8	−34	−62
Dict '31, Com 8, '34, Pres 8, '33, '34	+14	Zero	−21	−50
Pres 8, '31, '32, '35; Com 8, '35	+17	+ 6	− 9	−28
Terraplane				
6, '32, '33; 6 Spec. '35	+ 3	−25	−62	
8, '33; 6 DeL., '35	+10	− 8	−34	−62
6, '34	+14	Zero	−21	−50

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$2.70 A GALLON

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the GUARANTEED* ANTI-FREEZE

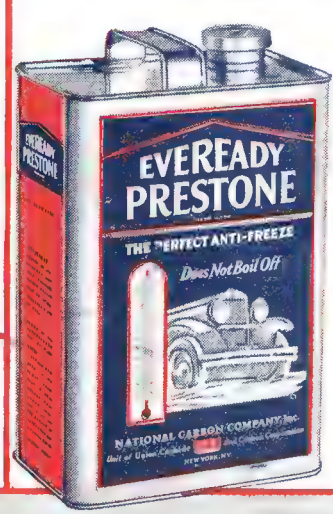
One shot, put in now, will guard your car against freeze-up and rust all winter. Eveready Prestone won't boil off no matter how warm the weather gets between the cold snaps. Has no odor. Specifically guaranteed.

ASK YOUR DEALER THIS ONE QUESTION

Of more than 100 brands of anti-freeze on the market, most are based on alcohol—but are not plainly labeled as such. So ask your dealer this question about any anti-freeze you consider buying: "*How much* of this product is alcohol?" That is important, for alcohol, no matter how disguised or what it is called, is subject to evaporation, leaving you without adequate protection.

Your dealer will tell you that Eveready Prestone contains no glycerine, no alcohol . . . and *that it will not* boil off or evaporate. Back of every drop of Eveready Prestone is the following guarantee . . . your definite assurance of *all-winter* protection.

*A DEFINITE GUARANTEE



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For a long time he stood at the window wrestling with this question that threatened to overthrow the thinking of a lifetime. Then, just as he was about to turn away, two figures on the walk outside caught his eye.

Ah, strange that those two should happen along just now—Julie, slim and eager, with her wonderful blue eyes upturned to Buck Prescott's face. And Julie was smiling, as if, for just this moment, she were completely happy.

Completely happy! Julie wasn't plagued by memories. Her thoughts were only of her glorious golden present, forerunner of an even more glorious future. And that was the right of Youth, to have a golden present in which to dream impossible dreams that would never come true, but to dream them all the same; the right of Youth to be, just for a space, completely happy. . . .

"I am becoming—" Old Mutt pulled himself together sharply—"nothing but a sentimental old fool."

He went slowly back to the room in which he had left young Prescott. Young Prescott still sat there, frowning at the paper before him.

For a second Old Mutt stood in the doorway, plainly nerving himself. Then he spoke, a little loudly: "Hand in your paper, Prescott!"

The boy started in his seat.

"But, Prof," he said anxiously, "it's only three-thirty . . ."

"Bring me your paper, Prescott!" Old Mutt commanded, in a strange voice.

PRESCOTT shrugged and rose. He said nothing as Old Mutt took the paper.

"When I look at this, Prescott," said Old Mutt, not meeting his eyes, "will I find that you have passed?"

Pete Prescott shook his head. "No, sir! I got the first one, all right. But the rest have me licked. I'm sorry, Prof. I've muffed it again."

Almost as hard, reflected Old Mutt, to break rules as to make them. But his fingers never faltered. With a quick, decisive movement they tore the paper in half.

"Then, Prescott," he said, looking away, "perhaps I'd better not look at it."

"B-but . . ." began young Prescott, astounded.

"Prescott," said Old Mutt Bailey, "if you don't, in the abortive language of the day, step on it, you'll be late for this afternoon's workout.". . .

Pete Prescott didn't beat Carteret single-handed. But he punted them silly. And it was his pass, bullet-straight, that Jordan took behind the goal line in the third quarter for the only score of the day.

Old Mutt, jostled and carried along by the surging, triumphant crowd that pushed out the stadium, caught a glimpse of Buck Prescott and Julie Colwyn. But they didn't see him. They didn't see anybody. Buck Prescott's face was red and he was laughing, and his collar had come loose and he had no hat, as he had flung it away in deference to a certain forward pass, Prescott to Jordan. And Julie—Julie just clung to Buck's arm and moved in a dream.

Old Mutt let them get past him. Then he smiled his grim, professorial smile.

"Youth," muttered Old Mutt Bailey to himself. "Well, in the modern jargon, I'm all square with it. I—I don't owe it a thing."

Seattle's Boy Friend

(*Continued from page 53*)

street department. You had better do something about it right away.

Mayor Smith called his secretary.

"Sea lions, Rudy," he said. "We must get their minds off sea lions."

"Okeh, sir!" said Mr. Block. "The next one will be the icemen's dash for a housewife's kiss. Twenty icemen, each carrying fifty pounds of ice, will race seventy-five yards and the winners will be publicly kissed by pretty wives."

The mayor blanched for a second.

"You're sure," he said, "there will be no husbandly objections?"

Mr. Block perished the thought.

"All right," said the mayor. "After all, it will serve to interest the citizenry in our park system."

"You said that before," pointed out Mr. Block severely.

FIFTEEN thousand citizens cheered hoarsely as the icemen ran, and were soundly kissed—the icemen, not the citizens. And they became interested in their park system—the citizens, not the icemen. The icemen were interested in being kissed.

Once more the city's mind was off its troubles. But not for long. Another letter turned up a week or so later:

The way to solve the street-railway problem is to build a subway like they have in New York, a ferry building like they have in San Francisco, and then install loops like they have in Chicago.

The mayor pressed his secretary's buzzer again.

"Quick, Rudy!" he said. "They're solving the street-car problem again. You'll have to put on that Diaper Derby or that Put-out-the-Cat contest."

And so it came about a few days later that a score of male citizens, in nightshirts, lay in a score of beds in a Seattle park, in full view of 20,000 neighbors. Each bed had beside it a stuffed cat. Each nightshirted male simulated sleep.

As the starter's gun went off, each nightshirted sleeper arose, seized the cat, dashed fifty yards with it, and hurled it far, far into the night. This was a trifle difficult, because it was midafternoon, but nobody cared.

Mayor Smith again made a slight speech. He was glad, he said, to see his fellow citizens becoming interested in their parks. Mr. Block, who had heard that before, smiled grimly and went about putting on a Diaper Derby. This caused some ill feeling, as proponents of the one-pin and two-pin methods argued vehemently all over town for two weeks preceding the event. . . . However, in the end battalions of sweating husbands diapered live babies in full view of cheering thousands.

One of Smith's latest stunts—a coyote hunt—got out of hand and started an international incident. Somebody reported a coyote in a residence district, and at once City Hall organized a hunt in which the hunters were to wear full fox-hunting regalia, ride bicycles and wheelbarrows, and generally have a good time.

Things were going along smoothly, when two reckless fellows, having heard about the dismay of the Japanese over a cartoon showing their emperor hauling a rickshaw, decided to join. One of them impersonated the mikado; the other, lolling back in a rickshaw, impersonated Haile Selassie. He was armed with meat axes, squirrel rifles, and other impedimenta favored by the Imperial Lion of Judah.

This idea, when pictured in the newspapers, caused high blood pressure in diplomatic circles, denunciatory editorials, and a sad look on Smith's face. Voluntarily he apologized for the "incident."

Charles Louis Smith is forty-three years old. He was born on a farm near Auburn, a few miles south of Seattle. His father was a sheriff of King County, Wash. After his school days, he went to the University of Washington to study law.

He got his name in the papers first in 1913, when he won the Pacific Coast football conference for Washington by kicking the goal that gave the Huskies a 10-7 victory over Oregon.

Finally, he won the right to hang out his legal shingle, and along came the war. He enlisted and served overseas as captain with an artillery outfit in the 91st Division, seeing service in the Argonne.

Home again, he married a college sweetheart—Miss Gladys Loer. They have two children, Charles Jr. and Janice.

For eight years before he became mayor, Charles Louis Smith served as an assistant corporation counsel for the City of Seattle. This meant he was virtually unknown; but to understand how he was elected you must understand Seattle politics.

BEING mayor of Seattle comes under the head of Dangerous Occupations. Very few mayors survive their first term in office. One recent mayor was defeated because he guessed the folks wanted a morality-minus town when they really wanted a morality-plus city—for a week or two, anyway. A second was discarded because she was a woman, and the he-men of the town became fed up with getting letters addressed to them in "She-attle."

A third mayor shot the chutes because he fired the popular chief of the municipal power plant, it being heresy in Seattle not to support municipal ownership.

So Seattle, being so enthusiastic about changing mayors every two years, is naturally disposed to take more interest in the man it is defeating than in his successor. Getting rid of the old one is good fun, and it is not until after the voting that the city wakes up and asks, "Who's this guy we've elected?"

It was thus that Mr. Smith became mayor after eight long years of obscurity. Hardly anyone had ever heard of him except some old sports writers.

The new mayor, overflowing with gratitude for being remembered—even by sports writers—rewarded these gentlemen instanter with the promise of a new municipal fish hatchery. It was no idle gesture, either. An astounded city, used to political promises, saw the hatchery actually go in.

Smith's predecessor had cut his own salary from $7,500 to $4,000, and chopped down the salaries of his department heads. The new mayor announced that he intended to take the $7,500. Meanwhile, the department heads would stay cut. To queries about this strange action, Mr. Smith replied tersely:

"I need the money!"

As a matter of fact, he spends a large part of his salary on the overhead of his office, but the voters didn't know that.

ALMOST as soon as he took office, he was in hot water, through no fault of his own. A longshoremen's strike was raging.

His old urge for co-operation led him to try mediation. Feeling was bitter on both sides. No ships moved in or out of the harbor. It was an open secret that most of the police force didn't relish bludgeoning strikers, and public opinion was split wide open.

The employers appealed to Smith day and night to "do something." The unions wanted him to keep hands off. Meanwhile, trade was dying.

Along the water front were tragedy and comedy. During one attempt to load ships with strike-breaking help, a train was ordered to the piers. Its crew sent down a note to the strike pickets. The train then backed slowly down toward the pier. The pickets languidly tossed a few rocks, and the train crew took the cars back to the yards. They didn't, the crew explained, wish to endanger railroad property.

Presently, however, the train started to roll down to the piers again, and the pickets, apprised by the police, rolled a steam-shovel bucket across a track. When the train drew near, there was some embarrassment, because the bucket was across the wrong track. However, the train politely waited, and the bucket was moved across the right track. The train then approached gingerly, halted at the obstruction, and backed up. It could hardly be expected to run into a bucket. Police and pickets then amicably rolled the obstruction from the track.

Well, Mayor Smith had been preaching co-operation, but he had hardly expected it to go as far as that. The police chief resigned shortly after that, and the mayor himself assumed command of the force.

There ensued the famous Battle of Smith Cove, in the late summer of 1934. This battle of the water front was fought under Smith's personal direction.

For weeks an army of policemen camped on a long pier. Across the shoreward end

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NEWS FLASH—World's oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners brings out new Model 300—full-size, famous Hoover quality, with Positive Agitation at lowest price in Hoover history. Dirt Finder and other latest convenience features. It beats, as it sweeps, as it cleans. Sold through representatives of leading local stores everywhere. Now every woman can own the cleaner she's always wanted—at a price she can afford.

of the pier was a fence, and behind this fence were strike pickets.

Everything was very jolly. Then, Mayor Smith one morning sent out reinforcements to his police army, and ordered them to push the picket line back a few hundred yards. He went out himself, got inside the lines, and stood around directing the police charges. Gas pistols exploded and he got a whiff of gas—but the surrounding hills were jammed with sightseers who got theirs, too.

Nobody got very excited about the battle. Police clubs swung up, but seldom down. The strikers' line, however, was forced back—and stayed back.

THE battle was the turning point of the strike. Not long afterward an agreement was signed.

Hardly was this over when the police department came under fire, for the usual reasons. Vice reared its ugly head, and the stories of graft and corruption went around again. Smith got every policeman on the force on parade at the central station.

"You've lost the confidence of the public," he said bluntly. "Now, I demand that you go out and earn the co-operation of the public." He paused, and went on:

"If there's one man I despise more than a bribe-giver it's a bribe-taker. A bribe-taker is a public enemy, and I'm going to drive every public enemy from this police force. . . . Dismissed!"

But a little while later he was defending his cops from the attack of reformers.

Having learned about co-operation as manager of a football team, Mayor Smith continues to preach it. This breaks into what used to be his home life, because it is nothing at all for him to attend three noon luncheons and three evening dinners on the same day, preaching the gospel. With the aid of a fast car, he has worked out his own technique for this sort of thing: a spoonful of soup and a dab of fish at Luncheon Number 1; a slice of the roast and some ice water at Number 2; and a slab of pie and a cup of coffee at Number 3.

Recently, unable to get him for luncheons and banquets, some of the local civic clubs have been staging breakfasts, and Smith goes around cheerfully and talks.

When he took office, he resolved to have one evening a week at home. This resolve was whittled down to one evening a month. At present, the idea is to have a Christmas evening at home, but he is too wary to specify which Christmas.

He's one of the hardest-working mayors Seattle ever had. At first, he took his job very seriously, and when Miss Grace Moore, the singer, arrived, he refused point-blank to go down to the depot and offer her a kiss of welcome. This was a bit of a stunner to the populace, which had grown used to having its mayors kiss every fair visiting celebrity.

Mayor Smith thundered, "No, it's undignified. I'm not a press agent's stooge. My office shall not be used for publicity purposes."

One Seattle paper composed a pictorial welcome scene out of a photo of Miss Moore and another of the mayor. This masterwork of synthetic art, printed on page one, preserved the traditions. For years mayors had been photographed alongside bathing girls, elephants, and contented cows. It was unthinkable that a mayor should flout tradition. Charles Louis Smith learned his lesson. He appeared within a few days, alongside a horse—and all was forgiven.

Smith really does work. His day starts around 6:30, when he gets up, has coffee, and hurries out to the airport for an hour's flying. He says it helps him start the day right. Smith has his own pilot's license. At eight, he's hastening to some breakfast, at which he makes a talk about co-operation or in explanation of a policy.

He gets to his office in City Hall about nine, finding half a dozen visitors waiting. He interviews these, reads his mail, dictates replies, and has his desk clear by ten.

After that come two hours of appointments with city officials, salesmen, important citizens, and other visitors. At noon he's away to his first luncheon of the day.

In the afternoon it's a continuous stream of callers, minor and major. Soon after six Smith stops the stream, looks through

the visitors' book to make sure he has overlooked nobody, and leaves.

In the evening there are the banquets, and after them, if there's time, he likes to watch a wrestling match. He'd rather watch the grapplers than stand around at a social affair or dance.

Occasionally, he sneaks away for a day or two with a few friends and goes hunting or fishing. He's good at both.

AFTER the big water-front strike of 1934, Smith cast around for something to get everyone together and smooth out the rough spots created by the labor trouble. In former years, Seattle had staged a potlatch as an annual event, but the celebration had been dropped for a variety of reasons. Smith decided to reinstate it.

A potlatch originally was a party staged by the Siwashes of the Northwest coast, at which chiefs of rival tribes vied with one another in giving away all they had.

In Gold Rush days and after, Seattle staged her own potlatch, and locals astounded visitors with glad cries of: "Klahowya, Six!" and other weird phrases in the Chinook jargon. In those days, the old war canoes still brought in the Indians, but Mayor Smith thought it would be a good idea to bring in something a bit more up to date. So most of Uncle Sam's war canoes —the Pacific fleet—came to anchor for the celebration.

There is little doubt that the get-togethers which Smith engineers really do help to promote co-operation and better feeling among the citizens. Other planks in his platform include the cutting down of traffic accidents and the elimination of lotteries and slot machines. He hasn't been very successful at these.

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He's in favor of public ownership of public utilities, which, in Seattle, is equivalent to being in favor of the climate of California.

He has faced one recall movement, engineered by a wing of the labor forces after his policemen hurled gas bombs at strike pickets in the water-front trouble. But the general sentiment that he had done the best he knew how ended the attempt. Very few Seattle mayors get through their two-year term without the threat.

AFTER he had been preaching for several months on civic pride, it came as an unpleasant shock to him one day to learn that a humble worker in City Hall, known as Benny the Bootblack, had never been to a Seattle suburb called Ballard.

"What, never, my lad?" asked the astonished mayor.

"Well, not for thirty years, Charlie," said Benny.

So another civic function was arranged at once. Judges of the superior court were summoned to appear in judicial robes. Cars and bands were commandeered, and it was announced that the Ballard-ignoring Benny would be escorted to the bewildered suburb, upon a certain day, there to be feasted, lectured, and exhorted.

A great section of the town laid off for the day and helped Benny to Ballard and back. Smith took occasion to make a remark or two about co-operation, and the procession of judges, dignitaries, the mayor, and Benny made a triumphal progress about the place.

"It was a good lesson to me in civic consciousness," Benny said afterward.

So Charles Louis Smith goes along—paying with a grin when he gets caught with an unfixable traffic tag, shoving American Legionnaires into patrol wagons with glee during their conventions, fighting for salary raises for City Hall employees, thundering against dope and bail-bond brokers, insisting that his cops conduct themselves with military bearing, and with a water-bucket christening bathing girls as "Miss Neptune."

He's a mayor until the summer of 1936. After that, it's on the knees of the gods, with the odds against him. But he passes up chances to get rich with reckless daring. A recent mail brought him this:

I am interested in a gold-mining proposition. We have struck ore. We would like to have the mayor have his picture taken holding a sample of this ore. We will give the mayor fifty shares of stock for his picture holding the ore.

He turned that down without a qualm. He picked up the next letter:

My husband has been sent to jail for reckless driving. I need him at home tonight to mind the baby. It is the night my bridge club meets. It is okeh for him to go back to jail after tonight.

"Rudy," he says to his secretary, "get me the chief. . . . Oh, Chief? Charlie Smith speaking. . . . A lady with a bridge club . . . a little co-operation, eh, Chief? . . . Okeh, Chief!"

If he thinks, next spring, that the voters are going to turn against him, Charles Louis Smith will be a good sport and co-operate by voting against himself.

He's that way.

Career Woman

(*Continued from page 29*)

at a space on the wall a couple of inches over Sheila's head.

"I've known Miss Kerwin for a month," he said. "She's wonderful, Sheila. She's a little, helpless thing, an orphan. She doesn't work—she lives on a pittance in a stupid old boardinghouse. But she doesn't go around crabbing. She's so sweet and brave. . . ."

So sweet and brave! Sheila gulped down a rising wisecrack and regarded Don with real anguish in her eyes.

The foursome was a bust from the start. Paul showed clearly that he would have preferred Sheila to himself, and Don was the same way about Mimi. Try as she would, Sheila couldn't inject any brightness into the affair. Mimi alone enjoyed herself—smiling gently at Paul, raising a wide, appealing gaze to Don, gasping with wonder at Sheila's most bromidic remarks.

"You women who work," she would say, "how I revere you for being independent!"

Sheila at last, goaded to a retort, asked: "But you're independent, aren't you?"

Mimi Kerwin shrugged. "I have barely enough to get by," she said. "I wish I had a job."

Don said, "I'll give you a job. We could use her, couldn't we, Sheila?"

Sheila said, "Oh, we could use her. But how?"

Don beamed upon Mimi. "What can you do?" he wanted to know.

Mimi lifted delicate shoulders.

"Not very much," she said. "I can't type—it tires me so; and I don't scintillate like Miss Elliott. But I'd try so hard—if you'd give me a chance. Will you, Donny?"

Don's gaze was tender. He said:

"I'll give you more than a chance, any time. Come in tomorrow and Sheila will show you the ropes. We're pretty much of a closed corporation—Sheila and I—we do everything between us. Maybe it's time we had a transfusion of new blood."

Sheila turned to Mimi.

"Yes," she said slowly, "new blood is valuable. Drift in tomorrow and we'll see what we shall see. In other words, I'll show you the well-known ropes." She added mentally, "I'd adore to strangle you with them!"

IT WAS on the way home that Paul Kent again asked Sheila to marry him.

"I say this whenever I get to town," he told her; "I'm a Lochinvar who rides out of the West and never makes the grade. I suppose your answer is no, as usual?"

Sheila patted his arm. "Yes, Paul," she said, "it's no—as usual."

Paul said, "You've got to get married some day. You're too attractive to go it

For Sound Sleep And Steadier Nerves...

Try This Natural, Drugless Way That Helps So Many Nowadays

HERE is a way that is helping thousands to do away with restless hours of night-time tossing. A way to which they accredit *sounder sleep* and *steadier nerves*, as well as new energy next day.

It is not a drug, but a delicious food-drink approved by thousands of physicians and used in 54 different countries today. Called Ovaltine, it was originally created in Switzerland as a strengthening food for invalids, convalescents, and the aged.

Then physicians noted that, when taken as a hot drink at bedtime, it was also a remarkable aid to sound, natural sleep. . . . This is how its action is explained:—

First:—As a hot bedtime drink, Ovaltine tends to draw excess blood away from the brain. Thus mental calm is invited—the mind is "conditioned" for sleep.

Second:—Ovaltine, on account of its ease of digestion, gives the stomach a light digestive task to perform. Thus helping to do away with that hollow, restless feeling that keeps so many people awake.

Third:—Ovaltine not only helps to bring sound sleep quickly but, in many cases, helps to improve the quality of sleep. That is why so many users report they awaken in the morning so greatly refreshed. Looking and feeling like different people as the result of the sound and restful sleep they've had.

Remarkable Reports

Great numbers of letters from delighted users of Ovaltine are regularly received. For example, Mrs. Edith B. Hawkins of Lake Ronkonkoma, N. Y., writes:—*"Of late years, I have often gone for weeks with very little sleep. I read about Ovaltine and thought I would try it. The first night I slept better than I had in years. Now I am drinking Ovaltine every night and I sleep like a baby."*

Another delighted user, Robert Martin, 30 Pasadena St., Pittsburgh, Pa., says:—*"I have been a chronic sufferer from insomnia for the past year. Refusing to take opiates, I was finally advised to try Ovaltine. I did, and today I have no trouble at all getting seven full hours of sleep each night."*

These letters cover, of course, only two individual experiences. Naturally, we do not claim or guarantee that similar results will occur in *every* case where Ovaltine is used. But inasmuch as these statements are so typical of thousands we have received, we believe a thorough trial of Ovaltine is justified by every intelligent person in cases of "nerves" and sleepless nights.

See For Yourself

Don't judge Ovaltine merely by what users claim for it. Try it and see for yourself.

Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine now. Mix 3 to 4 teaspoonfuls of it with a cup of hot milk and drink it just before you go to bed tonight. See if you don't fall asleep more easily and naturally than you have, probably, in weeks and months.

In the morning when you awaken, take stock. See if you don't feel fresher—and *look* more rested, too. Phone your druggist or grocer now. You'll be glad you did.

OVALTINE

The Swiss Food-Drink—Now made in the U.S.A.

LOOK FOR NEW LOW PRICES

AT DRUG, GROCERY AND DEPARTMENT STORES

alone forever. It might as well be me."

"You'd keep me in Kitchen Garments, at least!" giggled Sheila.

Paul's voice was husky. "I'd keep you in love," he said. "That's something."

Sheila's voice was husky, also. "That's everything," she said, "everything, including the reason why I can't marry you. Love's more or less important."

Paul Kent peered sharply at Sheila's face. "It looks," he said at last, "as though love were fairly important to Don just now. He's head over ears. That Mimi is pretty, but she's thistledown."

Sheila said, "The years have taught me, Paul, that gentlemen prefer thistledown."

Paul said, "To all intents and purposes I'm a gentleman, and I prefer solid substance. It's"—he choked—"months since I saw you, Sheila. Would you mind very much if I kissed you?"

Sheila answered quite truthfully, "Mind? I'd rather enjoy it, Paul."

But as his lips brushed her cheek she wondered what Mimi and Don were doing—in some other taxi. . . .

MIMI KERWIN came to the office of the Sheridan Agency slightly before noon the next day. She looked very small and unbusinesslike in her quaint printed silk gown and her poke bonnet. She said:

"Well, here I am, Miss Elliott, ready for work. What'll I do—and where's Donny?"

Sheila said, "Don's out. Suppose you begin by taking off your hat and sitting down at the desk beside me. If we're going to toil together, we'd best get acquainted."

Mimi removed the hat. She ran slender fingers through her hair. "You're sweet," she told Sheila, "to take so much trouble with me. I hope I won't be a nuisance."

"I hope you won't," Sheila replied, a shade brusquely—and prayed that Don wouldn't come back until twilight.

But Don did. He walked in at one-fifteen, just about the time Mimi was beginning to feel faint with hunger.

Don said, "The old sweatshop's taken on a new luster. How're you, Mimi?"

Mimi answered, "I'm all right, Donny boy, but I'm a hopeless failure at this sort of thing. And"—she lifted delicate brows—"the morning's gone already, and—"

"And you've had no luncheon," Don finished for her. "Poor child! Well, neither have I had any luncheon. Will you—?" He paused expressively.

Mimi's face was transformed. "Will I!" she lilted. "I'm starved to death."

Sheila was forgotten, nearly. It was only when they were about to leave that Don recalled her presence.

"Where are *you* lunching, Sheila?" he asked, not too spontaneously. "Wouldn't you care to come along?"

Sheila said, "No, I have a date." Not until the door closed did her chin quiver. Great tears were standing in her eyes when Paul Kent entered, unannounced.

"For crying out loud, Sheila!" he ejaculated.

"That's exactly what I am doing," Sheila told him. "Life isn't worth living today. My doll's stuffed with sawdust."

"Meaning what?" asked Paul.

"Meaning," Sheila groaned, "that I'm a jealous cat. That Mimi arrived this noon. She's my helper, now, and Don's—Don is out to lunch with her. I can fairly smell the orange blossoms."

Paul said, "Are you in love with Sheridan, Sheila?"

Sheila answered wearily, "And how!" She added, "The joke's on me, Paul. I'm nothing but his right-hand man. What he wants is romance. That's Mimi."

Paul said, "Romance to the deuce! Mimi isn't worth the powder and shot to blow her to bits. Don can't visualize her clearly, that's all—he's too close. Why don't you show him what she is, Sheila? Put her to work, really, and let him see what she hasn't got. Why"—he laughed wryly—"I should give you advice about landing Don, I don't know!"

Sheila said, "It's easy to tell me I should put her to work. But at what? That's the question."

Paul said, "Put her to work on my copy. I'm willing to be a burnt offering. See if she's got any ideas about kitchen garments. Say you've gone stale on my stuff—pull that needing-new-blood line that Don wowed us with last night."

Sheila looked at Paul Kent with unalloyed admiration. She saw a large, earnest young man, not without charm. She saw something else. She saw a flicker of something that might, for want of a better name, be called gallantry.

Mimi was aghast, at first, when Sheila told her that she was to be given a chance at the Kent copy. She said:

"But I couldn't write an advertisement, I never wrote an advertisement in my life. I don't even write very good letters!"

Sheila said, hating herself the while, "But writing copy is different from writing good letters. It's a question of putting over a point of view."

Mimi Kerwin laughed. "I'm such a fool," she said; "why, I don't have any points of view to speak of! I'm not like you, Sheila; I'll never be a career woman. I'm"—her tone changed; Don was taking his position at her side—"I'm the sort of a person, I guess, that belongs in a home instead of in an office."

Don said, "Poor little Mimi. Is Sheila treating her rough?"

Mimi answered, "Oh, no—it's only that Sheila has more confidence in me than I have in myself. She wants me to write about Mr. Kent's house dresses."

Towne Millar

Don's expression changed. He said protestingly:

"But Sheila, be your age! Kent is our biggest customer and his copy is important. You can't afford to make him angry with clumsy, amateurish—"

Sheila interrupted, "You're being unfair to Mimi. If you think she'd be capable of upsetting Paul Kent's apple cart—"

Don went on with a rush: "This isn't a question of personalities. It's a question of hard cash. Paul is a business man, and he doesn't come East to fritter away his time. He's here to block out a new campaign."

SHEILA put her arm around Mimi Kerwin's slight body. She did it with the gesture of a goddess protecting a mere mortal.

"That's just it," she said, like a sublime parrot, "he's here to block out a new campaign and I haven't a single original thought about kitchen garments. I've sold color fastness and color notes to the long-suffering public until color doesn't mean anything any more. I've sold cut and fabric and durability and neatness until they're coming out of my ears. My one hope of acquiring a novel slant is this child." Her hand patted Mimi's shoulder. "What was it, Don, that you said about transfusions?"

Don's face was wrathful.

"Hang it all, Sheila," he exploded. "Mimi doesn't know—"

It was Mimi herself who answered.

"You've mentioned before, Donny," she said coldly, "that I don't know the facts of life I may not be very smart—to use your own words, I may be amateurish and clumsy—but I get the drift. Sheila is much kinder than you are. She"—Mimi's childish mouth was unsteady—"has faith in me, and I'm going to justify it. If she needs a new idea for the—do you call it a campaign?—I'll give her a new idea. You've hurt my feelings very badly.'

All at once she was crying gustily against Sheila's shoulder. Sheila, waving Don away, felt like a sheep-killing dog!

For the rest of the afternoon Mimi Kerwin—she and Don had returned from luncheon at three—sat at a table in a corner of the office, with her brow knit, and a yellow pad in front of her. She scribbled valiantly. Part of the time she rested her head upon her minute clenched fist. Part of the time she sat childishly upon one foot.

After Don had watched her for a glum fifteen minutes, he muttered something and started for the door.

"I'll be back at closing," he growled.

Mimi tore off a yellow sheet and rolled it into a tight ball and dropped it on the floor at her feet.

The two hours, from three until five, were silent. Sheila had plenty to do in one way and another—she always had plenty to do. She, too, had a yellow pad; she, too, spent the interlude in scribbling. But the floor around her chair was neat as a pin, whereas Mimi's allotted space began to resemble a blizzard-swept prairie.

At five o'clock Sheila switched on a light above Mimi's head. Under the hard, yellow glow the blond curls seemed somehow pathetic and young. Sheila felt an insane impulse to pat those curls, and told herself sternly that she was getting to be a

doddering old woman. She said gently to Mimi:

"Aren't you tired? Remember that it's your first working day."

But Mimi answered, "No, I'm not," and threw another wad of paper on the floor.

So Sheila went back to her desk.

It was six o'clock when Don Sheridan returned. With him came Paul Kent, looking so kittenish, despite his size, that one was acutely conscious of yellow feathers at the corners of his mouth. From his vantage point behind Don, he winked at Sheila, a stage wink, which she hadn't the heart to acknowledge.

Don had regained his good humor; Sheila wondered if he'd been going places with Paul. He greeted the office, at large, with an annoying buoyancy.

"How's genius?" he asked. "Is it burning bright? How're you coming, Mimi? Have you done something spectacular about kitchen garments? Or are you ready to retire to a real kitchen and work it out in a different way?"

Sheila laughed, despite herself. "Don't be a fool, Don," she said. "Mimi's been writing steadily ever since you left. She must be exhausted, poor lamb."

Perhaps it was the unfeigned sympathy in Sheila's voice that made Mimi Kerwin whirl to face the three of them. She said:

"I am exhausted. You see, I'm not an efficient person. I'll never be a career woman—*never!* I have an idea"—her tone was tragic—"but I can't, for the life of me, get it on paper."

PAUL was looking at Mimi strangely. Much of the kitten expression was erased from his mouth. He, not Don, was the one who said, "You poor kid!"

Sheila spoke swiftly and kindly. "Putting ideas into words," she said, "is right down my alley, Mimi. Shoot the works, and I'll bring out the vocabulary."

Mimi Kerwin clasped her hands. Her brow knit in embarrassed thought.

"Well, you see," she said quite shyly, "it's this way: Women who buy kitchen garments for color fastness and hard service, like you said, Sheila, often don't *buy* them. They do their cooking and cleaning in old dresses that are too shabby to wear for afternoon and on the street—because looks don't matter. Women who buy kitchen garments are young brides who buy 'em" (she couldn't help dimpling at her audience) "to impress their husbands, or to make their unmarried friends jealous. The older women who buy 'em do it to impress another kind of people—the folk who come to their kitchens on business. The butcher, for instance—"

"And," murmured Sheila, "the baker and the candlestick maker."

"Exactly," said Mimi. "*You* see, Sheila, what I mean. Women don't buy kitchen garments for durability. They buy 'em to look cute. Women who buy kitchen clothes buy them because they *don't look like kitchen clothes.* They buy 'em because they look *party.*" She paused, maybe for breath.

Sheila might have been a self-termed jealous cat, but she was a good sport as well. She actually smiled as she said:

"Yes, Mimi; go on."

Mimi Kerwin warmed to her task. "If I bought a kitchen garment," she said, "I'd buy something with frills. Something to show my elbows—I have nice el-

Throat Irritated?

HOW TO GET RELIEF

WHEN *germs get into the mucous membrane of your throat, they set up an irritation, usually accompanied by inflammation and pain . . . In many cases, you can help check the infection and appreciably lessen the discomfort by gargling with Hexylresorcinol Solution S. T. 37.*

Relieves pain as it kills the germs

WHEN Hexylresorcinol Solution S.T. 37 is used as a gargle, the first thing that happens is that a large proportion of the germs—every germ the solution reaches—is killed almost instantly.

Ordinarily the irritation would remain for some time after the germs are killed. But Solution S. T. 37, as the germs are killed, almost instantly allays the pain of the irritation.

The irritation may return, but as gargling is repeated and the tissue heals, the irritation comes to an end. A little of the solution should be swallowed each time to make sure that it gets deep into the throat.

Highly germicidal

No other gargle can keep your mouth freer of bacteria than Hexylresorcinol Solution S. T. 37. It is even stronger than carbolic acid in any usable solution. Tests of mouth rinsings, with Solution S. T. 37, show that the exposed and removable germs are reduced 96%. Five hours later, these germs are still reduced 91%.

How to gargle . . .

You should remember that the gargle fluid can destroy only the germs which it reaches. In order to reach the maximum number of bacteria, therefore, the gargle should be allowed to slip down as far as possible in the throat and should be held there as long as possible. Also gargling should be started *before* the infection reaches an advanced stage. Gargle at the first sign of irritation.

Pleasant to use

You will find Solution S. T. 37 pleasant to gargle with. It is definitely germicidal, yet almost instantly soothing. Its power to soothe local painful areas quickly may also be used to advantage in wound and burn cases. It never stings. It has a definite, unique, pain-easing property, even when poured into open wounds.

At all drug stores—50¢ and $1. Prices slightly higher in Canada. Remember—if throat irritation persists, or if cuts and burns do not quickly heal, consult your doctor.

Between gargles, use Hexylresorcinol Sucrets (pleasant-tasting lozenges) for continuous antiseptic and soothing action—25 cents. To give your teeth delightful antiseptic cleansing, use Hexylresorcinol S. T. 37 Tooth Paste—25 cents.

HEXYLRESORCINOL SOLUTION S. T. 37

A Product of Sharp & Dohme

bows. I'd want people to think, 'Isn't she silly to wear that dress to cook in?'"

Paul Kent spoke to Mimi.

"I owe you an apology, Miss Kerwin," he said. "I thought you were a featherweight."

Mimi's hands flew up to her disordered mop of hair. It was as if the voice of a man made her remember—however tardily—her sex.

"Oh, but I am," she breathed. "I don't understand this advertising business. I'll never be clever like—"

Sheila interposed. "Don't say it," she told Mimi, a shade wildly; "don't you say that again. Clever be darned, you fraud—you'd better beat it out of here before I slap you down! No, I'm not closing the shop right now. I must get to work on a line of fresh copy for Kent's Kitchen Garments—copy that'll sell a whole new group of women."

PAUL KENT was smiling—and there was an alarming softness in his smile—as he appealed to Mimi. He seemed to have quite forgotten Sheila's existence. "Solid substance, indeed!" thought Sheila, as she heard him say:

"I'd like you to see a few floor samples, Miss Kerwin. If you'll let me take you home we can stop by at my hotel, and I'll get my cases and bring them to your place. I'd appreciate your advice—on ruffles."

Mimi lost no time in making up her mind; Mimi was an opportunist.

"Will it be okay if I go," she asked blithely of Don, "with Paul—I mean, Mr. Kent? Maybe I can give him a hint here and there"—her gesture suggested a veritable cascade of frills—"maybe—"

Don said slowly, "Of course. Do go with him. Business is business."

And then, with a ripple of printed silk and a wave of the hand, Mimi was gone. Gone—with Paul.

For a timeless space the office of the Sheridan Advertising Agency was very quiet. Finally Sheila sighed and spoke. She said:

"Whom do you think we should get to make the drawings? We'll need somebody whimsical—an artist who can subtly suggest the comedy of the butcher and the baker dropping their chops and buns at the gingham lady's feet—"

Don said, and he spoke as Rip Van Winkle, rousing from his historic nap, might have spoken:

"What's wrong with me, Sheila?"

Sheila answered, and with feeling, "Plenty!"

Don ignored her reply. "Why did I ever imagine I was in love with Mimi?" he queried. "Why did I fall for all that helpless, appealing stuff? Why did I go off the deep end over the sort of girl who changes with the wind, being dumb one minute and smarty-pants the next? Kidding a guy along one minute—kidding another guy—"

Sheila was relentless. "Say—listen!" she objected. "Don't take it out on Mimi Kerwin because she came through in a big way. You were the one who gave her a job—didn't you want her to make good at it? Were you hiring a decoration for the office, or were you? However—if this will give you any satisfaction—you haven't much cause to worry. Mimi's still the same girl you were drooling about yesterday, and she probably won't have another brain storm in an age."

Don said thickly, "You're making me out a blithering idiot. You're implying that I don't like women unless they're minus the mental what-it-takes!"

SHEILA was calm under his accusation. "But aren't you, Don?' she queried. "A blithering idiot, I mean. Don't you like women who are little clinging vines?"

Don's head was bowed.

"Lay off me, Sheila," he said. "Oh, I'll admit everything! I am a fool—and, the worst of it is, I'm an illogical fool. I guess what's biting me, right now, is injured pride. Not because Mimi went off with Kent—the hurt goes deeper than that. My self-esteem has collapsed because—believe it or not—I've come to realize that you think I'm not so hot. You've always stood by me, Sheila—you've always thought I had something. No matter what happened I knew you were back of me. Girls could come—and go—and you were always there. But if *you* think I'm an ass . . . For heaven's sake, Sheila—"

For Sheila Elliott was crying, her hands pressed tightly over her streaming eyes.

"Oh, go away," she sobbed, "and leave me alone! I've had about all I can stand."

Don's fingers were gentle as they drew Sheila's hands from her eyes.

"What's the matter, Sheila?" he asked, and his own eyes were puzzled. "Why, my dear"—he leaned forward with a spontaneous, comradely sympathy, and kissed her forehead—"why—"

Sheila wasn't crying any more. She was halfway across the room from him, and she was blazing with wrath.

"Don't you dare to kiss me," she shrilled, "as if I'm a piece of furniture! Don't you dare—"

The humbleness had gone from Don Sheridan's face; blank amazement was stamped upon his pleasant features. The amazement, in turn, gave place to another emotion. He asked quietly:

"*Just how, Sheila, should I kiss you?*"

SHEILA stared at her employer. He stared back at her, while long seconds became longer minutes. And then, magically, the distance between them wasn't a distance any longer, and she was in his arms and his lips were searching for her lips.

"To think," Don's voice, oddly shaken, was saying, "that you've been here all the time. Right under my nose. Seeing me make mistakes, helping me over the rough places. Never being mean or small or complacently female! Just—loving—me. You do"—the humbleness was back again—"love me, don't you, Sheila?"

It was precisely as she had dreamed it, in her most extravagant dreams. Sheila, returning Don's kiss, knew that he had experienced the breathless flash of awakening for which she had hoped—and prayed. She knew, with a sense of peace and security, that there wouldn't be any more Mimi Kerwins—not ever. She knew all of this, and more.

And yet, as she glowed to the warmth of Don's embrace, as she knew her sublime, singing moment of confirmation, Sheila couldn't help wondering, albeit briefly, what Paul and Mimi, whirling down some dim avenue in a taxi, were saying. . . . And doing. . . .

Footsteps at Night

(*Continued from page 66*)

because she knew too much? Presently Mr. Treadgold, a lighted candle in his hand, came upon him.

"Where's this man Bigoury?" the doctor apostrophized him fiercely. "Isn't he going to do anything about finding her?"

"Just at present he's in the attic," was the toneless answer.

"He's crazy. You don't think it was she who fired at me, do you?"

The other's expression softened. "No, George. That bullet was meant for me."

"For you?"

"Have you forgotten you were wearing my cape?"

Thunderstruck, the young man lifted a startled face. "Good grief!" he murmured. "And Adrienne?" he said brokenly. "H. B., what's happened to her?"

Mr. Treadgold shook his head. "I can't tell you, old man—we can only wait."

Bigoury swept in from the vestibule. "We're going to call on Boucheron."

Mr. Treadgold drew down his eyebrows. "Boucheron?" He shrugged. "If it's to inquire about the girl, all right. But you won't let him see you suspect him?"

The detective's look was lingering. "Okeh," he said dryly. "Let's go."

The rain had ceased and the stars were shining as Boucheron opened his door. The sight of the trio clearly startled him, for he seemed to shrink back. Then he said to the sergeant, "Did you wish to speak to me?"

Bigoury replied easily, "It was merely to inquire whether you'd seen Mademoiselle de St. Rémy this evening."

The notary's eyes narrowed. "Mademoiselle de St. Rémy? No. Why?"

"She's missing from the camp. As she took the doctor's car I thought she might have gone down to the village."

He shook his head quickly. "She hasn't been here."

"Have you been home all evening?"

"Ever since you left me before supper. The mayor looked in for a chat."

The sergeant grunted. "What did he want?"

"He was anxious to know if there were any news of Le Borgne. Is there?"

Bigoury shook his head. "He hadn't seen anything of the young lady, had he?"

"No—if he had, he'd have told me. As it happens, we were speaking of her."

"Okeh," Bigoury remarked dispassionately. "Good night, Maître."

"Good night." The door closed.

"And now what?" Wood demanded.

Bigoury prodded him in the chest with his finger. "Bed for you two gentlemen."

"But the girl, man, the girl!"

The sergeant grunted. "We'll find her, all right. . . . Well, Bissonnette?"

The constable had materialized out of the shadows. "Batisse, Sergeant," he said in a low voice. "He's waiting."

"Okeh. Where are those two plain-clothes men?"

"At the coroner's, Sergeant."

The detective pointed at the notary's house. "From now on I want a report on his movements."

"Very good, Sergeant."

As the man vanished, Bigoury turned to Mr. Treadgold. "Your twenty-four hours expires at nine tomorrow night."

Mr. Treadgold sighed. "Very good."

"Okeh. I'll have him at the Manor at nine. You'll be there, of course, and the doc, if he likes. In the meantime, I can use the delay—I'd like to have Le Borgne and the girl on hand when we get down to business."

Saluting the two men with his hand, he set off briskly towards the coroner's house.

BY THIS time Wood was almost frantic. Mr. Treadgold had considerable difficulty in persuading him to enter the car.

"The fact that she borrowed your bus, George," he remarked as they drove back to camp, "suggests to me that she went off on some deliberate errand. What this could be I've no idea, unless . . ."

"I suppose you think she's lit out, is it?" the young man exclaimed angrily. "Well, I tell you, you're all wet. If she's missing, it's because she's been kidnapped."

"Let's hope you're wrong," observed his companion placidly. "I shouldn't be surprised to see her back tonight."

Presently they reached the camp. The first thing they perceived was the missing roadster. Almost before they had stopped, the *gardien's* fat face appeared at Mr. Treadgold's elbow.

"Mademoiselle ees return a leetle after you leave," he announced confidentially.

Wood was already out of the car. "Where is she?" he shouted.

"She ask for Mis' Treadgold," was the ingratiating reply. "She say she go to your camp, wait for 'eem!'

With an incoherent exclamation the American dashed away into the darkness.

As he burst into the hut the girl rose quickly. She seemed about to speak, when his first words silenced her.

"What's the idea of disappearing?" he stormed. "Are you aware that we've been ransacking the countryside for you?"

Her look was penitent. "I'm sorry . . ."

"You're sorry!" he retorted mockingly. "First you call me a liar to my face and then you go and do a thing like this!"

"I couldn't help myself," she answered with spirit. "I had to have a car, so I took yours. If I'd asked your permission you'd have wanted to go with me. I didn't damage the car."

"Why must you talk about the car?" he cried. "It's you I mean—you—can't you

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understand? Do you realize what I've been through tonight, believing you were dead, murdered like the others?"

She was staring at him dumfounded, her eyes starry, her lips parted in a little smile.

"Oh, Georges," she murmured.

She put her hands on his coat.

"I can realize very well," she said simply, "for I felt the same about you when the *gardien* told me how they'd tried to kill you tonight."

He put his arms about her. "I thought I'd lost you," he murmured. The touch of her hand was cool on his forehead.

Then she slipped out of his arms. Wood, veering about, saw Mr. Treadgold.

"Gosh!" Wood exclaimed disgustedly. "How'd you care to go take a little jump in the lake, H. B.?"

Mr. Treadgold smiled. "I should be delighted to take the hint, my dear George, but Mademoiselle Adrienne and I have to have a little chat. How would you like to ring up Bigoury and let him know that Mademoiselle's back?"

"Not at all," was the prompt reply.

Mr. Treadgold laughed quietly. "Listen, George. Bigoury has to be told. You'll say that Mademoiselle, in a fit of panic, took your car, intending to disappear. When she came to her senses she returned, and is now in a state of collapse."

"But why shouldn't you tell him?"

"Because I'm not a doctor, you juggins—you are. Say you've ordered her to bed for a complete rest. Do you get the idea?"

"Sure. But won't he think . . . ?"

"I don't care a hang what he thinks, as long as he keeps away from her."

The young man nodded and went out.

Mr. Treadgold eyed the girl. "About tonight," he said, "you found him, eh?"

She gasped. "How did you know?"

He smiled. "The old recipe—clear thinking. For the rest, you asked for me, so I conclude you've something to report." He pointed to a chair. "Sit down there and tell me what Le Borgne said." . . .

THE bats were skimming about the village the next evening when, at half past eight, George Wood drove up to Ruffier's store.

Inside, the mayor was a dim figure at the shelves. Close by sat Laframboise, the baker.

Deferential and smiling, Ruffier bustled forward. Wood had a letter in his hand.

"From Mr. Treadgold," he announced.

The storekeeper wiggled a disclaiming finger. "No spik English," he intoned protestingly. But he took the letter. Then his look appealed to the baker, who proceeded to translate the doctor's remark.

"Ah!" said the mayor. "*Excusez, messieurs.*" He broke the seal, read the few lines the note contained, and slipped it into his pocket. Then he said something to Wood in French. Once more the baker came to the rescue: "Mis' Ruffier, he say investigation go on very nice now."

"Sure," said Wood absently.

Another flood of French from the mayor, and Laframboise went on: "Mis' Ruffier say, pretty good thing Batisse talk."

The doctor was startled out of his lethargy. "You don't mean to say he's confessed to these murders?" he asked.

"No," the baker replied stolidly. "But he tell Inspector he take letter from Mis' Adams to Mis' Boucheron the day Mis' Adams arrive, let Mis' Boucheron know Mis' Adams at the camp, I guess, only Mis' Boucheron away to Quebec when Batisse bring letter, and he don't get heem for two, t'ree day!"

"But," Wood struck in, "why didn't Maître Boucheron mention it?"

The baker laughed knowingly. "Lawyers ver' careful—no tell much."

Bidding the two men good night, the doctor went out to his car and drove toward the Manor.

AT THE Manor the detective's voice was audible in the salon. Wood's first glance was for the girl.

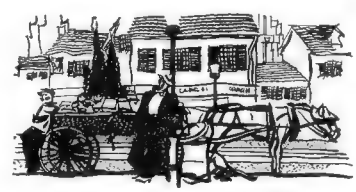
The detective was questioning Maître Boucheron, who confronted him, arms folded, in a chair. Mr. Treadgold sat apart.

Jacques, tight-lipped and pallid, brought the doctor a chair. As the young man sat down he whispered to his roommate, "Okeh!" Mr. Treadgold's face glowed.

The detective's voice grated on the stillness: "You admit, then, Maître, that these rents were paid?"

Boucheron inclined his head. "Yes."

"As the result of the death of the seigneur's sister, you say, the legal position was unclear and you decided to withhold



this money? Was this Adams's request?"

"No."

"But you knew Mr. Adams?"

"I'd met him."

"But you were not aware of his presence at St. Florentin?"

The lawyer cleared his throat. "I've already told you I was absent in Quebec at the time of his arrival. Mr. Adams, I believe, reached the camp last Sunday and I didn't get home until Tuesday afternoon."

The sergeant did not press the point, but proceeded evenly:

"What were you doing in Quebec?"

"I had to attend at the Palais de Justice in connection with a succession case."

Bigoury consulted a slip of paper.

"Know a firm of antique dealers there called Roy & Michaud?"

Boucheron shook his head.

The detective paused. "You were acquainted with the contents of the Manor?"

"Generally speaking, yes."

"Certain family treasures didn't appear at the auction." He referred to his notes again. "Among them a gold snuffbox, some silver and porcelain. Why not?"

Boucheron shrugged. "We assumed that the seigneur had taken them with him."

"You didn't know that he'd concealed them in the attic?"

The olive face was impassive. "No."

"Adams knew."

The lawyer raised his shoulders again. "Then he was better informed than I."

"You were not aware, then, that these valuables had been stolen from the attic?"

"I was not."

The sergeant's expression hardened. "Surely it was your business to know these things? You were the seigneur's representative. Hasn't it occurred to you that the seigneur sent for you night before last because he had discovered the theft and intended to call you to account?"

"I don't know why he sent for me."

Bigoury nodded. "At what time did you get back from Trois-Ponts that night?"

"It was after eleven."

"Then what was your car doing outside your house at half past ten?"

For the first time the notary changed color. "It's possible I may have been mistaken in the time," he replied.

"Why did you send for the guide Batisse yesterday morning?"

Boucheron had regained his composure. "I'd heard a rumor that he could clear Le Borgne. I thought I'd question him."

"It wasn't to give him a hundred dollars to keep his mouth shut about those notes from Adams he left at your house?"

The lawyer sprang to his feet angrily. "It's a lie."

"It's the truth."

"I know this drunken ne'er-do-well, and I know police methods, too. Let me tell you . . ."

"What were you doing up at the Manor night before last—the night of the murder?"

The detective's question exploded like a firecracker. The angry voice fell silent.

Boucheron cleared his throat. "I came here with the coroner."

"I mean before that."

"I was nowhere near the Manor—I was at Trois-Ponts."

"Not at half past ten. And if you were in the village at half past ten you could have been up here at a quarter to eleven."

The dark eyes blazed; the man's face was livid. "It's preposterous."

Mr. Treadgold's calm voice struck in: "If I might be permitted to say a word?" he remarked in his deliberate French. He turned to the notary. "Maître Boucheron," he said, "Sergeant Bigoury's suspicions are based on certain footprints which were discovered in the grounds."

The detective flushed with anger. "I must really ask you, Monsieur, to leave this matter to me."

But, without heeding him, Mr. Treadgold went on: "You see, Maître, these footprints correspond fairly closely to the pattern of the shoes you're wearing."

"Oh, well," Boucheron broke in triumphantly, "I'll give you your answer. I was wearing galoshes that night, and the girl who keeps the checking stand at the Gerbe d'Or Hotel at Trois-Ponts can prove it, because, when leaving, I forgot them and had to go back."

HIS words fell on a strange silence. Mr. Treadgold had resumed his air of careful aloofness.

"You see," Bigoury declared impassively, "those footprints were left by someone wearing galoshes."

The notary was trembling.

"It's a lie!" he screamed suddenly. "It's a plot to ruin me!"

"You were here before eleven," the detective flung back at him in a voice deep with menace. "From 10:45 until after the rain stopped your car stood at the side door—the marks of your tires are there to prove it. You came here to meet Adams, who'd sent you word by Batisse that he was going to the Manor—you found the note when you got home. Don't trouble to deny it—I've got sworn statements from Batisse and from Laframboise, who

saw your car outside your house. You were broke and desperate. Those rents you were embezzling were virtually all you had to live on, and if the seigneur should find out that it was you who'd robbed the cache, it was ruin for you. You killed Adams to prevent him from denouncing you, just as you killed the miller, who'd probably seen you carting the stuff away, and Lhermite, because he could have cleared Le Borgne, whom your friends in the village had obligingly framed for you. And when things began to look bad for you, you tried to switch the guilt onto Mademoiselle de St. Rémy, your accomplice. Where did she go last night? To meet you, wasn't it? Come on," he trumpeted, "let's have the truth!"

Boucheron had sunk down on his chair. "All right," he said in a hollow voice; "I'll tell you. When Mrs. Adams, the seigneur's sister, died six months ago, I began to keep back those rents. I was hard pressed for money, and I calculated that the seigneur would think Adams had ordered me to withhold them. But I know nothing about those heirlooms and I didn't kill Adams or the others.

"If it hadn't been for those rents, I'd have spoken up before." He shrugged. "Adams did write to me last Sunday that he was at the camp and wished to see me," he went on. "But on getting in from Quebec on Tuesday afternoon I found a mass of work awaiting me, and I did not have a chance to open my mail until late in the evening. I could do nothing then, and next day I had to be in court at Trois-Ponts. So I let the matter lie for then. But on reaching home from Trois-Ponts on the following night I found another note from Adams pushed under the door. He said lights had been seen that night in the Manor and that he was going over to investigate, that I'd better meet him there with the keys and explain myself."

"SO you went?" said Mr. Treadgold.

Boucheron nodded. "I had a presentiment that the seigneur had returned—he'd threatened to do so. . . ." He stopped.

"Go on," Bigoury snapped.

"I decided to investigate before entering the house. So I left my car at the side entrance and crept round to the front. There was a light in the linen-room and I peered through the window. Adams and the seigneur were there. The seigneur was crying out in a voice terrible with rage, 'I've been robbed! I've been robbed!' And I realized that he'd told Adams about the rents."

"Why shouldn't he have been speaking about the things he'd hidden in the attic?"

"It was the rents. Adams had a pencil in his hand—that gold pencil of his which was found under the body—and a piece of paper. There was a hotel bill in his pocket—do you remember?—with some figures penciled on the back. Well, those were the totals of the rents."

Bigoury had turned his eyes away from the speaker to look at the girl. "And then?" he barked.

"Some remarks were exchanged which I couldn't catch," the notary replied. "Then, suddenly, Monsieur de St. Rémy ran out into the vestibule. Adams snatched up the lamp from the table and followed after. And I fled back to the car."

"And that's all you know about it, eh?"

The notary raised his hand aloft and

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said, "As God is my witness, it is the truth."

Bigoury was gathering up his papers. "I shall detain you on suspicion." . . . He broke off. "Well, what is it?"

Mr. Treadgold, watch in hand, stood beside him. "One moment," said Mr. Treadgold. Taking the detective aside, he spoke lengthily in his ear.

Wood went over to the girl. "Well," he said cheerfully, "if my French isn't all at sea, you're cleared. Didn't I understand him to say he'd seen Adams with your gold pencil before he was killed?"

She nodded. "I must have caught it on something and Grandpapa found it, perhaps on the floor. Either he lent it to Adams or it was lying on the table."

BIGOURY'S voice rang through the room: "Thibault — Laflamme" — the two troopers sprang to attention—"I leave this man in your custody. Bissonnette, you come with me. And Dr. Wood, if he wishes." He glanced round the salon. "Where's Jacques?" he asked the constable.

"He's in the kitchen, Sergeant."

"I want him here where you can keep an eye on him. Come on." He strode to where Mr. Treadgold was waiting at the door. Wood hurried out after them.

The night was ablaze with stars. Out of the glow from the windows, Mr. Treadgold was haranguing the sergeant in an undertone.

"This job has to be done in the dark," he was saying. "No lights and, above all, no talking, once we start." He held his watch to a glimmer of light from the porch. "We shall have to wait a little, but not for long. . . . *Ps-st*, who's that?"

A trooper was silhouetted against the lighted doorway. The man was breathless and rather agitated. "It's Jacques, Sergeant. He's not in the house."

"Not in the house?" Bigoury turned to Mr. Treadgold. "Do you hear that? Now Jacques has disappeared."

"No matter," the other struck in irritably. "Let's get going—we've no time to lose. Wait! Has that trooper a gun? Let the doctor have it, will you?"

On a word from Bigoury the trooper passed his automatic across.

"You brought a gun, as I told you?" Mr. Treadgold asked the detective.

Bigoury patted his pocket.

"You, too, Constable?"

The officer nodded.

"All right," said Mr. Treadgold. "Then follow me. And not a sound."

Their way led through the gardens. Presently they made out the line of a building black against the sky.

"The old mill!" whispered Bigoury.

They followed a wall round the angle of the building which brought them to a rickety wooden gate. Here Mr. Treadgold disappeared. It was several minutes before his low "Hist" summoned them.

He was waiting for them in a small yard sunk below the level of the highway, the guardrails of which, gleaming whitely in the dark, were visible above the lattice fence enclosing the far side of the yard. They could see that a door in the side of the millhouse was partly open. A wooden ramp led up to it.

Mr. Treadgold whispered, "I'd like Bissonnette to stay outside the gate—behind those bushes. He's not to interfere with anyone going in, but he must stop anyone leaving."

"Okeh!"

The constable tiptoed away.

"You and I and the doctor," Mr. Treadgold said to Bigoury, "will post ourselves behind that cart in the corner of the yard. But one thing I beg," he added, "whatever you see, do nothing until I give the signal."

The darkness was Stygian. They could just distinguish the outline of the mill door and the ramp that led up to it.

The detective was at one end of the cart, Wood at the other, Mr. Treadgold between, crouched down, gazing through the spokes of the tall wheels. Suddenly Wood saw him stiffen, straighten up. Someone was passing on the road.

The footsteps were clearly audible for a moment. Then they ceased abruptly, as though the unseen pedestrian had left the hard macadam and taken to the roadside grass. With bated breath the three men waited, their faces lifted to the highway.

And then a faint sound. Someone was at the lattice fence. They heard it creak, saw it move. Behind it, below the highway, the shadows were inky black; but a darker shadow seemed to hover there. The fence shivered and shook; a lath snapped; the shadow had melted away.

There was a movement in the shadow under the house. A dark shape was sidling towards the ramp. It made no sound.

The ramp was faintly gray against the surrounding gloom. It seemed to Wood, straining his eyes into the darkness, that some unfamiliar outline obtruded itself upon that lighter background. He touched Mr. Treadgold's arm. Dimly silhouetted against the ramp was a hooded head furtively craned towards the open door. Mr. Treadgold made no move, and when the doctor looked again the ramp was once more a smooth gray patch.

WOOD'S heart was thumping against his ribs. Somewhere in the darkness about them that hooded figure lurked.

The distant stroke of a bell was wafted through the stillness. Ten o'clock.

The door at the top of the ramp had opened wider. A dim shape was outlined on the threshold. There was a long pause, then a match was scratched. The tiny flame lit up a savage, hairy face. It was Le Borgne. He lit his pipe. Then the match went out, and the man disappeared inside the mill.

The shadows under the house seemed to tremble. The hooded figure had appeared again. They had only a glimpse of it, for it flashed up the ramp and vanished through the door. Mr. Treadgold cried, "Now!" as, pistol in hand, he sprang out from their hiding place.

Within the mill a wild hubbub had broken out. Mr. Treadgold had disappeared inside. His companions burst across the threshold and found themselves in a stifling, stagnant darkness that was all alive with the slither of feet and the sounds of hard breathing. Wood heard Mr. Treadgold's warning cry, "Guard the door!" and almost simultaneously a heavy body struck him and sent him reeling.

The door slammed. Gathering himself up, Wood remembered the flashlight in his hand and switched it on. The scuffling had abruptly ceased. Not three feet away Le Borgne was standing, with blood running down his stubbly cheeks, and Bigoury, brandishing his gun, was close by. Then a torch glared in the back of the room and Mr. Treadgold's voice, sharp and commanding, rang out in French: "Put down that knife. I have you covered."

With one accord the three men rushed towards the sound.

PISTOL in one hand, torch in the other, Mr. Treadgold faced an angle of the wall. A strange apparition confronted him, faceless by reason of the burlap bag drawn over the head, with two holes for the eyes. The hands were gloved and one grasped a long, gleaming butcher's knife. The figure did not move.

"Put down that knife!"

A pause, then the knife pitched tinkling on the floor.

"So, it was friend Jacques, after all," Bigoury said mockingly. "Hold him there," he bade Mr. Treadgold, "while I summon the good Bissonnette with the darbies for the gentleman."

So saying, he clapped a whistle to his lips and, turning towards the door, blew a succession of piercing blasts. He had switched on his torch and its beam, cleaving the darkness, revealed the burly form of the servant planted before the entrance.

The detective veered about. His glance whisked incredulously to the muffled form before them.

"Then who's this?" he murmured.

Springing forward, he snatched the bag from the hooded face.

It was the mayor, Joseph Ruffier.

At the same instant Le Borgne leaped. Cackling in a cracked voice, "Ah, then it was you in the salon that night!" he sprang at Ruffier. Lapping his powerful fingers about that bull neck, he drove his victim's head back against the wall. Ruffier screamed out in terror.

Dropping his pistol, the sergeant hurled himself upon Le Borgne. In a writhing mass the three men fell on the floor. By this time Mr. Treadgold and the doctor had come into action, and Jacques, joining them, the four of them at length contrived to drag Le Borgne off.

"Imbecile!" gasped the detective. Then he added, glancing at Le Borgne more closely, "He's wounded."

"A little slash with this snicker," said Jacques, picking up the knife from the floor. "I was waiting for him"—he jerked his head in Ruffier's direction—"as Monsieur here"—now he indicated Mr. Treadgold—"bade me. I grabbed him, but it was dark and he broke away."

Then Bissonnette whirled in. The sergeant pointed at Ruffier.

"Handcuffs!" he barked.

The mayor had risen to his feet. He was a pitiable sight. There was blood on his face, his collar was torn, his dark suit powdered with dust. His gaze was riveted glitteringly on Mr. Treadgold.

"So, that note of yours tonight was a

trap?" he said, while the constable was affixing the handcuffs.

Mr. Treadgold shrugged. "Call it, rather, a test."

The olive countenance remained impassive. "Trap or test, if the light had been better last night, you'd have set none for me, my friend."

"You're wrong, Ruffier. That was the doctor wearing my cape."

Ruffier scowled. "My compliments, Monsieur le Policier," he said with a hard laugh. "It was cleverly planned."

Mr. Treadgold moved his shoulders. "As a matter of fact, it was an accident."

The strongly marked eyebrows came down farther, the eyes were, of a sudden, veiled. "When a man's luck forsakes him," he muttered, "the end is near." He sank his glance to the ground.

Bigoury gave Bissonnette an order, and he led the mayor away. Mr. Treadgold, having put up his pistol, was filling his pipe.

THE sergeant waited until the pink countenance was enveloped in a blue wreath. Then he said curtly, "And Mademoiselle?"

Mr. Treadgold's eyes shone. "She knew that Le Borgne was continually in and out of the mill during the miller's lifetime. On hearing of his escape from jail, she was sure that it'd be the mill he'd make for."

The sergeant scratched his head. "So that's where she went last night. And she found Le Borgne here, did she?"

Mr. Treadgold nodded. "Indeed she did, and extracted from him the fact that someone was in the salon when he went back to the Manor on the night of the murder. You see, drunk though he was, he felt he should tell the seigneur that he hadn't been able to get hold of Boucheron. He reached the manor after the girl had taken the old gentleman to his room and dispatched Jacques for the doctor."

"That's right," the detective broke in. "Le Borgne left Lhermite's at eleven, Batisse told me. That would have brought him to the Manor by a quarter past."

"You'll hear the story from Le Borgne himself. At any rate, he told the girl that he found Adams dead in the salon with the lighted lamp beside him. Le Borgne went closer to look. As he did so, he says, he heard a heavy footstep go creaking through the hall. He didn't stop to investigate but fled in a panic by the linen-room window."

The sergeant was listening attentively. "But how did you know it wasn't Boucheron? After all . . ."

"Boucheron was wearing galoshes, and galoshes don't creak. But it was Ruffier himself who finally settled the question."

"By attacking Le Borgne here tonight?"

"Precisely. You see," Mr. Treadgold went on rather diffidently, "in that note of mine I told him that Le Borgne had got in touch with the girl, that she'd wormed out of him the fact that he'd actually seen the murderer of Adams, and that on condition she came to the rendezvous alone, Le Borgne had arranged to meet her at the mill at ten o'clock tonight, when she hoped to persuade him to reveal the murderer."

"Just a minute," drawled Bigoury. "I didn't understand that Le Borgne actually saw the murderer. . . ."

"He didn't. But Ruffier was not to know this. I arranged with Jacques to slip away to the mill here an hour ahead of time as a protection for Le Borgne. Ruffier

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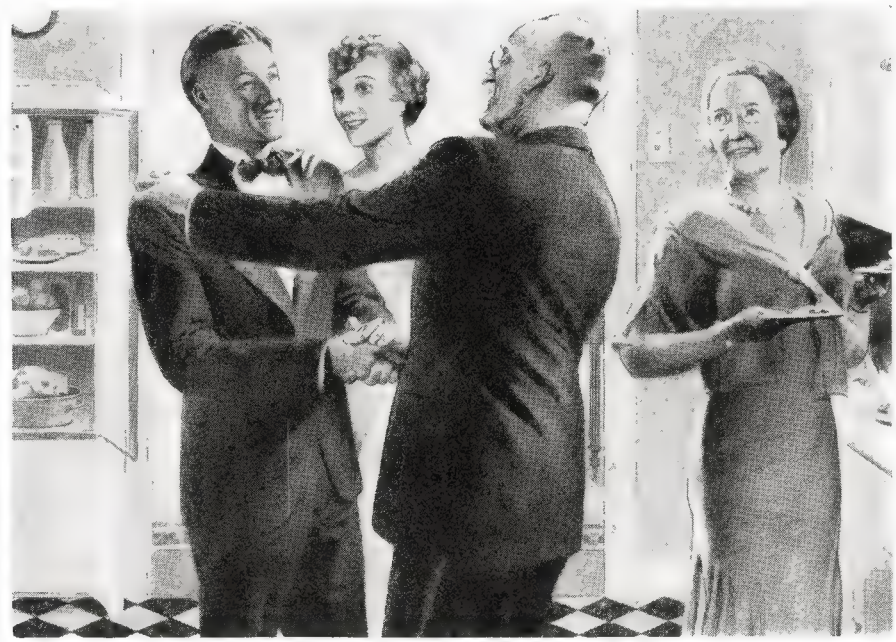

THE secret is too exciting to keep any longer; and so, in the midst of an after-theater snack, the good news suddenly comes out. Everything else is promptly forgotten. It is a time of sentiment, of parental beaming, of sharing the young couple's joy and pride.

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had no idea that Le Borgne was hiding here and I calculated—rightly, as it happened—that he'd wait outside for his quarry to appear. Le Borgne's instructions were to lie low until ten o'clock, and then come out and show himself ostentatiously."

The detective wagged his head. "And supposing Ruffier had taken a shot at Le Borgne as he stood there in the doorway?"

"He wouldn't have risked it," was the reply. "There were police at the Manor. The knife was silent, and just as sure."

The sergeant nodded. "Answer me this: If Ruffier was the murderer, why was he still hanging around the Manor a quarter of an hour after he'd done the job—when Le Borgne heard him, I mean?"

"The same thought occurred to me," said Mr. Treadgold. "Only our friend the mayor can answer that question with any certainty. For me, I believe he went back to retrieve that bayonet. Ruffier isn't the man to leave a clue like that lying about—if he did, it's because he was disturbed in the act of stabbing Adams—by the seigneur, most probably."

Bigoury frowned. "We've yet to learn what he wanted at the Manor that night."

Mr. Treadgold's smile was tinged with mischief. "I'm afraid I was responsible for sending him there."

The sergeant stared. "You?"

Mr. Treadgold laughed. "It's a long story. Suppose we postpone it until your day's work is done? You'll hand our friend over to the police at Trois-Ponts?"

"The troopers will attend to that when I'm through with him. I thought I'd take him over to his store and question him there—I want to have a look round, anyway. Coming along?"

The other shook his head. "It's your bird, Sergeant," he said urbanely. "If I might offer a word of advice, however, I believe I'd take a peep in those barns of his behind the store."

"For these heirlooms, do you mean?"

Mr. Treadgold laughed. "No. For liquor."

Bigoury nodded darkly. "I get you." He glanced at his watch. "Ten-thirty—I could be at the camp in an hour's time, if that's not too late for you." . . .

MIDNIGHT was long past, and still Bigoury did not appear. In Camp No. 3 Mr. Treadgold and Bigoury's friend, Tisserand, waited for the detective. For perhaps the tenth time Tisserand had waddled to the door to look for him.

Mr. Treadgold took his ease in a long chair. "No sign of him?" he asked the clerk.

"Not yet," Tisserand wheezed. "The young people are still out there."

"Ah!" said the other blandly.

"It's already two hours they sit there in the dark," Tisserand observed. "I ask myself what they find to talk about."

His companion smiled. "Plenty."

The clerk threw up his hand. "Bigoury!" he cried joyfully.

The little sergeant came bounding in. Whirling up to Mr. Treadgold, he flung his arms about him and kissed him resonantly on the cheek. "Ah, *sapri!*" he exclaimed. "Monsieur Treadgold, you're a great man."

Mr. Treadgold chuckled. "I've had all manner of odd experiences in my life," he observed humorously, "but I cannot recall ever having been kissed by a policeman before." He smiled engagingly at Bigoury. "Has our friend the mayor confessed?"

The question seemed to sober the sergeant. "I wouldn't say that," he admitted. "But we've got plenty on him without that. Tucked away in his garage we found a crate full of silver and china stamped with the St. Rémy crest."

"Aha!" Mr. Treadgold cried.

"YOU were right about those barns of his, too," the detective went on. "They are stacked with liquor—cases of it, done up in gunny bags similar to the one the doc picked up in the attic and the one Ruffier wore as a mask at the mill. He and Lhermite ran that blind pig in the village between 'em, I guess, and the old car they had for collecting and distributing the stuff is the one Ruffier used tonight—he showed my men where he'd left it, about a quarter of a mile from the mill. As for Lhermite, it was the old story, I reckon—when they had it all set to railroad Le Borgne he got rattled and threatened to blab. Ruffier killed him in the garage, I believe, and

dropped the body out of the car where it was found. Where Ruffier made *his* mistake was not knocking off Batisse as well—the little runt was smarter than Lhermite in keeping out of his way, I guess. It's just a question now of gathering up the threads of evidence against our friend. The first point is: What took him to the Manor the night of Adams's murder? And what do you mean by saying that you were responsible for sending him there?"

Without speaking, Mr. Treadgold went to his dressing case and, returning with the two lots of stamps he had obtained from Ruffier, laid them on the table.

"My friends," he said, "I've a confession to make."

With that, he told them of his friend Hunter, who had informed him of the stamps in Ruffier's possession; and of his own decision to visit St. Florentin and buy the stamps for his cherished collection.

"I won't pretend," he declared, after describing his first meeting with the mayor at the store, "that he didn't hoodwink me, as he seems to have hoodwinked everybody in the village. Clever as he is, however, even at that first interview between us there were certain circumstances which left, as it were, a query mark in my mind againsthim. Take his wife, for instance . . ." He glanced sharply at the detective. "You've questioned her, I suppose?"

Bigoury shook his head. "She flew the coop this evening. She knew all about his goings-on, I guess, though whether she approved of them . . . she was seen at the station tonight. By the way, I wired those antique dealers for a description of the woman who sold them that porcelain."

Mr. Treadgold indulged in a sage nod.

"You'll find it was she, no doubt. I was struck by her tragic face. And when I saw her and her husband together, it was perfectly evident that he cowed her. Yet, in binding me to secrecy about these stamps of his, Ruffier didn't hesitate to represent himself as a henpecked husband."

"But what have the stamps to do with the murder?" the sergeant asked.

"I'm coming to that. At my time of life, you know," he went on, "one takes no man at face value. Ruffier said that those stamps came from letters belonging to Madame Ruffier's deceased mother. The fact that they'd been cut from their envelopes made it impossible for me to verify this assertion. But Madame Ruffier was clearly, like her husband, of a peasant type, her mother, presumably, the same, and I remember wondering idly how it was that a woman of this class should have had people writing to her from the United States, France, England, Australia, the Cape—for the most part on expensive-looking stationery, too. But it was only last night, on examining a torn envelope I'd chanced to pick up from the floor of Ruffier's shop, that I saw the truth staring me in the face."

Extracting a creased fragment of paper from his wallet, he spread it out.

"If you'll look at this envelope," said Mr. Treadgold, "you'll notice that a wedge has been roughly scissored out of it where the stamp has been cut away."

He turned the mutilated envelope over.

"There's a seal, or at least part of one, impressed in relief on the flap. It's the St. Rémy crest. And on the front"—he reversed the envelope once more—"while the name of the recipient has been cut away, the 'Madame' survives, and on the next line—look!—the 'Man' of the word 'Manoir,' meaning the Manior de Mort Homme, and below that again a capital 'S,' the first letter of 'St. Florentin'!"

TISSERAND spoke up: "You mean, monsieur, that this letter was written by a member of the St. Rémy family to someone at the Manor."

The blue eyes flamed. "I mean that Ruffier lied to me," said Mr. Treadgold sternly. "I mean that all the letters from which these stamps were clipped are the property of the St. Rémy family."

"I begin to follow now," Bigoury put in. "I wondered what you'd been up to at the Manor last night when I met you coming down from the attic. I noticed those old trunks of letters and papers. Ruffier plundered those trunks of their letters at the same time he cleaned out the seigneur's cache—is that your idea?"

Mr. Treadgo d blew a cloud of smoke. "I'm not so sure. The fact that mysterious noises were heard over a period of weeks suggests that he made repeated visits to the attic. There's no evidence that anybody at St. Florentin, even Boucheron, knew that those heirlooms were concealed in the house, and it's my belief that Ruffier stumbled upon their hiding place more or less by chance."

"But, in that case, what was he doing up in the attic?"

Mr. Treadgold shrugged. "He had this liquor business, hadn't he? The Manor, with its reputation of being haunted, would have made a safe storehouse. However that may be, I fancy that, having re-

moved these valuables, he returned to fossick around for more. It was undoubtedly on one of these expeditions that the miller surprised him. Rummaging in those trunks, he came across some letters in their original envelopes and, having heard vaguely of people collecting stamps, took them along with him. He was certainly in the attic last Sunday night, the day the old gentleman and the girl arrived," he went on, "for that evening they heard sounds in the house. Now, do you realize what took our friend to the Manor on the night of the murder? He'd seen me the evening before and found that I was willing, as he thought, to pay blindly any price he cared to ask for the stamps. Those trunks must have seemed to him a veritable gold mine.

"The discovery of the St. Rémy crest on the flap of that envelope," the placid voice proceeded, "was like a beacon shining through the fog in which we had all been groping. I began to think back. As a start-off, Le Borgne is arrested and the coroner's jury dragooned into entering a verdict against him. There's talk of an alibi, and immediately, of the two men who might have cleared the accused, one vanishes and the other refuses to speak. The case against Le Borgne continues to crumble, and Jacques's fingerprints are found on the musket. Forthwith, that gold box is discovered in his suitcase, and, on top of this, the doctor, exploring in the attic, is the victim of a murderous attack. Finally, there was that shot at the doctor last night."

"THAT was Ruffier, all right," the sergeant growled. "You remember he was away from home, paying a late call on Boucheron?"

"I don't mind confessing," said Mr. Treadgold, "that until the incident of the shot, following immediately upon my discovery regarding the stamps, my suspicion was focused on Boucheron. But that shot hardened into virtual certainty my growing belief that Ruffier was the author of these murders. I discovered, on looking back, that he was invariably to be found hovering on the fringe of each event. At the Manor yesterday afternoon you questioned him about Batisse, and thereafter Batisse is dumb; you let him see that you're suspicious of Jacques, and within the half-hour Bissonnette, going through Jacques's things, comes across the gold box. We don't know that he was in the Manor when the doctor was slugged, but a minute or two afterwards he turned up in his car, and there was plenty of time for him to have attacked the doctor, regained his car, and driven up to the house, as though he were just arriving. But it was that shot at the doctor which finally opened my eyes."

"How?" the sergeant questioned.

"It was meant for me—the doctor was wearing my cape. An hour before, Ruffier had seen me in it when I called on him."

"But why should he have wanted to shoot you?"

Mr. Treadgold sighed. "That was my vanity. You see, I told him I was an amateur criminologist—I also let him see that you were convinced of Le Borgne's innocence. That was enough for him."

"Then you still had no suspicion of him when you saw him at the store last evening?"

"Yes—and no. I happened to notice something rather curious on arriving at the

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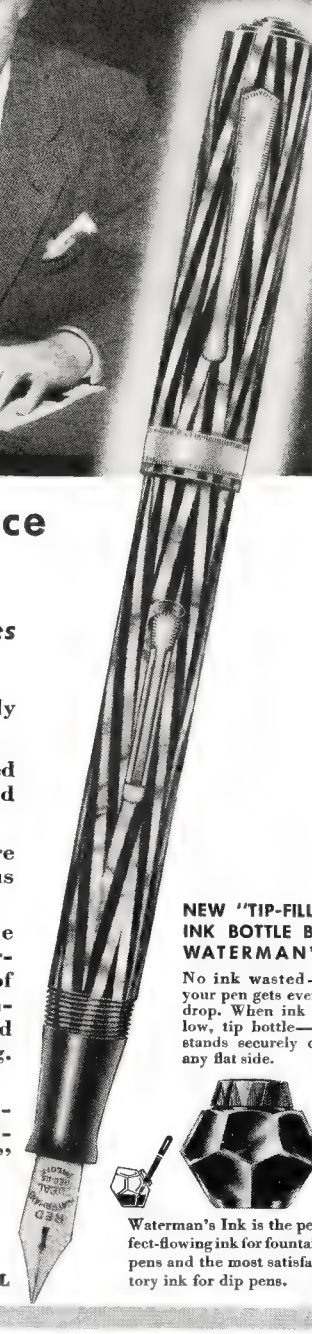

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store. . . ." He paused. "You told me that yesterday afternoon, after I left the Manor, you had another look at those tire marks of Boucheron's. I suppose Ruffier didn't happen to see you?"

The detective adjusted his glasses. "As a matter of fact, he did. He came over from the coroner's to fetch the bayonet and Bissonnette sent him out to me."

"Did you tell him that one of those treads was worn?"

Bigoury looked rather uncomfortable. "Now that I come to think of it, I believe I did."

Mr. Treadgold nodded. "Just as I suspected. When I reached the store Ruffier was out in the garage, changing a tire on an old car."

"Boucheron's?"

"No. Boucheron's is a roadster. This was a sedan."

"That's the car he was out in tonight—I guess he used it on all his nocturnal excursions. What was the idea?"

"Nothing, except that he was playing safe. That car had straight-sided tires, the same as Boucheron's, and one was probably defective. He realized that he, too, might have left tracks that night which you might have picked up. It could be a coincidence, I told myself—he might have had a puncture. But when I got back to camp and discovered that the piece of paper I'd picked up off the floor was an envelope with the stamp cut off it and that it bore the St. Rémy crest, I began to see the light. That shot at the doctor told me the rest." He wagged his head. "To catch him red-handed was the only way. If he'd had as much as a sniff of the trap I laid for him, you might have whistled for your evidence. That's the only reason I left you in the dark, old man. You didn't take it amiss, I hope?"

The detective laughed. "That's quite all right. We've nailed our man, that's the main thing. But tell me this—how did Adams meet his death?"

THE blue eyes were suddenly dreamy. "I doubt if we shall ever know. He and the seigneur may have talked about the rents, as Boucheron alleges, but I think that when the old gentleman cried out, 'I've been robbed!' he was referring to his cache in the attic. Almost directly after, he ran out of the linen-room towards the front of the house where the staircase was, presumably to show Adams the empty hiding place; at any rate, as we know, Adams followed with the lamp."

"And Ruffier?"

"Ruffier's movements are less easy to reconstruct. He seems to have had no idea that the seigneur and the girl were living in the house, which suggests that he had some direct access to the attic. There's a shed at the side of the house, from the roof of which an active man might scramble in at one of the windows of that first-floor landing. Furthermore, he doesn't seem to have been familiar with the geography of the house or he'd have been able to find a way out without having had to kill Adams.

"What I think happened is that, attracted by the sound of angry voices below, he crept down from the attic and was listening at the linen-room door, when the seigneur burst out upon him. Whether because the old gentleman recognized him and knew him for the thief or from sheer excitement, the seigneur collapsed in the vestibule, and Ruffier bolted into the dark salon. From the fact that only Adams's fingerprints were on the lamp and that it was found intact and still alight on the floor, I infer that, perhaps on some frantic gesture of the seigneur's, Adams went straight on into the salon and put the lamp down to look about. The only possible place of concealment in that barren room is behind the door, and I believe Ruffier drew back there.

"As Adams entered with the lighted lamp Ruffier recognized him and, not knowing which way to escape, silently, with his gloved hands, drew the bayonet from the musket and waited for the other to turn." He shrugged. "There's the picture as I see it."

The door fell back. Bissonnette looked in. "Your call to Quebec, Sergeant."

The detective said to Mr. Treadgold, "We'll speak of this again tomorrow. Good night, and thank you, my friend." He scurried out into the moonlight.

Tisserand contemplated Mr. Treadgold. "Good work," he said at length. "Well, I leave you to your slumbers."

He went to the door, peering cautiously out. "*Ps-st,*" he called to Mr. Treadgold.

"What now, my friend?"

"The little mademoiselle; she's crying."

Composedly Mr. Treadgold joined him and glanced along the dark veranda. He chuckled softly. "She has her head on his shoulder, anyway."

The fat man gurgled. "How droll are women. When you expect them to smile, they weep. Love should be gay! Good night!" Still gurgling, he stumped out.

(*The End*)

Good Men Plowed Under

(*Continued from page 17*)

kindly young man with a tender sort of sympathy I find so often in young college men assigned to relief offices, assured me that all was well—that everyone was being taken care of. That wasn't what I went to find out; I wanted to know whether everybody was *taking care of himself.* . . .

Well, it turned out that 150 men had been cast from the relief rolls—because farmers couldn't get enough help in the fields. Then the harvest had advanced so far and so many men had been discarded by the farmers that 60 had been taken back. They were "unabsorbables." They would be assigned to an occasional day's work on the local $10,000 reservoir project.

I went back to Missouri Valley and investigated the work project. I found ten men puttering around in a gravel pit, one of them shying stones at a telephone pole. I lit out for the farming country.

There is one outspoken man in the Middle West who will tell me, you, or anybody what he thinks about everything—including relief and relief workers. That is the farmer. Scores of business men in cities and towns will talk—unquotably in the privacy of their offices—but the farmer opens up in pigpen, dairy barn, or wheat field and roars his objections to the world. And whispering business men and thundering farmers, everywhere I went in a swing of several thousand miles through the grainlands of the Middle West, told me they were fed up with a relief system which was stabilizing the indigents "on the other side of the railroad tracks" into a well-defined class of pensioned loafers.

IN MANY of the places I visited I found relief workers organizing into perpetual unions, dedicated to picnics and "defense of their rights." WPA comes on to supersede FERA, with its 4-billion-dollar Works Progress fund, but the Middle West looks upon it as merely another form of pensioning. . . . And it is sick of it.

It occurred to me that there must be something in the black Iowa soil which fertilizes the minds of all who walk with their feet in it. These farmers of Iowa were always blossoming out with new ideas.

It had been in this very district that they had attempted to enforce the farm holiday several years ago when they were unable to sell their produce with profit. It was in this region that embattled farmers struck the first blow against foreclosure of farm property.

And now Iowa farmers had struck again—this time against a relief system which made it impossible to hire help for the harvest.

Their farm holiday fight had been a forerunner of crop control—higher prices through reduced supply. The fight against foreclosure was a forerunner of government home and farm loans. I began to think, as I turned into Old Man Forsythe's farm, that Iowa's revolt against relief might be a forerunner of an American rebellion against the destruction by relief of American pride, initiative, and resource.

And before I finished my long swing through the grainlands, I realized that an ultimate, nation-wide rebellion would spring out of the American population of the Middle West, whose denunciation of relief still rumbles in my ears.

There have been minor rumblings, of course, throughout the nation—from the melon growers of the South, berry growers of the Atlantic seaboard, grape growers on the West coast, orchard men in New York and Michigan. In these regions farmers, unable to hire men who were on relief, appealed to local relief administrators for help, in the fear that their crops would rot in the fields.

Old Man Forsythe, who has been farm-

ing 800 acres of Iowa farm land for "going on nigh to forty-five years now," came across the field at my hail. He was chewing a mouthful of wheat grains—they make fine chewing gum—and swishing the stubble with a buggy whip, the kind farm boys used to saw up into cheroots and smoke, varnish, cloth, and all.

"Relief workers?" he roared to my question. "Come on over the fence here. Look up yonder . . . across the field. See them two fellers? I just told 'em to go on back to relief. Hired 'em up here day before yesterday to shock . . . $1.50 a day. Well, sir, the two of them together did just exactly half the work that Ralph, my son, did for nothing. Those two men have been moanin' and takin' on something awful ever since they came here. The government's been takin' care of them around the pool halls so long they've forgotten what a day's work is. I knew one of those fellers before the crash and he was a first-rate farm hand. Ain't good for nothin' any more.

"You know what's wrong with relief? It's worse'n a drought to men who used to hustle for a livin'. Yes, sir. Jes' shrivels up their spunk. Talk about crop control That's all right. But when you start plowin' good farm hands under with relief, the labor market goes up. I pay $1.50 a day for help. That's all I can pay. And these plowed-under boys are too good to take it. I got to compete with the United States Treasury when I hire.

"A dollar means nothin' to them fellers I jes' let out—not a confounded cent. And I used to work two days for one dollar. But when the government gives it away, it's worth nothin'."

I could have talked with the old man all day but he was mighty busy. He had one of the best, goldarned crops of wheat he had had in four years. Going to pay off some interest and some feed and seed loans.

WELL, it wasn't all quite so bad as that. I walked out through the blazing sun across one field where 30 men were working in blue shirts, wringing wet. I talked with five of them who had been relief workers—men in their thirties who had been stricken from the rolls and were glad of it. They didn't want to stop work long enough to talk.

"You see," one of them explained, "I didn't come out to the harvest, to begin with, for fear of being stricken from the relief rolls. When the harvest was over, it might take me two or three weeks of red tape and investigation before I got back on. But when they cut us off relief, with the promise of taking us back on WPA or something, I was glad to go to work. Nothing to be afraid of. Had to go to work."

"But if you had taken yourself off relief for the harvest or any job," I said, "couldn't you have found another odd job, and another, and so on through the winter?"

He shook his head dubiously. "Afraid to try it," he said. "Too dangerous."

"Were you always afraid?" I asked. "Even before the depression?"

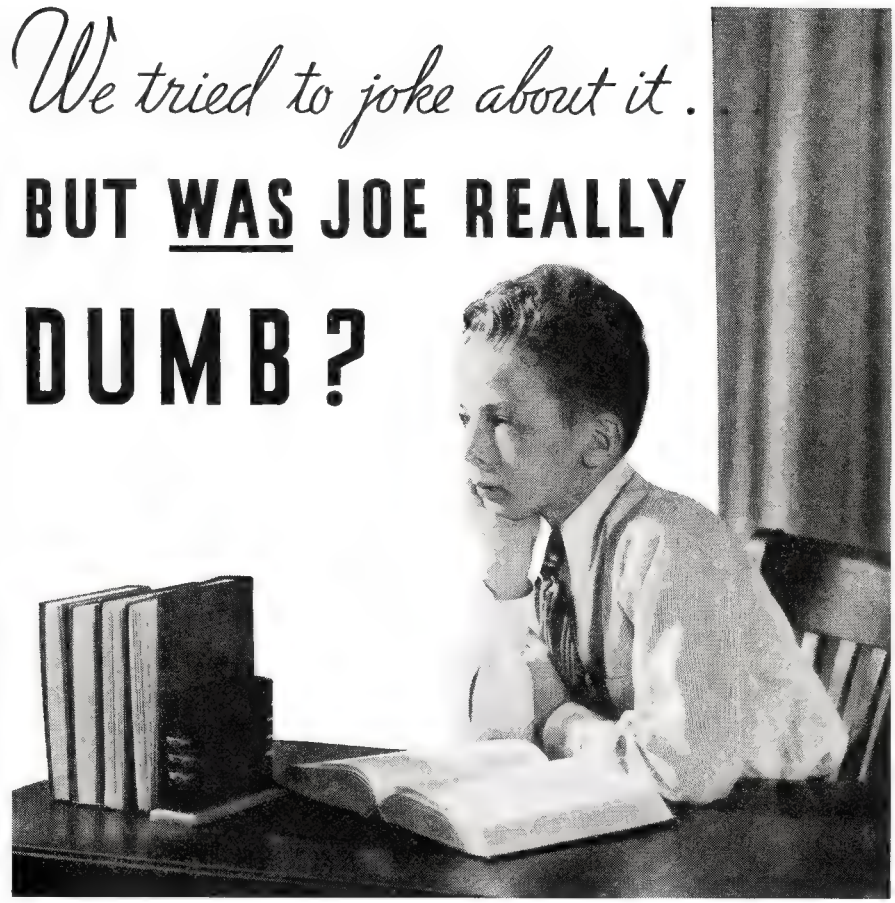
His face hardened.

"Naw," he said disdainfully. "I used to get along fine from one job to another—before the depression."

I had no answer for him. But up the line I found A. B. Zahner, president of the corn and hog control association of his county, who had a forceful answer. . . . He was farming 8,000 acres of land for himself and

We tried to joke about it . . .

BUT WAS JOE REALLY DUMB?



HIS FATHER and I talked it over after every report card. "Was Joe dumb?" "Can't he try harder?" "What is the matter?" We tried to joke about it to our friends. But inside it hurt. Because our boy didn't seem to be as bright as others.

Then pretty Miss Stearns, his teacher, made a suggestion. "Other children have learned how to concentrate by learning how to type!" And sure enough, it worked with Joe.

Typing—seeing his thoughts grow in actual type on paper—soon fascinated him. He quickly learned to operate the machine.

Then he started to express himself more freely. His English marks were the first to improve. Spelling followed. Themes were longer than when hand-written. Miss Stearns says it is even helping with his arithmetic, because typing forces him to set things down in an orderly fashion.

Joe may never lead the class. But he is no longer anchored solidly at the foot of it! His Remington Portable has helped him up. And for that we can never be too grateful!

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One typewriter really isn't enough after you get used to it. Dad brings work home in the evening, hoping to dash it off when Joe isn't using his Remington. I've learned to depend on it for the clearest social correspondence I have ever sent out. And the other children beg to use it all the time. So first on our "must list" of things to buy—there's "another Remington Portable"! Every family needs at least one!

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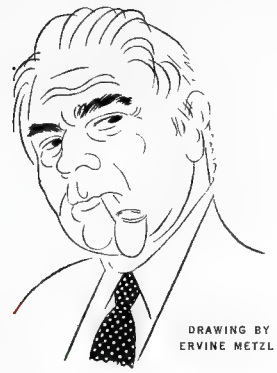

DRAWING BY ERVINE METZL

By Don Marquis

MY SCOUTS and agents tell me that one thing which the recent depression did for the country was to make it stew-minded. The left-over came into its own; and stew was restored to the family table, not masquerading as ragout or goulash, nor with any fancy French or Czechoslovakian name, but candidly as stew.

When I speak of stew, I speak, not as a mere high-brow theorist, but as an expert practitioner. Thursday is, in our house, as in so many well-regulated American families, the day the cook leaves us flat. She leaves left-overs in the refrigerator, and I make stew. Making stew is an all-day job, if it is done right.

I wish to interject right here that the basic maxim of my school of stew-making is: Stew should *always* be made from left-overs.

I cannot better present my theory of stew than by describing my current practice. Last Thursday, I leaped beaming into the kitchen, clothed in my cooking pajamas—I always cook or write in pajamas, as the artist of any sort should have perfect physical freedom for strutting his stuff—accompanied by my favorite Boston bull terrier pup, whose name is Peter. Peter's chief interest in life is food, and he likes to wag himself around underfoot during its preparation, and growl sage advice.

"This," said I to Peter, opening the ice box, "looks like the shank of the leg of roast lamb we had for dinner on Sunday. Shall we put it in?"

Peter signified that he thought it was coming to him personally; but he is a good fellow, generous, and we put it in the pot. Just to prove how generous he really is, he offered a bone of his own, which he has grown quite fond of during the past few weeks. He keeps it up on the roof, not having any garden in which to bury it. He galloped downstairs and into the kitchen, glowing with enthusiasm and generosity, but I had to dampen his ardor.

Next, five onions. The onion is a rare and poetic vegetable; aromatic and keen. No sort of stew should be without its onion.

"And this," said I to Peter, "looks like a piece of the salt pork I cooked the beans with *last* Thursday. There are some beans sticking to it. Shall it go in?"

Peter wagged yes. And then he poked into the ice box himself, and came out with a little paper of chipped beef. He looked inquiringly at me, and we put it in.

Next I found a can of corn, part of a dish of stewed tomatoes, and some cold spaghetti which had once been served with tomato sauce. They went into the pot; and then Peter went over and dug in the vegetable basket and came back with a carrot. Just to please the dog, I put that in also.

A literary agent to whom I had promised an article came in. Pete began to untie the gentleman's shoe laces.

"What's the dog up to?" he asked.

"He wants you to put your boots in the stew," I said.

He left, hastily, with an alarmed backward glance, refusing my invitation to dinner.

One of the neighbors' cats came in off the fire escape, and Pete inspected her critically and turned her down.

"You are quite right, Peter," I said. "I never liked cats myself."

Pete and I found some lima beans, some cold rice in a lump, some peas in a dish with some cold mutton chops, part of a beefsteak; and then for good luck we put in a cake of cream cheese, some asparagus that was only a few days old, some celery, and something else that we didn't know about. But it smelled good to both of us, and Pete wagged his tail approvingly three times; so it went in.

It was something farinaceous, I think; and it looked like it might have vitamins, proteins, carbohydrates, calories, and a lot of those things in it. Stews should always contain vitamins and calories and such gadgets.

We put in some cold cauliflower. Neither of us cares for it much; but there it was, and you can't be too selfishly personal about stew. Somebody might like it.

THE water was boiling by this time. I put in some bacon and some more onion. You can't get too much onion in stew. Pete jumped from a chair into the sink, and came out again with one of these little woven wire gadgets you scour pots and pans with.

We had quite a debate over that. Pete claimed it ought to have a good deal of flavor in it, of one sort or another.

I said, "Yes—but *what* sort?"

Pete claimed stew was stew. But I had to hurt his feelings. I turned down the pot-scraping gadget, and put in some Worcestershire sauce, a little mustard, some cold roast beef which Pete found in the ice box, some cold boiled potatoes, and a couple of cloves, instead. We simmered it until dinnertime, slowly but thoroughly. Then we had to eat it, for the rest of the family—cowards!—went out to dinner. . . .

But I am cheered to think that the country is safe again. It is eating stew, and calling it stew, once more. Industrially, economically, gastronomically, we are on the upward trend.

his aged father—hiring 40, 50, and 60 men.

"Rubbish," he growled. "Say, did you know that in my county alone there are 3,000 farms? Every farm needs $1,000 worth of repairs. That's conservative. The crops are good this year, best in a long time. Every farmer needs help, good help. But where's he going to get it? From relief? Not on your life. If they had any guts, they wouldn't be on relief—not with the opportunities around here. I hired men on relief, and I fired them. Paid them $2 a day. They wouldn't work. Wanted eight hours a day. Just puttered around the field. I jacked two of them up about the way they slacked on the job, and as soon as I went away they walked off and left my horses standing in the field, idle for four hours. Competent farm hands can always get a job in Iowa. But a man must be *willing* to work, and these chaps aren't. They've lost their guts. If the government would put them to work—to hard work—they'd break out of relief and make themselves jobs, just as they used to."

But, even at that, this first move of the Middle West against the relief system had not been a failure. More than half of those deprived of government support were in the fields, getting the first shock of good, refreshing work they had felt in almost three years. And they were getting some real cash in the pocket, too.

THE back of my neck pretty well blistered, I went back to Missouri Valley, the heart of the revolt against relief, to cross-examine the Saturday-night crowd of workmen, farmers, and business men. The streets were crowded as if for a fair. The motorcar agencies were open, and I could see that rural Iowa had its eye on a good, new car as soon as the corn was in.

And here's what I found out:

The banker, working late over his books, took off his eyeshade.

"In the first week they cut those boys from relief," he said, "our bank clearings actually increased. I don't know all that means. But it does mean this—that cutting off government money in these parts didn't affect business one whit. The boys who wouldn't work have been more than paid for by the boys who did."

I dropped in to see the grocer, figuring that if the cutting of relief rolls would affect anybody, he would be the first one hit. He smiled tranquilly.

"Don't look around suddenly," he said in a low voice, "or he'll know we're talking about him. But get your eye on that man with the jug . . ."

I glanced around cautiously and took in the spare, gristly little man in the new, badly soiled overalls. His hard little soil-blackened hand was clenching several old green bills.

"He's got $18," whispered the grocer. "Been on relief for months. Always came here on Saturday night with a check for $9. Now he's working in the fields, and he's flush. . . . Am I losing? Say"—and his voice rose jubilantly—"I've done just a mite more business since they kicked those boys off relief than I did before."

But a week ago, a friend of mine told me a few minutes later, the grocer wouldn't have said that—not while he thought there was a chance of losing the government money that filtered to him through relief. And yet, in the Dakotas, Nebraska, Kansas, Missouri, and the rest of Iowa, never did

I find a business man who thought he would lose a dime if relief were discontinued.

The druggist admitted that night that he had lost some business—in prescriptions.

"Since they went to work," he said, "they don't take nearly so much medicine. Too tired, I guess, to think about what's wrong with them. Some of these relief people eat pills and drink patent medicine as if they really liked them."

Over at Clarinda, Iowa, up at Denison, on to Sioux City, throughout the rich bottom lands of the Missouri Valley, I found America's first experiment in putting relief workers to work failing and succeeding in the same fashion I observed in Harrison County and south. But at Sioux City I was amazed to find 150 able-bodied men living in comparative comfort in a large fireproof, three-story garage, which bore the name of "Government Transient Shelter." The place was as clean as army barracks at a first-class post; shower baths, a hospital, a laundry, and a game-room were standard appurtenances.

And out there, across the river, for hundreds and hundreds of miles, the wheat lay glistening in the Dakota sun.

Short-handed farmers were desperate for help. And here, in Sioux City, 150 able-bodied men dawdled about, paying their board and keep by sweeping concrete floors, helping out in the kitchen, doing little chores. Even some of the officials of the establishment were disgusted.

"If I had my way about it," one official said, "these men would be transients no longer. I wouldn't permit them to drift from one soft government berth to another. I'd send them to the state of their origin and put them to work. I'd see that they did productive labor. And when they tired of it they could make places for themselves."

I strolled around and interviewed a few potential harvest hands. One youngster blinked at me when I asked him why he hadn't gone out to the harvest.

"Harvest?" he asked. "What harvest?"

Then he laughed foolishly, and two men leaning against the wall grinned.

OVER in South Dakota farmers were complaining that they couldn't hire enough men to harvest their crop—the best in years. The state, at the end of its FERA fiscal year, its relief funds waning, purged its rolls of every able-bodied man. It was hoped that these men would find work in the harvest fields and tide themselves over until WPA projects were opened. But by the time I got to Glenn Fjiordson's farm, between Sioux Falls and Yankton, about all the able-bodied men were back on relief.

Fjiordson, red as scarlet fever, his taffy-haired wife, and his two buxom, peach-bloom daughters were all hard at work in his 500-acre wheat field. Several neighbors who had their crops in were helping.

"I wouldn't take 'em," Fjiordson shouted, almost succeeding in drowning out the thresher. "Bah for 'em! No good. I go to town to get 'em. They want $3 a day. Me and my family, we can do our own work. I can't pay $3. I've just begun to pay my debts. Now I should pay relief workers!"

Freyda shouted from her wagon of bundles, "Father, don't be so hard on them."

"I'm not hard," he roared back. "But I work for my living. I get what I can. Some years I work and get nothing. But I work. If I starve, I starve. But I work! See?" He dropped a pitchfork and beat his red

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chest. "I—I— Understand? It is *I* who work or starve or die. I ask nobody for anything . . . nobody!"

As I drove out of Fjiordson's, a swart, grinning little man in a torn white shirt hailed me from the road. He was standing beside a ramshackle truck with several bandaged tires.

"They got any eggs up there?" he shouted. "I'm an egg man."

I stopped and told him I didn't know, but that they had a wonderful crop of wheat.

"Wheat?" he said, quite seriously. "I'm not interested in wheat right now. Next year I may buy some. Doing pretty well with eggs."

I WAS curious, and Jack Ferguson—his name was painted on the side of the truck—was talkative. Before I drove on, I learned that he had been a farm machinery salesman four years ago. The depression hit, but Jack Ferguson, broke and heavily burdened with family, did not go on relief. He bought a broken-down truck for $50, put it on its feet—or tires—and became an egg man. Offices? Just the truck. Market? The next big town. He simply went from farm to farm, unceasingly, buying eggs for less and selling them in town for more. A man could make a living.

"A grand life," he said heartily, as he turned into Fjiordson's road. "Nothing like the egg business to keep a man going."

And at the next farm I found an elderly couple—they had come to South Dakota forty-six years ago, they said—maintaining a relief worker, who was sleeping in the barn. He just didn't feel well—too far gone to work, and they wouldn't turn him out. I found him in the barnyard, washing in a rain barrel, a pretty good towel over his arm, and tried to talk with him. He was sullen. Thought it was none of my business.

That man weighed 170 pounds. He could have lifted twice the weight that the old farmer, his host and savior, could have pushed. I went back and talked with the old couple on the front porch. Their wheat was in; neighbors had helped them. Relief? Well, they were cautious.

The old man rubbed his mottled cheek with a hard hand and looked at me thoughtfully with blue, red-rimmed eyes.

"Well, I tell you," he said. "God's been good to me, and I try to be good to my fellow man. Ella and I come out here when there wasn't anything—just sod houses and dry, gray prairie land. I drove oxen over these fields—broke the ground with a wooden plow. For a few years I thought we might starve. . . .

"We had our ups and downs—grasshoppers, drought, dust. But I worked hard, never gave up, and God was good. Sometimes I think that these relief fellows don't try hard enough. I could have used three, but only one came. He stood it for a day, then said he was sick, couldn't work. Maybe he is sick; I don't know. That's for God to say. But I'm being good to him."

Never was I able to get an accurate check on the number of relief workers who had been in the harvest, if only for a day. It was in Sioux Falls that I heard my first figure—20 per cent. It came from relief workers themselves.

I turned off into a wheat ranch near Sioux Falls a few days later, just ahead of a rattletrap motorcar containing four men in overalls. I ran off the road just ahead of them and waited.

"Hey," I said. "Are you relief workers?"

"Yeah," said the driver.

"Any luck finding jobs?" I asked.

"We're not looking for jobs," he said. "We're canvassing the farms to find out how many relief men got jobs when they kicked them loose from the rolls."

And how many had? Well, I'd have to ask the head of the Fraternal Order of Workers in Sioux Falls. He wasn't putting out any official information himself.

When I got to Sioux Falls, I found the Fraternal Order of Workers was putting on a social jamboree in a borrowed dance hall, 25 cents a throw. It was a jolly, democratic gathering, with music and refreshments. From a man lounging in the doorway I learned that the Order consisted entirely of men on relief. It put on a social evening now and then, but really preferred daytime picnics with ice cream contributed by local merchants. The dues were only 35 cents a month. I asked him where he got the 35 cents, and he said, "Oh, we're on relief, you know. Not penniless." I surmised that the dues were paid out of my taxes.

But I still wanted to know how many relief workers had been absorbed by the Dakota harvest. My informant directed me to Alfred Landmark, state and city vice president, who worked in the relief office.

Mr. Landmark, whose profile reminded me of one I had seen on an ancient Roman coin, looked at me and said, "Our canvassers found that only 20 per cent of the relief men were given jobs in the fields. So you see—it won't work."

I pumped Mr. Landmark for more, and was given an interesting picture of scores of relief workers diligently scouring the wheat fields of South Dakota to find out whether they had been given jobs in the harvest. The question should have been, "How many had taken jobs?"

The Fraternal Order of Workers is merely one of the many relief-worker organizations in the Middle West. The class of pensioned unemployed is solidifying under a dozen different names—Loyal Sons, United Leagues, Farm Worker Societies, and so on. When South Dakota struck relief workers from its rolls, the Fraternal Order and other organizations directed paid telegrams of protest to responsible persons.

ON DOWN through Nebraska, I found relief workers crowding back to government offices for aid, while farmers were still clamoring for their services.

"Not enough pay," the workers said. "The farmers are trying to skin us."

But after they got back on the rolls not all of them slacked. Scores of these Nebraska men, I discovered, worked the day or two a week required by the relief administrator, and "bootlegged" their services to farmers in Iowa on their days off.

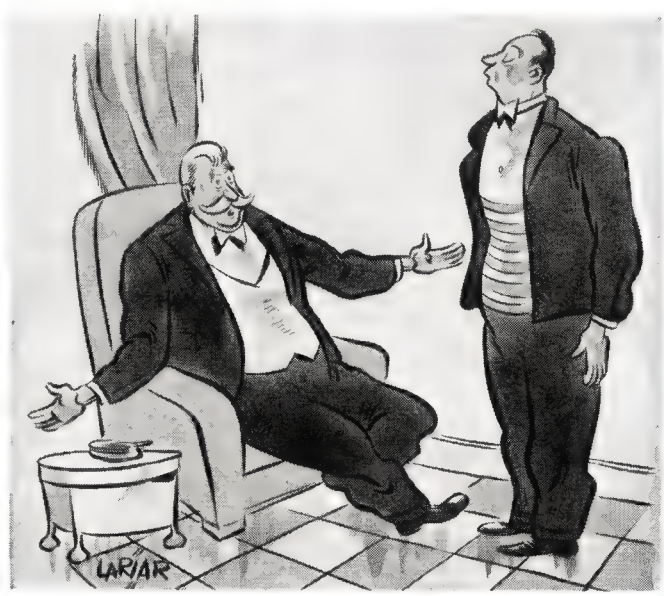
On a toll bridge between Omaha, Nebr., and Council Bluffs, Iowa, my driver, who knew what I was looking for, spotted a truckload of his friends. We ran alongside the truck beyond the bridgehead.

"Don't mean to tell me you boys are going to work," shouted my driver gleefully. "Against the law to work while you're on the rolls."

A man named Charlie said, "Gosh, you don't need to tell the world about it. We're just going to get a few days off working on some farms over in Iowa. The officials won't spot us over there. If they see us working in Nebraska, they'll have us kicked off relief again. But the Iowa relief investigators don't know us. They have a hard enough time remembering their own relief men, there are so many of them."

My driver was nobody's fool, and he began to pump the crowd.

The boys confided that two or three private employment agents in Omaha rounded up relief workers on their days off and shipped them,



"I'll have to let you go, Osgood. They've stopped my relief check!"

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on request, to farmers in Iowa at $1 a day. Just how the agents communicated with the farmers I never found out, but $1 a day for a man drawing his living from the government was pin money.

The great fear of the relief worker, I found, is losing his status on relief. If he has outside employment, and the government finds it out, off the rolls he goes. And if he loses his outside work he has a hard time getting back on the rolls.

But, even then, the government had taken cognizance of the situation by posting signs in relief offices: "Win back your independence. If you are on relief, and someone offers you a job, take it. Earn all you can. If you secure a permanent job, you won't need further relief. If your job is temporary, you may be reinstated when your job ends."

"*May be* is right," a former plumber's helper growled. "I'm going to stick right on relief when WPA gets going. Then I'm going to stick on that. If you get off relief you have to wait weeks to get back on."

In parts of South Dakota, Nebraska, and Iowa, where relief rolls had been purged so briefly for the harvest, I found the number of men on relief increasing. When men discovered they were not eligible for new WPA jobs unless they had been on relief, they joined the army of pensioners.

WHILE farmers roared their complaints in the open, business men in important cities of the wheat and corn belts whispered their contempt for the relief system in the privacy of their offices.

"Capital has already discovered that it takes initiative to survive in this country," one large merchant told me. "The big corporations that have asked the government time and again to tide over their over-expanded plants are being undercut by small capitalists manufacturing on a small scale. While the big ones cry, the little ones are using American initiative and succeeding by American competition."

"So what?" I asked.

"The same thing holds true of labor," he went on. "Men who will take jobs at $1.00 and $1.50 today, rather than go on relief, will be in the swim when the relief rolls go."

"But will they go?"

He got up and walked to his window.

"Don't quote me," he said finally. "But relief has got to go. We men of the Middle West will not stand idly by and see the good men and women of our communities corrupted by the dole. There's work to be done in these cities. There could be a natural absorption of workers if the workers, as well as the capitalists, were freed from government maternalism."

The man who used to call at Middle-Western homes to cut the grass and trim the hedge no longer comes. The junkman, crying for old iron, old rags, old bones, is heard no more. Grass cutter, window washer, knife grinder—all are on relief.

"I'm so firmly convinced that a man can make a living if he wants to," a newspaper editor told me, "that I'm sending out a reporter every day to find a job at somebody's house or store. So far, he hasn't failed. The first day he went out, he found a job beating carpets within ten minutes."

One evening, a few days later, near the close of my long journey, I attended a meeting on the lawn of the county courthouse in Salina, Kans.

Several hundred men and women were

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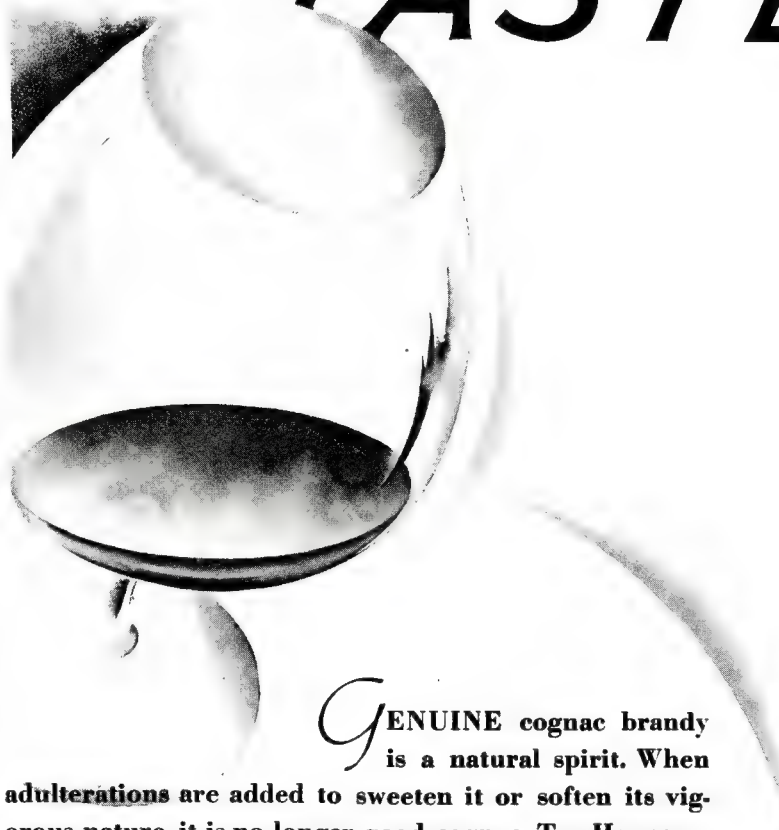

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sitting in groups on the grass under the trees, playing bridge and pinochle on patch quilts which had been spread over the litter of a basket dinner. A radio cabinet made music in their midst, its aerial dangling from a leafy limb.

This curious celebration, my driver told me, had been going on for three days and nights. They were relief workers who had gone on strike. The county relief administration had cut their incomes in half, hoping they could tide themselves over until the WPA projects opened, by working in the harvest fields.

It was getting dark, but I fancied I could hear the threshing machines still whirring out on the broad prairies around the town. The farmers would be working far into the night. It was a good crop. Six thousand Kansas farmers had already paid off their feed and seed loans to the federal government. There were work in the fields and repair jobs in barns and yards, everybody told me.

I BARGED into a group of men who stood smoking their pipes by the main door of the courthouse. I told them I had been out talking with overworked farmers who wanted help if they could afford to hire it. Had anybody here been out?

Five years ago I wouldn't have asked the question. I knew Westerners—their pride and self-sufficiency. But I was no longer afraid of offending them.

Finally, one fellow, with a big bay window and a stained blue shirt, took his pipe from his mouth and said, "Feller offered me a dollar and a half a day only yesterday . . . but he wanted me to work fourteen hours. Five miles out. I couldn't drive out there for that."

"You have a car?"

"Yeah," he said. "Lots of us have cars."

"Offered me a dollar a day," said another.

"Ten days, ten dollars," I ventured. "More than relief money."

"Yeah," he said. "Me and my family git about $5.80 a week . . . but that gives me time to pitch hoss-shoes."

While one fellow roared with laughter at the jest and said, "Ef that don't beat me," somebody on the lawn began to shout, "Here comes the Poor Commissioner!"

The folks, cramped from long sitting, got up stiffly and began to form a semicircle around the door where I stood. A couple of men who had been playing poker dropped their cards excitedly. A pack of barefoot children came running.

A youngish man weighing about 250 pounds, one of the leaders of the strike, came puffing along. He was followed by a spare, white-haired man with twinkling eyes, who was introduced to the silent crowd as Earl Swanson, the Poor Commissioner, administrator of relief in Saline County, who had come to settle up.

Mr. Swanson addressed his fellow townsmen in a voice that was almost meek. He was sorry the "folks" had been obliged to wait so long to be restored to relief, he said, but there was no money in the fund. Had to get some more from Topeka. Anyhow, everybody was invited to report at the relief office in the morning with their grocery lists. If anybody had walked out on strike the day he was working, he would be privileged to work his regular day next week. Thanks, one and all, for being decent and not destroying property. Any questions?

A huge, long-armed man pushed forward and looked up at Swanson with a glowering face. He had been a section hand.

"I got a question," he said sullenly. "Yes, Earl, I got a hard question: Who was it said we could starve for all he keered?"

Swanson's face pinkened.

"Nobody said that, Fred," he replied. "Nobody that I know of. Any more?"

A laughing, fat-faced man in overalls piped up from the crowd, "There's been a question about how old a baby's got to be before you quit giving it relief milk."

The mild, white-haired man looked down with clear, appraising eyes.

"Son," he said slowly, "we've been giving milk to babies twenty-three and twenty-four years old for a long time now. I don't know how long it's going to go on."

The crowd fell silent. Nobody cared to understand what had been said. It was a bit subtle . . . for that occasion. Swanson left. I stayed awhile and looked at the faces of the crowd there . . . large-featured, strong, American faces, some with the squint eyes and high cheekbones of early Western stock. They had been the faces of men and women nurtured to hardship . . . faces of pioneers . . . grim and frank . . . always ready to break into a thousand radiant wrinkles of delight.

And now it seemed to me that something had changed those faces. They were touched with puffiness and tinged, I thought, with cunning. I did not like the way these men and women laughed, nor the covert, understanding glances they passed as the Poor Commissioner threaded his way through the crowd.

When I followed Swanson, I heard the heavyweight's voice booming, "Come on, folks. Don't go. We're going to organize."

Across the street, several men were standing huddled together. I recognized two of them as Salina business men.

"Going to organize," one of them was grumbling. "Same bunch that always lived on the other side of the railroad tracks. Relief brought 'em out of their holes. The thing's got to stop . . ."

The music had started up on the courthouse lawn.

"I knew their pappies and their grandpappies before them . . . all just alike . . ."

Earl Swanson, the Poor Commissioner, was sitting alone, staring at the floor. He looked up and smiled pleasantly.

"You know," he said, "I can't say anything—but I will say that my father broke these prairies with oxen, and that since that day a willing worker has always been able to make a living . . . some way.

WITH the harvest still in progress, I visited my last relief office, where scores of sullen men in overalls were reapplying for relief. Couldn't get work, they said.

The administrator shook his head sadly, and said: "Three years ago we had to go out and beg these people to accept a little money to tide them over. They were embarrassed, their pride was hurt. They straightened up their shoulders and said, 'Sir, we can make our own way. We'll live if we make only 25 cents a day.' But we made them take the money.

"The next year they were taking relief gladly. This year they are demanding it."

The Pirate Saint

(*Continued from page 15*)

he bent his head. She fought him wildly, and then she was passive and bewildered in his arms.

Simon got up and switched on the lights. . . .

"I'm Loretta Page," she said. She sat wrapped in his great, woolly bathrobe, sipping hot coffee.

"It's a nice name," he said.

"And you?"

"I have dozens. Simon Templar is the only real one. Some people call me 'The Saint.'"

She looked at him with a new intentness. "I've heard about you," she said.

"Loretta," said the Saint, "you know too much about this life of sin."

"I ought to," she said. "I'm a detective." She sprang up. "Oh, no! . . . It's too perfect. I'm glad. You're telling the truth, I know. The Saint could have been only you. Listen!" She wheeled and dropped on the berth beside him; and he listened.

"Saint," she said earnestly, "there's one racket working today that's been running for years. It's a racket that goes over most of the world wherever there's anything to work on; and it hits where there's no protection."

"I know, darling," said the Saint sympathetically. "But you can't do anything about it. It's quite legal. It's called income tax."

"Have you heard of the Lutina?"

"It sank, didn't it?" he said.

"In 1799—with about a million pounds' worth of gold on board. There've been plenty of attempts to salvage the cargo, but so far the sand's been too much for them. Then the Lutina Company was going to suck away the silt through a big, conical sort of bell."

"Well?"

"Well, they haven't tried out their sand-sucker because the whole thing was blown sky-high in 1933—and the explosion wasn't an accident."

The Saint sat up slowly.

"Something else happened in the same year. An American salvage ship, the

Salvor, went out to search a wreck off Cape Charles—the Merida, which sank in 1911 and took the Emperor Maximilian's crown jewels to the bottom with her, another million-pound cargo. They didn't find anything. And fish don't wear jewelry."

"Why?" he said, with dreamy rapture. "Why didn't I know all this before?"

"Perhaps you were too busy."

"Anything else could have waited," said the Saint with profound conviction. "And is that what you're detecting?"

"Yes. I work for the Ingerbeck Agency—we've a contract with Lloyd's, and we handle a lot of other insurance business. You see, where a ship sinks, the wreck is under the protection of the country that covers the water; but if the underwriters have paid out a total loss, the salvage rights belong to them. Insurance companies have paid out millions of pounds on this kind of risk. They hoped to get a lot back in salvage, but the amounts they've seen would make you laugh. They've known—for a long time—that there was some highly organized racket cheating them out of six figures or more a year. So we went out to look for them."

"You?"

"Oh, no. Ingerbeck's. They've been at it for the last five years. Some of their men went a long way. Three of them went too far—and didn't come back. . . . But one of them found a trail that led somewhere, out of hundreds that didn't; and it's been followed to here."

THERE was a brief silence in the cabin "You see," she went on, "the men could get so far, but they couldn't go on. Well, there was one other way. Somewhere at the top of the racket there must be a head man, and the odds are that he's human."

"You came out to be human with him?"

"I didn't succeed—so far. I've tried. I've even had dinner with him and danced at the Casino. But I haven't had an invitation to go on board his boat. Tonight I tried to go on board without an invitation." She grimaced. "There was a watch on deck. He got me, but he let go when I fired a shot beside his ear—I didn't hurt him—and I dived overboard."

"There are still a couple of things you haven't told me," the Saint said. "One is the name of this boat you wanted to look at."

"The Falkenberg."

"And the other thing is the name of the bloke who passed in the night."

"Kurt Vogel."

"How very appropriate," said the Saint thoughtfully. "I think I shall call him 'Birdie' when we get acquainted. But that can wait. . . . I've got a hunch that if you're on the beach before lunch we may talk some more. I'm glad you dropped in."

The fog was thinning to a pearl-gray vagueness lightening with the dawn when he rowed her back; and when he woke up there were ovals of yellow sunlight stenciled along the bulkhead from the opposite portholes. For a while he lay taking in the familiar cabin. There she had sat, there was the stub of her cigarette in the ash tray. He saw the ripple of gold in her hair, the exquisite shape of her, and knew a supreme content which was not artistically rewarded by the abrupt apparition in the door to the galley of a belligerent face sheltering behind a loose, walrus mus-

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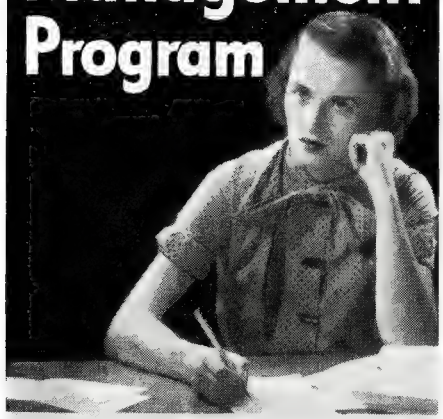

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(A. M. 11)

tache. Orace was his crew, manservant, and trusted accomplice in many adventures.

"Lovely morn'n', sir," said Orace, and limped struttingly in to plunk down a glass of orange juice. "Brekfuss narf a minnit."

The Saint grinned ruefully and hauled himself up. He went up on deck and dived neatly into the sea. He cut away across the estuary in a straight line of hissing crawl, and made his way back more leisurely to eat bacon and eggs in a deck chair in the spacious cockpit.

After a while he dived off the side again and swam round the Pointe du Moulinet to the beach. He chose a clear space to stretch himself out opposite the Casino.

"Hullo, old-timer."

HE DROPPED his gaze and saw her. She wore the same elementary swimsuit, with a bathrobe that fitted her better than his had done.

He rolled up on one elbow. "Hullo, pardner."

"We are partners, then?" she said. "I wonder why Ingerbeck's didn't think of signing you up years ago."

He smiled.

"They might have tried, but I'm afraid I haven't any affinity for dotted lines. It's so dull to be honest. Nobody but you could make it even bearable. It was your picnic orginally, and you let me in on it—"

She smiled at him, but behind her smile there was a deadly seriousness. "I find that I needn't have gone in for such desperate measures so soon."

"What's happened?"

"I had a note this morning," she said. "It was delivered at the hotel before I woke up—an invitation to have dinner with Vogel on the Falkenberg."

"I take it you've already accepted," he said wryly.

"The messenger was going to call back for my answer. I left a letter when I came out—said I'd be delighted."

"Let's have a drink and discuss this further."

She shook her head. "I can't risk it. Vogel may be ashore now. I've risked enough to talk to you at all. . . . I want to know if you're coming in with me. Just this once, it might be fun for you to look at a dotted line."

"Very well, I will meet you on this—dotted line," he agreed resignedly.

Simon was back on the deck of the Corsair when he turned his eyes to study a speck of movement on the borders of his field of vision. The speed tender was moving away from the side of the Falkenberg. On a sudden impulse, he dropped into his dinghy and wound up the outboard while the Falkenberg's tender was maneuvering for a landing at the Bec de Vallée. And as Vogel and a gray-bearded man started up the causeway toward the Grande Rue, the Saint opened up his engine and scooted after them. He shot into the quay under the very nose of another boat, and was up on land and away before the running commentary he provoked had reached its choicest descriptive adjectives.

Simon spaced himself as far behind his quarry as he dared when they reached the Digue, and slackened the speed of his pursuit. Presently the two men crossed the stream in the direction of the Casino terrace, and Simon Templar followed. He was able to squeeze himself about among the tables in the natural manner of a lone man looking for a place. His route led him past Vogel's table; and at the precise moment when the hook-nosed man looked up and caught his eye, Simon returned the recognition with polite interest.

"I hope you didn't think me too unceremonious about disturbing you last night," Vogel said.

"Not at all," said the Saint cheerfully. "I didn't leave the baccarat rooms till pretty late, so I was only just settling in."

His glance passed unostentatiously over the gray-bearded man. Something about the mild, pink, youthful-looking face struck him as dimly familiar.

"This is Professor Yule," said the other, "and my name is Vogel. Won't you join us Mr. —er —?"

"Tombs," said the Saint, without batting an eyelid, and sat down.

"You are interested in gambling, Mr. Tombs?" Vogel suggested.

"I don't mind an occasional flutter to pass the time."

"Ah, yes—an occasional flutter." Vogel's eyes remained fixed on his face. "You can't come to much harm that way. It's the people who play beyond their means who come to grief."

The instantaneous instinctive tension within the Saint relaxed into a pervasive chortle of pure glee.

"There's not much chance of that," he said lightly, "with my overdraft in its present state."

They sat eye to eye like two duelists.

"Are you staying long?"

"I haven't made any plans," said the Saint nebulously. "It just depends on how soon I get tired of the place."

"It doesn't agree with everybody," Vogel assented purringly. "In fact, I heard that some people find it unhealthy."

Simon nodded. "I haven't noticed that," he said. "Up to the present, though, I have found it rather dull."

AN ADJOINING table became vacant, and another party took possession. One of them leaned sidewise to whisper, and his companions turned their heads furtively. The name of "Yule" reached the Saint clearly. And then, above interfering undertones, an electric *sotto voce* stung his eardrums: "I'm sure it must be. . . . You know, my dear—the bathy-something man. . . ."

Simon Templar knew now why the name had seemed familiar. Only a few months ago the newspapers had run the story. For Wesley Yule had been down five thousand feet into the Pacific Ocean, beyond any depth ever seen by human eyes—not in a diving bell, but in a fantastic bulbous armor built to withstand the terrific pressure, in which he was able to move and walk about on the ocean floor nearly a mile below the ship from which he was lowered.

"Of course, you've heard about Professor Yule?" said Vogel urbanely.

"Of course . . . but I hadn't placed him until that lady said something just now. It must have been an amazing experience, Professor."

"Very interesting," the professor said. "And very expensive," he added, with attractive candor. "In fact, my first descent just about ruined me. But, with Mr. Vogel's help, I hope to go a lot farther."

A man wandering about the terrace with a large camera pushed his way to

their table and presented a card with the inscription of a French newspaper agency.

"Your permission, gentlemen?"

Yule grinned ruefully and submitted blushingly to the ordeal. The photographer took two snapshots of the group, thanked them, and passed on. And Kurt Vogel beckoned the waiter for the check.

"Won't you have another?" suggested the Saint.

"I'm afraid we have an engagement." Vogel stood up, with a flash of his bloodless smile. "If you're interested in the professor's diving experiments, you might like to come out with us on a trial trip. He's making a test of the new apparatus in moderately deep water."

"Well—that sort of invitation doesn't come every day," said the Saint. "It's certainly worth thinking about—if you're sure I shouldn't be in the way. . . ."

AFTER they had left, the Saint sat in meditation. He thought again of that camera aiming toward him fully as much as toward the professor. If that news photographer was not a real news photographer, and the picture were developed and rushed to England by air, it could certainly be identified within forty-eight hours . . . and if the result were cabled to Kurt Vogel, it might answer some of the questions he had been asking himself.

A man came filtering through the tables on the terrace with a sheaf of English and American newspapers. Simon bought one, and he turned the first page:

TO SALVAGE CHALFONTE CASTLE
£5,000,000 Expedition Fits Out

A ship will leave Falmouth early in August with a contract for the greatest treasure hunt ever attempted in British waters. She is the Restorer, crack steamer of the Liverpool & Glasgow Salvage Association . . .

So that was it! If an authorized expedition was being organized so quickly there was not much time for a free lance to step in. But for a man of Vogel's nerve there might still be a chance. . . . .

Simon Templar lunched at the Gallic. When he had finished he went into the main foyer and spoke to a reception clerk:

"I want to put in a call to England. Let me have a private room."

Ten minutes later he was settled comfortably in an armchair with his feet on a polished walnut table.

"Hullo, Peter. This is Simon. Listen—find out about the Chalfonte Castle. She sank near Alderney about the beginning of March. Get a chart, and get the spot marked. And send it to me at the Poste Restante, St. Peter Port, Guernsey—tonight. Name of Tombs."

"Good as done." There was a suspicious hiatus at the other end of the line. "But if this means you're on the warpath again—"

"If I want you, I'll let you know, Peter," said the Saint, and rang off. His next call was to another companion in crime.

"Do you think you could send me a nice diving suit, Roger?" he suggested sweetly.

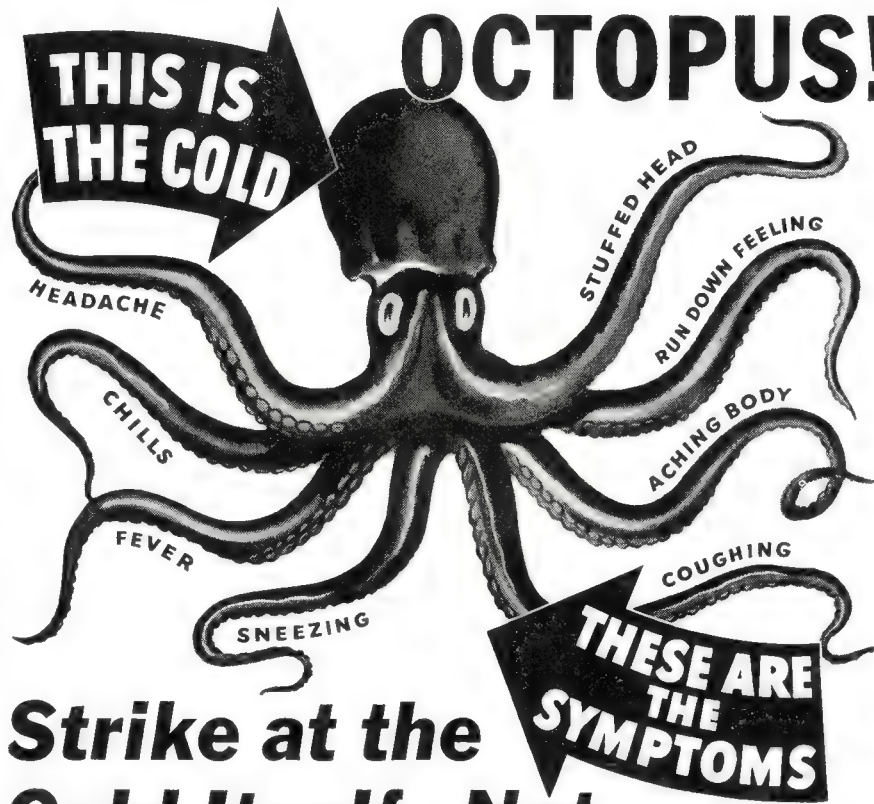
"Why not let me bring it?"

The Saint hesitated. It was the second time in a few minutes that the suggestion had been held out.

"Okay. If you're coming send along two diving suits. Get hold of Peter, and come along."

As Simon stepped into the foyer he became aware of a pair of socks. They were

KILL A COLD AS YOU WOULD AN OCTOPUS!



Strike at the Cold Itself—Not Merely at the Symptoms!

YOU'VE read about that dread sea-creature—the Octopus!

If you should ever be so unlucky as to meet up with one, you wouldn't get very far by hacking off his arms. You'd have to strike at the creature itself—at that evil-looking, rubber ball-like body.

The same holds true for COLDS!

You won't get very far in your treatment of a cold, if you concern yourself merely with the symptoms. You must attack the *cold itself,* which is an infection in the system.

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Obviously, this calls for an internal treatment. Surface applications may allay the symptoms temporarily, but they won't reach the seat of the trouble. And, as long as any of the cold remains in the system there is danger of complications.

To put it in a nutshell, a cold calls, first of all, for a *cold* treatment, and not a preparation only incidentally good for a cold. Secondly, it calls for internal medication.

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Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine tablets are made expressly for colds and nothing else. They are distinctly a cold treatment.

Furthermore, they are internal in effect. They work within you and they do four important things:

First, they open the bowels, an admittedly advisable step in the treatment of a cold.

Second, they check the infection in the system, a particularly vital step.

Third, they relieve the headache and fever.

Fourth, they tone the system and help fortify against further attack.

These are the four effects you want in the treatment of a cold and, in Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine, you get them all in the form of a single tablet.

The proof of the pudding, so far as Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is concerned, is that these are the largest selling cold tablets in the world and for more than 40 years have been the stand-by of thousands in the treatment of colds.

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Let no cold "put the finger" on you. According to recently published newspaper reports, there is a death every four minutes from pneumonia traceable to the "common cold."

At the first sign of a cold go right to your druggist and get a package of Grove's Bromo Quinine tablets. Begin taking the tablets immediately, two every four hours until relieved. Prompt recourse to Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine will often stop a cold in 24 hours.

Ask your druggist firmly for Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine tablets and accept no substitute. The few pennies' cost may save you a lot in worry, suspense and expense.

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Spend a week or two..

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a pale brick-red hue, and intervened between a pair of blue trousers and brown and yellow shoes. The Saint's eyes voyaged up to the face of the man who wore them. He was no stranger. He had sat at a table close to the Saint's at lunch-time. Simon was being followed. His estimation of Kurt Vogel went up another grim notch.

It didn't take Simon long to get rid of his shadow. A few unexpected turns in the narrow streets of Dinard and the pink socks were no longer with him. He went to Loretta's hotel, and directly up to her room.

The man who was with her scowled. He was a hard-faced individual, yet with a solid atmosphere of competence and courage about him.

"Who's the young heart's delight?" the Saint demanded.

She shrugged. "Name of Steve Murdoch. Of Ingerbeck's."

"Simon to you," said the Saint, holding out his hand. "Been here long?"

"Landed at Cherbourg this morning."

"Did you ask for Loretta downstairs?"

"Yeah."

"Dear, dear," the Saint said reprovingly. "There was a bloke kicking his heels in a corner when I arrived. He was placed just right to hear who was asked for at the desk. Vogel's taking no chances. I'm being followed. Loretta's being followed. Now you've rolled in, and you've branded yourself by asking for Loretta. You're a marked man. You'd better blow. You'll only bring more suspicion down on Loretta by hanging around."

Murdoch took out a cigar and bit the end from it with a clamp of his jaws.

"It's a stall, Loretta," he said sourly. "How d'ya know this guy isn't working with Vogel? All he wants is to get me out of the way. I'm not running."

"Yes, you are, Steve," said the girl.

"Say—when I take orders from that—"

"You aren't. You're taking orders from me."

"If you put it that way,' he growled. He transferred his glare from her to the Saint. "As for you—if anything happens to Loretta through my not being here—"

The Saint opened the door for him, and he stumped through with his fists clenched.

"I'll be leaving," the Saint said. "I can't risk the foyer again, but I spotted a fire escape. I've got to get back to the Corsair before there's too much excitement about my shadow having lost me."

ORACE was waiting for him anxiously when he got back. He sipped a glass of sherry and dined on one of Orace's superlative meals. The speed tender had set out again from the Falkenberg and returned about half past seven, with Vogel, in evening dress, sitting beside Loretta. Loretta was on board, but Simon saw no need for her to be alone. He went below to take off his clothes. He tested the working of his automatic and fastened the gun to the belt of his trunks.

He slid through the water without a sound. He was concentrating so much on silence that he nearly allowed himself to be run down by some nocturnal sportsman who came skimming by in a canoe. The prow brushed his hair, and he submerged himself a fraction of a second before the paddle speared down at him. When he came up the canoe had vanished as silently as it had come.

Then the hull of the Falkenberg loomed up for undivided attention. At the very edge of the circle of visibility shed by its lights he paused to draw a deep breath; and then even his head disappeared under the water, and his hands touched the side before he let himself float gently up again and open his lungs.

He set off to work himself round the boat. He hauled himself up out of the water, inch by inch.

HE LOOKED into a large cabin running the whole width of the vessel. Half-dressed seamen were stretched out on bunks, reading and smoking.

The third porthole lighted a smaller cabin. He identified the sleuth who had trailed him that afternoon and the man who had been busily doing nothing in the foyer of Loretta's hotel.

The Saint hooked his fingers over the counter of the low stern and drew himself up until he could hitch one set of toes onto the deck. Only for an instant he might have been seen there; and then he had flitted noiselessly across the open space and merged himself into the shadow of the superstructure.

Again he waited. Nothing happened. At last he relaxed and glanced curiously at his surroundings. Over his head an odd, canvas-shrouded contrivance reached out aft like an oversized boom. He wriggled his fingers through a gap in the lacing and felt something like a square steel girder. At the end of the deckhouse he found wheels . . . he was exploring a nifty, well-oiled, and up-to-date ten-ton grab!

Then a door opened farther up the deck, and footsteps began to move towards him. In another second, as a switch clicked over somewhere, a pair of bulkhead lights behind frosted panels suddenly wiped out the darkness.

Simon looked up speculatively, and his hands reached for the deckhouse roof. In another second he was up there, spread out flat on his stomach.

All the evening Kurt Vogel had set himself out to play the polished cosmopolitan host. The other guest, whom he called Otto and who had been introduced as Mr. Arnheim, a fat, broad-faced man with small brown eyes and a moist red mouth, fitted into the play with equal correctness. And yet the naïve joviality of Professor Yule was the only thing that had eased the strain on Loretta's nerves.

She knew that from the moment she set foot on board she was being watched. The menace was not in anything they said or did. It was in their silences. They were goading her own brain against her, keying her to the tension of self-consciousness where she would make the one false step that would be sufficient for their purpose.

Yule's innocence was the one pattern which she had been able to hold to, and when he remained behind in the saloon she felt a cold emptiness.

Arnheim had engineered it. "We'll stay and look after the port," he said, when Vogel suggested showing her over the ship.

She looked at staterooms, bathrooms, galleys, engines, and wondered if he would kiss her in one of the rooms. She felt as if she had been let out of prison when they came out on deck under the open sky.

She broke the silence: "It must be marvelous to own a boat like this."

"To be able to have you here—this is

pleasant," he said. "It can be very lonely."

"That must be your choice."

"It is. I am a rich man. I could fill this boat hundreds of times over. But I've never done so. You're the first woman who has set foot on this deck."

"I'm sorry if you regret it," she said carelessly.

"I do." His black eyes sought her face with a burning intensity. "I regret it because when you give a woman even the smallest corner of your mind you are no longer in command of your destiny."

She found his hands pinning her to the rail on either side.

"For years I shut all women out of my life. I broke the rule of a lifetime to bring you here. Now I don't want you to go back."

Somehow, she tore her gaze away and broke through his arms. His hand went out and gripped her shoulder. He drew her towards him, and she closed her eyes before he kissed her. His mouth was hard, with a kind of rubbery smoothness that chilled her, so that she shivered.

"You'll stay, Loretta," he said hoarsely. "We're going to St. Peter Port tomorrow. I want you to come with us."

"Give me a cigarette."

He felt in his pockets. The distraction blunted the edge of his attack.

"I'm afraid I left my case inside. Shall we go in?"

She passed into the wheelhouse ahead of him. "You didn't show me this," she said, glancing round the room.

Besides being the wheelhouse, it also contrived to be one of the most attractive living-rooms on the ship. At the after end there were shelves of books, half a dozen deep, long armchairs invited idleness, a rich carpet covered the floor. Long, straight windows ran the length of the beam sides.

"We were coming here," said Vogel.

He did not smoke when he had brought the cigarettes. She thought he was gathering himself to recover the mood of a moment ago; but before he spoke again there was a knock at the door.

"Excuse me, sir."

The steward stood at the door, his saturnine face masklike and yet obsequiously expressive. Vogel turned to Loretta with an apologetic shrug:

"I'm so sorry—will you wait for me a moment?"

WHEN Vogel came back the smile Loretta gave him was serene and artless.

He nodded. "Please excuse me."

He went straight across to a folding bureau built into the paneling, and pulled out a drawer. She saw the big blue automatic as it slipped into his hand.

"I don't want you to be alarmed," he said, "but the stewards have seen someone prowling about the ship again."

"But I'm thrilled." She met his gaze unflinchingly. "I want to come with you."

"All right. Will you keep behind me?"

He switched out the lights, and she followed him out on the deck.

From where she stood the deckhouse profiled itself in black. Away aft there was another shadow merging with the rest, something that her eyes froze on.

Vogel lifted his automatic. She was trembling, although her mind was working with clarity. She had to choose between letting the Saint be shot down without warning or—

Moving along the deckhouse roof as silently as a ghost, the Saint had followed everything that had happened outside. The mention of a man prowling had prickled a row of nerve centers along his spine; then he had seen the shadow Loretta was staring at, and had remembered the canoe. But Loretta hadn't seen that, and he knew what she must be thinking.

There was a queer exaltation in his heart as he stepped off the wheelhouse roof, out into space over her head.

She saw him as if he had fallen out of the sky—with one foot knocking down the automatic and the other striking flat-soled at the side of Vogel's head. The gun went off with a crash, and Vogel staggered against the rail and fell to his knees.

Simon fell across the rail and hung on for a moment. Down at the after end of the deck the shape detached itself from the shadows and scurried across the strip of light, to drop overboard. Loretta Page saw the flash of the Saint's white teeth in a familiar smile, saw him put his fingers to his lips and kiss them to her. Then she saw him launch himself up, to curve over into the sea.

HE WENT down in a long, shallow dive, and swam outside of the Falkenberg's circle of light before he rose. He had judged his timing so well that the canoe flashed past as he broke the surface.

He sculled with his hands to the dark water under the side of the yacht near by. He heard the purr of an engine, and with a quick decision he grasped a stanchion, drew himself up, and rolled over into the tiny after cockpit. He saw the Falkenberg's speed tender churning around his refuge. A seaman crouched on the tender's foredeck, swinging a powerful spotlight. Its long finger danced on the water, fastened suddenly on the shape of a canoe that sprang out of the dark.

The Falkenberg's tender turned and drifted up alongside; and at that moment the spotlight was switched out.

"Have you seen anyone swimming around here?"

Murdoch's answer was sullen: "I did see someone. It was over that way."

"Thanks."

The voice of the tender's spokesman was the last one Simon heard. And then the tender began to slide smoothly back, while the canoe went on its way to the shore. But Simon Templar knew, with absolute certainty, that the man in the canoe was not the man who had been caught by the spotlight. He knew that Steve Murdoch was riding unconscious in the speedboat.

The tender slid in under the side of the Falkenberg, and the man on the foredeck stood up and threw in the painter. Vogel caught the rope and made it fast.

"Did you find anything?"

"No," the man at the wheel answered, standing up in the cockpit. He looked up as he spoke, and his right hand fingered a rug that seemed to have been thrown down in a bundle on the seat beside him.

"That's a pity," said Yule. "But they can't have searched very far. Shall we go out and have another look?"

"I'm afraid we shouldn't be likely to have any more success, my dear Professor," replied Vogel. He turned to

TEST Yourself

How many of these questions about automobiles can you answer correctly?

1. How can you make your car ride safer at high speeds?
2. Do modern engines run at higher or lower winter temperatures than the old ones?
3. What should you be careful of when inflating front tires?
4. Why was last winter a severe test of anti-freezes?
5. What is the best way to drive out of deep mud or snow?
6. How can you find out how much anti-freeze your car requires for protection in zero weather?

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Loretta. "I'm very sorry—you must have had rather a shock."

"Honestly, it hasn't upset me," she said. "It's been quite an adventure. I'm just rather tired now. May I go home, please?"

Sitting beside him again in the speed tender, she felt his arm behind her shoulders, and steeled herself to be still.

"Will you come with us tomorrow?"

"Oh, yes . . . I'll come." She turned her face to his shoulder; then she broke away. "No, don't touch me again, now."

On the return journey he took the wheel himself. The man who had been in charge of the hunt a little while before stood beside him.

"Where did you put him, Ivaloff?" Vogel asked quietly.

"In No. 9 cabin," answered the man. "He is tied up and gagged; but I think he will sleep for a little while."

No. 9 cabin was the last door in the passenger section. Vogel turned the key silently, slipped an automatic out of his pocket, and thrust open the door. His fingers found the light switch and clicked it down. Otto Arnheim lay at his feet, with his face turned whitely up to the light and his mouth hanging vacuously open. . . .

IF THE quality of surprise had ever been a part of Orace's emotional make-up, the years in which he had worked for Simon Templar had long since exhausted any trace of its existence; and he helped Simon to haul his prize out onto the deck of the Corsair as unconcernedly as he would have lent a hand with embarking a barrel of beer.

"How d'you like it?" asked the Saint.

He was breathing a little deeply from the effort of life-saving Steve Murdoch's unconscious body through the odd half-mile of intervening water.

"Wot is it?" inquired Orace disparagingly.

"A sort of detective," said the Saint.

They undressed Murdoch out on the deck, and Simon wrung out his clothes as best he could and tied them in a rough bundle which he chucked into the galley oven when they took the unconscious man below. He left Orace to apply the usual restoratives, and went back into the saloon. He had just settled into a clean shirt and a pair of comfortable old flannel trousers when the door opened and the fruit of Orace's labors shot blearily in.

Murdoch glowered at him speechlessly for a moment; and then the team of pneumatic drills started work again under the roof of his skull, and he sank on the bunk.

"I thought it would be you," he said morosely. "Well, here I am—and who asked you to bring me here?"

"You didn't," Simon admitted.

"I didn't ask you to pull me out, and I'm not going to thank you. Did you think you might be able to get under my skin that way—make the same sort of monkey outa me that you've made outa Loretta? I'm not so soft."

"Now and for the last time," Simon said, with the caress in his voice smoothed out until it was as soothing as a sheet of ice, "will you try to understand that the only reason I interfered on the Falkenberg was because Vogel wasn't half so interested in shooting you as in seeing how Loretta would like it? The only reason I pulled you out again—"

"Was what?"

"Because if you'd stayed there they'd have found out more about you. You're known—thanks to your brilliant strategy in tearing into the Hotel de la Mer and shouting for Loretta at the top of your voice. And she's all I'm interested in."

"I know you, Saint," Murdoch said raspingly. "You're a crook. Maybe you kid some people with that front of yours about being some kind of fairy-tale Robin Hood trying to put the world right. But I know you're a crook—and you're in the racket for what you can get out of it."

The Saint sighed.

"I suppose you're entitled to your point of view, Steve," he conceded mildly. "Now we shall have to decide what we're going to do with you."

"Don't worry about me," retorted Murdoch. "You worry about yourself. Give me my clothes, and I'll be on my way."

"I don't know that we can let you go on getting into trouble indefinitely," said the Saint. "It looks, Steve, as if we may have to shut you up where you won't be able to get into mischief for a while."

"That's what you think, is it?" grated Murdoch. "Well, you try to keep me here!"

The Saint nodded. His right hand slid to the shelf beside the settee, under the porthole. It came away with an automatic.

"I'm trying," he said.

Simon met the other's reddened glare and wondered what the odds ought to be if it were a betting proposition. There was something consolidating itself on Murdoch's thinned-out lips which stood for the kind of raging, foolhardy fearlessness that produces heroes and tombstones in cynically unequal proportions.

And at the same time something had started like the hum of a cruising bee, and while they were talking it had grown steadily nearer. Now, in the silence while he and Murdoch watched each other, it suddenly roared up and stopped.

"Ahoy, Corsair!"

IT COULD have taken hardly a second to develop, that galvanic awakening of every nerve; but the Saint reviewed the circumstances and realized everything that had to be done. Murdoch was still half arrested in the stillness which the interruption had brought upon him; his head was turned a little to the left, his mouth a little open, his gaze diverted. In another split second he would let out a yell or try to jump the gun—or both.

Simon let go the automatic and unfolded himself from the settee. He came up like the backlash of a cracked whip, and his fist hit Murdoch under the jaw with a clean, crisp smack that actually forestalled the slight thud of the gun hitting the carpet. Simon caught him expertly as he straightened up on his feet.

"Ahoy, Corsair!"

"Ahoy to you!" answered the Saint.

The door at the end of the saloon was opening, and Orace's globular eyes peered over his mustache through the gap. Simon heaved Murdoch's inanimate body towards him like a stuffed dummy. And then he snatched up his gun and leaped for the companion.

He started with lightning speed, but he emerged into the after cockpit quite leisurely. He turned unhurriedly to the side; and Kurt Vogel, standing up in the speed-

boat, looked up at him, with his sallow face white in the dim light.

"I'm afraid this is a most unseemly hour to pay a visit," said Vogel, in his flat voice.

"I'm never very early," said the Saint. "Come on below and have a drink."

He led the way down to the saloon, and pushed the cigarette box across the table.

"D'you smoke?"

Vogel accepted; and Simon raised his voice: "Orace!"

"As a matter of fact, I only called in case you'd made up your mind about tomorrow," said Vogel, taking a light.

"It's very good of you." Simon looked up as Orace came in. "Bring two glasses, will you, Orace? And a bottle of Scotch. I would rather like to come," he said to Vogel, as he poured out the whisky.

"Then we'll expect you definitely. We shall be sailing about eleven."

Simon nodded. His whole intellect was waiting for Vogel to show his hand.

"But this is a charming boat," Vogel remarked idly. "What is her tonnage?"

"About twenty-five."

"Delightful. . . ." Vogel got up and began to wander around, touching the fittings, investigating the ingenious economy of space with quiet pleasure. "And are all the other rooms as attractive as this one?"

So that was how it was coming.

"They're pretty comfortable," the Saint said modestly; and Vogel caught him up without a second's hesitation:

"I wish I could see them. I had no idea a small boat could be so luxurious."

Now that the die was cast, Simon felt a curious, contented relaxation.

"By all manner of means," he said amicably. "Let me show you the works."

HE STOOD up, replacing the cork in the whisky bottle. The movement gave a few seconds' grace in which Orace, if he had been listening, might prepare for the emergency as best he could. Then the Saint opened the communicating door.

The spectacle of Orace sitting curled up in the diminutive galley, alone, with a paper-covered detective story on his knee, was such a dizzy anticlimax that it made the Saint feel somewhat lightheaded.

"This is the kitchen. On your right, the refrigerator, where we keep the beer warm. . . ."

Eventually they had to move on. Beyond the galley there was a short alleyway, and Simon led the way down it.

"That's the bathroom," he explained casually, indicating the first door on the left as he went by; and Vogel stopped.

"A bathroom—really? That's even more remarkable on a boat this size. May I look at it?"

"There's nothing much to see," began the Saint diffidently; but Vogel had already turned the handle.

"But that's almost luxurious!" came Vogel's bland, ingratiating accents. "And a shower, too . . . I certainly am learning a lesson—I almost wish I could find something that you've forgotten."

"I hope you won't do that," he said earnestly. "Now, this is just a small single cabin—"

The tour went on. Vogel praised the small single cabin. He studied the berth, the lockers under it, and peeped inside the wardrobe.

On the starboard side there was one double cabin. Vogel admired this also. There were two fitted wardrobes for him to peer into, and also a large cupboard for storing blankets, besides the lockers under the berths. As Vogel opened each door in turn, the Saint felt himself growing so much older that it wouldn't have surprised him to look down and see a long white beard spreading over his shirt.

"This is the most perfect thing I've ever seen. And that door at the end?"

Simon glanced up the alleyway.

"The fo'c'sle? That's only Orace's quarters—"

And at the same time he knew that he might as well save his breath. Vogel had already declared himself as a sight-seer who intended to see every sight there was.

The Saint shrugged.

At any rate, the gloves would be off. *Behind that door lay the showdown.* Steve must be in there. He opened the door and stood aside, with a sublime faith in the exciting future.

And then he heard Vogel's voice again, through a kind of giddy haze that swept over him at the sound of it:

"Excellent . . . excellent. . . . And this is all, is it?"

Vogel was coming out, and his cordial smile was unchanged. The Saint steadied his reeling brain.

'Yes, that's all," he answered mechanically. "You can't get much more into a fifty-footer."

"And that?" Vogel pointed upwards.

"Oh, just a hatchway onto the deck."

Forestalling any persuasion, he caught the ladder rungs screwed to the bulkhead, drew himself up, and opened the hatchway. He stretched down a hand and helped Vogel to follow him out. They stood together under the dimly luminous canopy of the masthead light, and Vogel extended his cigarette case.

"I'm afraid my enthusiasm ran away with me," he said. "Many thanks. I fear I've kept you up too late."

"You haven't."

"Then I'll leave before I do." Vogel waved a hand to his marine chauffeur. "Ivaloff!" He smiled, and held out his hand. "We'll look out for you, then, at St. Peter Port?"

"I'll be there by teatime, if we have any wind."

The Saint sauntered aft beside his guest. His right hand trailed idly along the boom. And suddenly his whole body prickled with an almost hysterical effervescence.

"Good night," said Vogel. "And many thanks."

SIMON stood there until the blaze of Vogel's spotlight had faded into a brilliant blur, and then he put his hands on the companion rail and slid down below. First of all he poured himself out a drink, and proceeded to absorb it with profound deliberation. Then he grasped Orace by the front of his shirt and drew him forward.

"You old son of a walrus," he said, with his voice torn between wrath and laughter. "Men have been shot for less."

"I couldn't think of nothink else, sir, sudding like," said Orace humbly. "I 'auled 'im out an' laid 'im on the boom an' folded the mains'l over 'im. I'd had it down sewin' a patch on it."

"Go up and fetch him in again, you old humbug," Simon said.

He threw himself down on the settee and began to think again. Then the Saint

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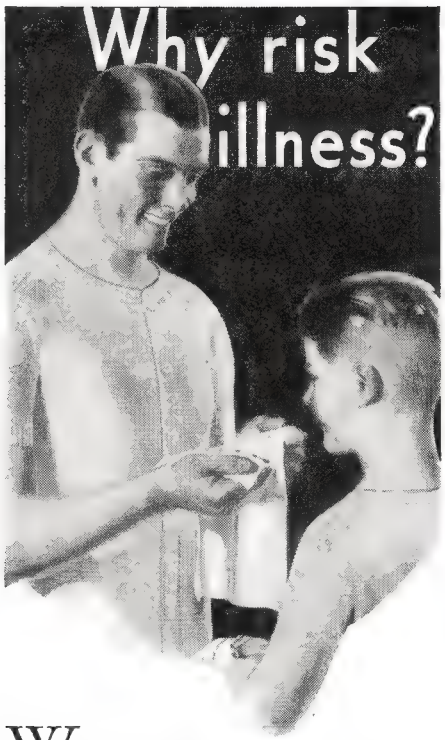

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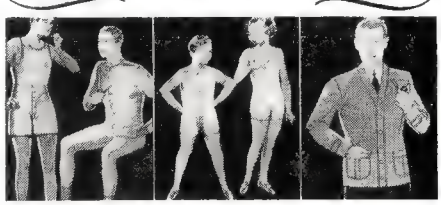

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looked up and discovered that Orace had returned to the saloon.

"'E's —'e's *gorn*, sir!" said Orace weakly.

Simon moved him aside and went up onto the deck. The disordered mainsail, draped sloppily away from the boom, offered its own pregnant testimony to the truth of Orace's conjecture. Murdoch had taken it on the hoof.

"'E must 've woke up while yer was talkin' to me an' 'opped overboard," said Orace gloomily.

"You have the most penetrating inspirations, Orace," the Saint murmured admiringly. "It's nearly low tide, and he's had time to reach the shore by now. There's nothing for us to do, Orace. Let's get some sleep!" . . .

IT WAS half past four when the Corsair came skimming up over the blue swell past St. Martin's Point. The breeze slackened as they drew up the channel, and Simon started the auxiliary. As they chugged past the somber ugliness of Castle Cornet he had a glimpse of the white airfoil lines of the Falkenberg already lying snug within the harbor.

He sat sidesaddle on the edge of the cockpit while Orace finished tidying up.

"Wot nex', sir?"

"You watch that boat. If a girl comes off it, or a box or a bundle or anything that might contain a girl, you get on your way and stick to her like flypaper."

"Yessir."

Orace went below, unquestioningly, to his vigil; and the Saint went ashore with a spring in his step and a gun in his pocket.

The cross-channel steamer from Weymouth was standing out on the continuation of her voyage to Jersey, and Simon threaded his way to the New Jetty through the stream of passengers and secured a porter. . . . Yes, the steamer had landed some cargo consigned to him. Simon gazed with grim satisfaction at the two new and innocent-looking trunks labeled with the name he had given Roger.

"Will you get 'em to that boat over there? The Corsair."

He went back down the pier to the esplanade. Those trunks which he had collected and sent on equipped him for any submarine emergencies, and the promptness of their arrival attested the fact that Roger Conway's retirement in the bonds of matrimony had dulled none of his gifts as the perfect lieutenant. There remained the matter of Peter Quentin's contribution; and the Saint moved on to the post office and found it waiting for him, in the shape of a telegram:

Latitude fortynine fortyone fiftysix north longitude two twentythree fortyfive west Roger and I will be at the Royal before you are others will catch first airplane when you give the word if you've already made a corner in the heroine we are going home I have decided to charge you with the cost of this wire so have much pleasure in signing myself comma at your expense comma yours till Hitler dedicates a synagogue dash. PETER

He found Roger and Peter in the bar of the Royal Hotel, entertaining a couple of damsels in beach pajamas who could be seen at a glance to be endowed with that certain something which proved that Peter and Roger had kept their speed and initiative unimpaired in more directions than one. Beyond the first casual inspection with which any newcomer would have been greeted, they took no notice of him; but as he approached the counter Roger Conway decided that another round of drinks was due, and came up beside him.

"Four sherries, please," he said; and as the barmaid set up the glasses he added, "And by the way —before I forget —would you get a bottle of Scotch and a siphon sent up to my room some time this evening? Number 15."

Simon took a pull at the beer with which he had been served, and compared his watch with the clock.

"Is that clock right?" he inquired, and the barmaid looked up at it.

"Yes, I think so."

The Saint nodded, pretending to make an adjustment on his wrist.

"That's good I've got an appointment at seven, and I thought I had half an hour to wait."

He opened a packet of cigarettes while Roger teetered back to his party with the four glasses of sherry distributed between his fingers. At ten minutes to seven Simon was reclining on Roger Conway's bed, blowing smoke rings at the ceiling.

They came at seven, and, having locked the door, eyed him solemnly.

"He looks debauched," Peter said.

"Do you think," suggested Roger, "that if we both jumped on him together . . . ?"

They jumped, and there was a brief tussle. At the end of which the Saint picked himself off their panting bodies.

"You're out of training," he remarked. "I can see I've only thought of you in time to save you from being put in vases."

"It only means he's got into another mess and wants us to get him out of it," said Roger. "Or have you found a million pounds and are you looking for some deserving orphans?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, there may be several millions in it," he answered.

"Tell us," said Roger.

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Date in the Dark

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Simon told them. . . . "So that's the story. Now communications. We can't have a lot of these reunions. Orace and I will get in touch with you here—one or the other of you must look in every hour, in case there's a message. If we can't send a message, we'll put a bucket on the deck of the Corsair, which means you look out for signals. Remember the old card code? We'll put the cards in one of the portholes. Those are general orders."

"Anything more particular?"

"Only for myself, at present. Tomorrow they're going out to try Yule's new bathystol—and I've got an invitation."

Peter sat up with a jerk.

"You're not going?"

"Of course I am. I've *got* to go. Besides, I might find out something."

"All about the After Life, for instance," said Peter.

"That's all in the kitty. But if it's coming to me, it'll come anyhow, whether I go or not. And if it happens tomorrow" the Saintly smile was gay and unclouded —"I looks to you gents to do your stuff."

Roger pulled himself off the bed.

"Okay, Horatius. Then for the time being we're off duty."

"Yes. Except for general communications. I just wanted to give you the lay of the land. And you've got it. So you can go back to your gals, if they haven't found something better by this time."

He shifted nimbly through the door before the other two could prepare a suitable retaliation. That brief interview with Peter and Roger had given a solid foundation to a courage which had been sustained until then by sheer nervous energy. And yet, their presence had not altered the problem of Loretta or made her safe; and he set out to find her.

AND he found her. As he walked by the harbor, he became aware of three figures walking towards him. He saw the tall, gaunt aquilinity of Kurt Vogel, the gross bulk of Arnheim, and another shape like neither of them, which turned the warmth in him to fire.

Simon Templar nodded with matter-of-fact cheeriness. And he wanted to shout and dance.

"I was just going to look you up," he said.

"And I was wondering where you were. You had a good crossing?"

"Perfect."

"We were thinking of dining on shore, for a change. . . . By the way, I must introduce you." Vogel turned to the others. "This is my friend, Mr. Tombs—Miss Page . . . and Mr. Arnheim."

"How do you do?"

There was a dark bruise under Arnheim's chin, and the Saint estimated its painfulness with satisfaction.

"Of course, you helped us to try and catch our robber, didn't you, Mr. Tombs?"

"I don't think I did very much to help you," said the Saint deprecatingly.

"But you were very patient with our disturbing attempts," said Vogel genially. "And now you'll join us for dinner?"

"I'd like to," said the Saint easily. "What about the professor?"

"He refuses to be tempted. He'll be working on the bathystol for half the night —you couldn't drag him away from it on the eve of a descent."

They had dinner at the Old Govern-

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ment House. It was an uncanny feeling to be eating and drinking with two men who might even then be plotting his funeral—and whose own funerals he, himself, would plot without compunction.

But meanwhile Loretta was there, beside him—and he could give her no more than the polite interest called for by their recent introduction.

And then he was dancing with her.

They had discovered that there was a dance at the hotel, and they had gone into the ballroom. He had waited while first Vogel and then Arnheim danced before he had looked at her and stood up as if only to discharge his duty to a fellow guest.

But he had her alone. He had her hand in his and his arm around her. There was a breath of cool night air on their faces; and as if there had been no voluntary movement they were outside.

Presently she sat down, and he sat beside her. He still kept her hand.

"You feel alive. You sound alive. Or are we both ghosts?"

"Please, Simon. Every minute we stay here is dangerous. What happened last night?"

"They caught Steve—slugged him and hauled him out of his canoe. I went back to the Falkenberg and slugged Otto, and brought home the blue-eyed boy. If the same guy who heard him asking for you at the Hotel de la Mer yesterday had seen him, I knew you were in the book."

"What about you?"

"Vogel came over shortly afterwards and put on a great show of being shown over the Corsair, while I did the honors. But he didn't find Steve. Steve got away from me." The Saint turned his face to her, and she saw the light shift on his eyes. "He saw you this morning, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"Telling you I tried to kidnap him."

"Yes."

"And speaking as follows: 'This guy Templar is just a tough crook, and if you think he's turned Horatio Alger because you gave him a pretty smile you're crazy.'"

Her hand slipped down over his hair, came to rest on his shoulder.

"I think Steve was right."

He silenced her with his lips. And he tried also to silence the disbelief in his own mind that sat back and asked cold questions.

"We must go in," she said presently.

AGAIN they walked under the glittering sky, hand in hand, towards reality. There was so much that should have been said, so little that they could say.

"What's your tomorrow?" he asked.

"The professor's making his trial descent. I don't know what happens afterwards, but next week they're going down to Madeira. Vogel asked me to stay with them."

"Must you?"

"Yes." The word was quick, almost brutal in its curtness. And then, as if she had hurt herself also, she said, "This is my job. I gave my word. Would you think the same of me if I broke it?"

Out of the sudden ache of madness in him he answered, "Yes. Just the same."

"You wouldn't. You think so now, because you want me; but you'd remember. You must let me finish the job. Help me to finish it."

"It's as good as finished," he said, with a flash of the old, reckless bravado.

"Kiss me."

The lights of the ballroom struck them like a physical blow. She slipped into his arms and he went on dancing with her, mechanically, as if they had never stopped. They completed a circle of the floor, and rejoined the others.

They discussed the projected trip while they finished their drinks, and on the walk back to the harbor. Vogel's affability was at its most effusive. In some subtle, disturbing way he seemed more confident, more serenely devoid of every trace of impatience or anxiety.

"Well—good night."

"Till tomorrow."

ON THE way out to the Corsair he thought of Loretta's loveliness—of her kisses on his lips. But as he was climbing into his boat an abrupt noise stopped his dreaming:

S-s-s-s-s-sh.

He stopped exactly as he was, with one foot on the deck of the Corsair and the other reaching down into the cockpit, one hand on a stanchion and the other steadying himself against the roof of the miniature wheelhouse.

He touched the gun on his hip; but that might be too noisy. His left hand was still grasping the stanchion by which he had been letting himself down, and he slipped it out of its socket. Then he took a long breath and stepped out across the door of the saloon, squarely into the light.

He looked down the companion into the room. The bunks had been opened and the bedding taken apart. Lockers had been forced open and their contents scattered on the floor. The carpet had been ripped up and a section of paneling had been torn away from the bulkhead. But the Saint's gaze was fixed on the crumpled shape of a man who lay on the floor—the man whose hiss of convulsive breathing had shocked him out of his sleepwalking a minute ago: Orace.

"What's the matter?"

Orace's fierce eyes stared at him brightly, while he clutched his chest with one rough hand; and Simon saw that the breast of his shirt was red with blood.

"Ain't nothink. Look out . . ."

"Well, let's have a look at you, old son—"

The other pushed him away with sudden strength. Orace's head was turned towards the half-closed door at the forward end of the saloon, and at the same moment, beyond the door, Simon heard the creak of a board under a stealthy foot.

"Steady, me lad. We must get this coat off to see what the trouble is. . . ."

He burbled on, as if he were still attending to the patient, while he picked his way soundlessly over the littered floor. His eyes were fixed on the door into the galley.

He stopped because the half-open door had suddenly jerked wide open. Beyond it, the farther end of the alleyway was in darkness; but he could see the black configuration of a man, and the gun in the man's hand was held well forward, so that the light of the saloon laid dull, bluish gleams along the barrel.

"Hullo, old cockroach," Simon greeted him in the gentlest of drawls, with the stanchion swinging loosely and rather speculatively in his hand. "Come in and make yourself at home. There's still some of the bulkhead you haven't pulled to pieces—"

"Turn round."

The Saint turned with a shrug.

"Now, just drop that thing you've got in your hand."

The Saint bent down slowly and laid the stanchion on the floor, choosing the place for it carefully.

"Now take two steps forward."

Simon measured the two paces, and stood still. His one desperate hope was pinned to the temptation he had left two steps behind—the iron rod he had put down so carefully, with one end on an upset ash tray, from which it could not be moved without a slight, grating sound.

It came—the faint, gritting scrape of metal which told him that the stanchion was being picked up. And the Saint flung himself back with an instantaneous release of his tensed muscles. His right heel went kicking backwards like a mule's, straight as a gunshot for the place where the head of the man behind him should have been if he was bending to pick up the stanchion.

From the man behind came one single shrill hiccough of agony; and the Saint twisted round in time to see him rocking back on his haunches with one hand clapped to his face and the blood spurting through his fingers. Simon laughed softly and fell on him with his knees. As he grabbed the man's wrist he saw Orace lurching forward to pick up the iron bar which had given him his chance. He rolled under his victim with a quick squirm and a heave, and the man's weight came dead on his hands as Orace struck.

The Saint wriggled out from underneath and sat up, leaning against the bunk.

"A shrewd swipe, Orace—very shrewd," he commented, eying the sleeping beauty with professional approval. "What's all the excitement about?"

"'E came alongside abaht 'arf parst nine, sir. Said 'e 'ad a messidge from yer. 'Ho, yus?' I ses. 'Wot is this 'ere messidge?' 'Yer to go an' meet Mr. Tombs at the Queen's right awy,' 'e ses. 'Ho, yus?' I ses. So 'e ses, 'This is very urgent. Can I come aboard an' tell yer the rest of the messidge? I gotter whisper it,' 'e ses; and then, bang, I get a biff on the 'ead."

"What about this bullet?"

"That was afterwards. When I woke up 'e was still tearin' the saloon to pieces. I lay doggo f'r a bit, an' then I got 'old of one of the drawers 'e'd pulled out an' shied it at 'im, an' 'e shot me."

The bullet had struck one of Orace's left ribs, glanced off, and torn an ugly gash in the muscle of his arm. The Saint busied himself with expertly dressing and bandaging the wound, while his mind probed for the origins of that riotous visit.

"Did a porter bring a couple of trunks along for me?"

"Yessir. They come abaht 'arf parst seven. I put 'em in the starboard cabin."

SIMON went forward as soon as he had finished, and found more or less what he had expected. The cords had been cut away from the trunks, and the locks had been ripped away by the scientific application of a jimmy. One of them was already open, and the lid of the other lifted at a touch. Clearly the visitor had just been completing his investigations when the sound of the Saint's arrival had disturbed him.

He strolled back to the saloon in a meditative frame of mind. The delivery of the trunks explained the investigation. There remained the problem of the investigator himself.

He cleared a space on one of the settees and yanked the intruder up onto it. For a minute or so he applied a cold, wet towel methodically. Then he felt the back of the man's head, looked closely into his face, and opened up his shirt. After which he moved away and finished his cigarette with contemplative deliberation. For nothing was more certain than that the sleeping beauty had listened to the last lullaby of all. . . .

DEFINITELY an uninvited complication, thought the Saint, considering the point in the placid light of the morning after; although he admitted it was the sort of accident that was always likely to happen when a man had an iron bar in his hand and good reason to be annoyed.

He folded his arms on the rail of the Falkenberg and frowned ruminatively at a flight of gulls wheeling over the blue water. Somewhere back under that same blue water, out in the channel between Guernsey and Herm, the unfortunate visitor lay in his long sleep, moored down to the sea bed by a couple of pigs of ballast.

Simon Templar had done that alone, before he went to sleep; but his own plans had kept him awake longer.

Not until breakfast the next morning did he make his decision.

"Yer must be barmy," was Orace's outspoken comment.

"Maybe I am," admitted the Saint, "but I've got to do it. An innocent man would keep it, even if he had caught a burglar during the night."

"It's that perishin' girl," said Orace morosely. "And wot 'appens to my job when yer feedin' the shrimps like that bloke I 'it larst night?" he added.

"I expect you could always go back to your old job as an artist's model," said the Saint, "but it won't be so bad as that. I'll put the cards in the porthole for Mr. Conway or Mr. Quentin to look you up during the day, and they'll see you don't starve."

Simon now watched the play of light on the water, and recalled the moment of his meeting with Vogel earlier that morning. It was the first time he had found any of the signs of human strain on Vogel's face. A fractionally more than ordinary glaze of the waxen skin, an extra trace of shadow under the black, deep-set eyes.

"A perfect morning, Mr. Tombs."

"A lovely morning after a gorgeous night before," murmured the Saint.

Vogel lifted his dark eyebrows in tolerant puzzlement.

Simon smiled.

"There must be something catching about this harbor-thief business," he explained. "I had a caller myself last night."

"My dear Mr. Tombs! Did you lose anything valuable?"

"Nothing at all," said the Saint smugly. "We caught him."

Simon looked up as Loretta came towards them along the deck. Vogel took her arm.

"My dear, Mr. Tombs has been telling us he had one of those harbor thieves on board his own boat—and caught him!"

"But how exciting!" She was smiling coolly, but her eyes were steady with questions. "How did you do it?"

"He came along to my bloke, Orace, and

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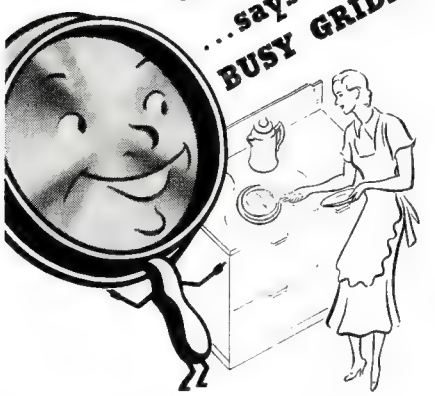

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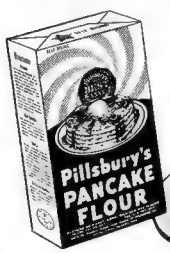

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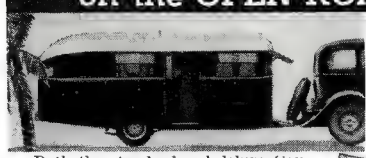

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said I wanted him—it must have been while we were at the hotel. Orace was a bit suspicious and wanted to know more about it, and then this fellow hit him over the head with something. Orace came to again before the burglar had gone, and he went on with the fight. They were still at it when I got back. The burglar had a gun and everything, but it had misfired, so—"

"What happened?" Vogel asked.

"Well, we were wrestling all over the saloon, and Orace grabbed hold of a stanchion and hit him over the head. Then we tied him up and took him ashore and lugged him along to the police station. But when they tried to give him first aid, they found he was sort of dead."

FOR a little while there was absolute silence.

"Dead?" Arnheim repeated at last.

The Saint nodded.

"Orace must have underestimated his strength, or something. He'd bashed the poor devil's skull right in."

"But—but won't you be arrested?" faltered Loretta.

"Oh, no. It was the fellow's own fault for being a burglar. Still, it's a gruesome thing to have on your conscience."

"Of course, it must be," Vogel agreed. "But, as you say, the man brought it on himself. You mustn't let it worry you too much."

"What's worrying him?" The professor came ambling along, with his rosy cheeks beaming and his premature gray beard fluttering in the breeze, and the story had to be started over again.

Vogel buttoned his jacket and glanced along the deck as Yule added his hearty voice to the general vote of exoneration.

"We're ready to sail," he said. "Will you excuse me if I go and attend to it?"

The Saint stared thoughtfully over the sun-sprinkled ripple of the sea. An impenitent ripple of the same sunlight glinted at the back of his eyes and fidgeted with the corners of his mouth. He had always been mad; he still was. Obviously.

The deep-voiced hum of the engines died away suddenly to a soft murmur, and the curling bow wave sank down to a feather of ripples along the side. Simon looked about him and turned to the professor, who was puffing a stubby brier at his side.

"Is this where you take your dip?"

Yule nodded. Vogel was in the wheelhouse with Loretta, and Arnheim had moved out of the sun to a deck chair.

Simon gazed out to sea with his eyebrows drawn down against the glare. He realized that there was a third person in the same danger as himself, about whom he had forgotten to worry very much. . . .

"Have you known Vogel long?" he asked Yule casually.

"About six months now. He came to me after my first descent and offered to help. He's been a fairy godmother to me."

"You haven't started to think about the commercial possibilities of your invention yet?"

"No. I'm afraid it's just a scientific toy."

The Saint was silent. In the face of that childlike unworldliness he didn't know where to begin. And he knew that to be caught in the middle of an argument, into which Vogel or Arnheim might be drawn, would be fatal. He turned his head, and saw Vogel and Loretta coming out on deck.

The professor knocked out his pipe, and they moved aft. Arnheim stayed in his chair in the shade.

Simon fell in beside Loretta. It was the first time that day he had had a chance to speak to her alone; Vogel had kept her close beside him from the moment they left the harbor. The Saint glanced back over his shoulder. Arnheim had not moved, and his round stomach was distending and relaxing with peaceful regularity. Simon slackened his stride.

He laughed as if at some trivial flippancy, and said in a sober undertone, "I'm worried. You can't help liking the professor. If you got a chance you might manage to talk to him."

"I'll try." She smiled back at him, and went on in her natural voice as they came within earshot of Vogel, "But it must be hard for the lighthouse keeper's wife."

"I expect it is, if she's attractive."

Simon came to a lazy halt in front of the apparatus which three seamen were maneuvering out onto the deck—a creation like some sort of weird Martian robot. The upper part of it combined torso and head in one sphere of shining metal, from the sides of which projected arms that looked like strings of huge, gleaming beads socketing together and terminating in steel pincers. It balanced on two short, bulbous legs of similar construction. The spherical trunk was studded with circular quartz windows, like multiple eyes, and tubes of flexible metal coiled round it from various points and connected with a six-foot drum of insulated cable on the deck.

"Is this the new regulation swim suit?" asked the Saint. "But it doesn't look as if you could move about in it."

"It's fairly hard work," Yule admitted. "But it looks a great deal heavier than it is. The value of the bathystol is its light construction. I set out with the idea of achieving strength by internal bracing on scientific principles instead of solid bulk. You need something strong for this job."

"I suppose you do," said the Saint mildly. "I don't know what sort of pressures you meet down there—"

"At three thousand feet it's more than half a ton to the square inch. If you lowered a man in an ordinary diving suit to that depth, he'd be crushed into a shapeless pulp—by nothing more solid than this water." The professor grinned cheerfully. "But in the bathystol I'm nearly as comfortable as I am now."

SIMON stood aside and watched the preparations for a shallow test dive. The ten-ton grab on the afterdeck had been stripped of its tarpaulin and telescoped out over the stern, but the claw mechanism had been dismantled and stowed away.

The hook was hitched into a length of chain welded to what might have been the shoulders of the bathystol, the nuts were tightened up on the circular door through which Yule would lower himself into the apparatus, one of the engineers touched the controls, and the cumbersome contrivance dragged along the deck and rose sluggishly towards the end of the boom. For a moment or two it hung there, turning slowly, and then it went down, with the cable whirring, and vanished under the water.

"That's enough."

At last the professor was satisfied. The

engineer reversed the winch, and the cable spooled back onto the drum with a deepening purr, until the bathystol pushed its outlandish head above the surface and rose clear, to swing again at the nose of the derrick.

"Five hundred feet," muttered Yule proudly. "And I'd hardly even call that a trial run. Now, if I can walk about in it better than I could in the old one—"

"I take it there is no serious doubt of that?" said Vogel, with intent solicitude.

"Bless you, no. I'm not worried."

Vogel took the professor's arm, and Yule allowed himself to be torn reluctantly away from his toy. Simon caught Loretta's eye with a gaze of thoughtful consideration.

THERE were two oxygen cylinders, of the same alloy as the bathystol, unpacked from their case and being passed out onto the deck as Yule wriggled into a moth-eaten gray sweater in preparation for his descent. He tested the automatic valves himself before he climbed up onto the deck-house roof to lower himself into his armor. The door in the top of the bathystol was only just large enough to let him through; but presently he was inside, peering out of one of the portholes. Then the oxygen cylinders were passed in to him, and fitted into the clamps provided for them on the interior of the sphere. After which the door was lowered into place by two men, and the bolts which secured it were tightened up.

Then it was finished, and the hammerers climbed down. The professor fitted a pair of earphones over his head and adjusted the horn-shaped transmitter on his chest; and his voice, curiously shrill and metallic, clattered suddenly out of a small loud-speaker standing on a table by the rail:

"Can you hear me?"

"Perfectly. Can you hear us?"

Vogel had settled the loop of a similar transmitter round his neck, checked up the telephone communication. The professor grinned through his window. "Fine!"

His hands moved over the racks of curious instruments with which he was surrounded, testing them one by one. He touched a switch, and the interior of the globe was illuminated by a dim light over his notebook; at the touch of another switch, a powerful shaft of luminance beamed out from a quartz lens set in the upper part of the sphere. Then he slipped his arms into the sleeves of the apparatus, moved them about, and opened and closed the pincer hands. He bent his knees, and lifted first one leg and then the other in their ponderous harness. At last his voice came through the loud-speaker again:

"Right! Let her go!"

"Good luck," said Vogel; and the bathystol lifted, swung out over the side, and disappeared into the blue water.

After fifteen minutes which might have been an hour, the cable swayed with the first trace of slackness, and the loud-speaker suddenly squeaked, "Whoa!" The burring of the winch died away, and the man who was chalking the cable as it slipped over the boom looked at his figures and called, "Five hundred seventy-five."

"Five hundred and seventy-five feet," Vogel relayed impassively over the phone.

"Splendid. I'm on the bottom." It was indescribably eerie to listen to Yule's matter-of-fact voice speaking from the eternal, windless night of the sea bed.

"Can you move about?"

"Yes, I think so. This bathystol is a lot lighter than the last one."

"Could you bend down to pick anything up in it?"

There was a brief pause. Then the professor's voice came through again:

"Yes—I got hold of a bit of rock. Quite easy. . . . Now I'm going to try and walk a bit. Give me another twenty feet of cable."

The winch thrummed again for a few seconds; and then there was absolute silence on deck. The man who had been checking off the lengths of cable put away his chalk. The carpenter tied a last hitch between the cable and the telephone line, and clambered down from his perch. The other seamen drew together at the stern and stood in a taciturn group.

"I can walk quite comfortably." The sharp stridency of the loud-speaker crackled abruptly into the stillness. "I've taken about thirty steps in two directions. There is no sign of a leak, and the reading of the humidity recorder is still normal."

Then the loud-speaker clattered again:

"Something seems to have gone wrong with the oxygen supply. One of the cylinders has just fizzled out, although the gauge still shows it three-quarters full. I'm turning on the other cylinder. I think you might bring me up now."

"Up!" snapped Vogel.

Loretta was gripping the Saint's arm. Simon was only numbly aware of the clutch of her fingers. His reactions were momentarily out of control, while his brain reeled to encompass the terrific adjustment that Vogel had sprung on him. Even then he was uncertain, unconvinced by that horrible leap of foresight—until the rumble of the winch stopped again almost as soon as it had started, and left a frightful stillness to force its meaning back into his unbelieving ears.

The engineer left his controls and vanished down a companion, and Vogel spoke into the telephone mouthpiece:

"They're just fixing the winch, Professor."

There was a short interval before Yule's calm reply:

"I hope it isn't anything serious. The reserve cylinder seems to be worse than the first. The pressure is falling very rapidly."

VOGEL had walked across to the companion down which the engineer had disappeared. He was standing there, looking down, tapping his fingers quietly on the rail.

"Can't we do anything?" Loretta was pleading.

Vogel glanced at her with a shrug.

"I know nothing about machinery," he said; and then he stepped back to make way for the returning engineer.

The man's face was perfectly wooden. His gaze flickered over the circle of expectant faces turned towards him, and he answered their unspoken questions in a blunt staccato like a rolling drum:

"I think one of the armature windings has burnt out. They're working on it."

Simon's fists were clenched till the nails bit into his palms. And the loud-speaker clacked through the silence:

"The reserve cylinder seems to be worse than the first. What is the matter?"

"We are trying to repair the winch," Vogel said quietly.

Then he looked at the Saint. Simon felt

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his self-command snapping under the intolerable strain. He turned to the loud-speaker and stared at it in the most vivid torment of mind that he had ever known.

"The cylinder has just given out."

Yule's voice came through again unfalteringly, almost casually. The Saint saw that Loretta's eyes were also fixed on the loud-speaker; her chest was scarcely moving, as if her own breathing had stopped in sympathy with what those six words must have meant to the man helplessly imprisoned in his grotesque armor five hundred feet below the bountiful air.

"Can't you put the cable onto another winch?" asked the Saint.

"There's no other winch on the ship that would take the load."

"We can rig up a tackle if you've got a couple of large blocks."

"It takes more than twenty minutes to raise the bathystol from this depth," Vogel said flatly. "With a block and tackle it would take over an hour."

"I'm getting very weak and giddy." The professor's voice was fainter, but it was still steady. "You will have to be very quick now, or it will be no use."

Something about the scene was trying to force itself into the Saint's attention. . . . Arnheim. . . . Why had Arnheim moved across to stand in front of the winch controls, so that his squat bulk hid them?

There was another sound trying to break through the silence, a queer, jerky, gasping sound. The terrible, throaty sound of a man battling for breath, relayed like every other sound from the bathystol by the impersonal instrument on the table. . . .

SIMON moved slowly forward—towards the bulkhead where the winch controls were. Towards Arnheim. And Arnheim did not move. The Saint altered his course a couple of points to pass round him. Arnheim shifted himself also, and still blocked the way.

"It isn't easy to wait, is it?" he said.

"It isn't," agreed the Saint, with a cold and murderous precision; and the automatic flashed from his pocket. "So we'll stop waiting. Walk backwards a little way, Otto."

Arnheim's jowl drooped. He looked down at the gun in his stomach, and looked up again, with his eyes round as saucers. He coughed.

"Have you gone mad?" Vogel demanded.

And the Saint grinned mirthlessly.

"Not yet. But I'm liable to if Otto doesn't get out of my way. And then you're liable to lose Otto."

"I know this is a ghastly situation"—Vogel was still speaking calmly—"but you won't help it by going into hysterics. Everything possible is being done."

"One thing isn't being done," answered the Saint, in the same bleak voice, "and I'm going to do it. Get away from those controls, Otto, and watch me start that winch!"

"My dear Mr. Tombs—"

"*Behind you!*"

Loretta's desperate cry pealed in the Saint's ears with a frantic urgency that spun him round with his back to the deckhouse. He had a glimpse of a man springing at him with an upraised belaying pin; and his finger was tightening on the trigger when Arnheim dragged down his wrist and struck him a terrific left-handed blow with a rubber truncheon. Then darkness. . . .

"I trust you are feeling better," said Vogel.

"Much better," said the Saint.

He sat in an armchair in the wheelhouse, with a brandy and soda in his hand. He was not even tied up. But there the free hospitality ended, for Vogel kept one hand obtrusively in his jacket pocket, and so did Arnheim.

"And the professor?" asked the Saint.

Vogel lifted his shoulders.

"Unfortunately, the fault was traced too late, *Mr. Templar*."

"So you knew," said the Saint softly.

The other's thin lips widened.

"Of course. When you were photographed in Dinard—you remember the news photographer? I received the answer to my inquiry this morning. That was when I knew that there would have to be an accident."

NATURALLY. When once the Saint was known, a man like Vogel would not have run the risk of letting the professor be warned or snatched out of his power. . . . Simon had a moment's harrowing vision of that naïve and kindly man gasping out his life down there in the cold gloom of the sea, and the steel frosted in his blue eyes.

He thought of something else. Loretta's piercing cry, the last voice he heard before he was knocked down.

He realized that Vogel was watching him, performing the simple task of following his thoughts; and he smiled with unaltered coolness.

"You have given me a good deal of trouble, Templar. Not by your childish interference—that would hardly be worth talking about—but by an accident for which it was responsible."

"Your amateur burglar?"

"My burglar. He was one of the best safebreakers in Europe, an invaluable man . . . and therefore I want him back."

The Saint sipped his brandy.

"Birdie," he said gently, "you're calling the wrong number. What you want is a spiritualist."

"You killed him?"

"That's a crude way of putting it. If the professor had an unfortunate accident this afternoon, so did your boy friend last night."

"And then you took him ashore?"

"No. That was the only part of my story where I wandered a little way from the truth. A bloke with my reputation can't afford to deliver dead bodies at police stations—not without wasting time and answering a lot of pointed questions. So we gave him a sailor's funeral."

"I believe you. I suspected that there was some truth in your story when you first told it. That is why you are alive now."

"You're too generous, Birdie."

"Just now you wanted to know where we were going, Templar. The answer is that we are going to a point a little way southwest of the Casquet Lighthouse. When we stop there, we shall be directly over the wreck of the Chalfonte Castle. There are five million pounds' worth of bullion in her strong-room. The only difficulty is that your clumsiness has deprived me of the only member of my crew who could have been relied upon to open the strong-room. But I have heard that the

Saint is one of the greatest safebreakers in the world."

"You want me to go down and give a demonstration?" Simon said lightly, and Vogel nodded.

"That is what I intend you to do."

"In the bathystol?"

"That won't be necessary. The Chalfonte Castle is lying in twenty fathoms, and an ordinary diving suit will be quite sufficient."

"Are you offering me a partnership?"

"I'm offering you a chance to help your partner."

SOMETHING inside the Saint turned cold. Perhaps it was not until he heard that last quiet, flat sentence that he realized how completely Vogel had mastered the situation.

"And what happens if I refuse?" he asked quietly.

Vogel shrugged.

"I don't need to make any melodramatic threats. If you do what I tell you, Loretta will be put ashore as soon as it is convenient—alive."

"And what inducement have I got to take your word for anything?"

"None whatever," replied Vogel carelessly. "But you will take it, because if you refuse you will certainly be dead within the next half-hour, and while you are alive you can always hope and scheme and believe in miracles." He studied his watch, and glanced out of the forward windows. "You have about fifteen minutes to make your choice. I will let you talk the matter over with Loretta." . . .

The Saint lay stretched out comfortably on the bunk, with his hands behind his head. He recognized it as Kurt Vogel's inevitable crowning master stroke to have sent him down in this cabin with Loretta while he made the choice. He looked at the steady humor in her gray eyes, the slim, vital beauty of her, and knew by the breathless drag of his heart how accurately that master stroke had been placed; but he could never let her know.

She sat on the end of the bunk, leaning against the bulkhead and looking down at him, with her hands clasped across her knees. He could see the passing of time on her wrist watch.

"How long do you think we shall live now?" she said.

"Oh, indefinitely—according to Birdie. If I do this job for him."

"Do you believe him?"

"Yes. In a way I think he'll keep his word."

"So he'd let you go, knowing who you are?"

Simon turned his head to cock an eye at her. She must not know. He must not be drawn farther into argument.

"I'm convinced, anyway," he said steadily. "I'm going to do the job."

She looked at him no less steadily.

"Why are you going to do the job?"

"Because it's certain death if I don't, and by no means certain if I do."

Her hands unclasped from her knees, and he took one of her hands and held it. She tilted her golden-chestnut head back against the bulkhead, and a shaft of sunlight through the porthole lay across her face, so that she looked like a fallen angel catching the last light from heaven.

"We've had one or two exciting days," she said.

"Probably we've had exciting lives. We both wanted something that wasn't there, and we set out to find it—in our own ways."

"And now we've found plenty." She glanced out of the porthole, and turned back to him thoughtfully. "I've always thought it must be so exasperating to die. You must always leave so much unfinished."

"You're not afraid."

"Neither are you."

"I've so much less to be afraid of."

She closed her eyes for a second.

"Oh, dishonor! I think I should hate that, with death after it."

"But suppose it had been a choice," he said conversationally. "You know the old storybook formula. The heroine always votes for death. Do you think she really would?"

"I think I should like to live," she said slowly. "There are other things to live for, aren't there? You can keep your own honor. You don't burn your house down because mud has been trodden into the floor."

His lips curved with the fraction of a sardonic grin. Vogel had never promised *him* life—had never even troubled to help him delude himself that his own life would be included in the bargain. Whether he opened the strong-room of the Chalfonte Castle or not, Vogel had given his sentence.

He kissed her. Her lips were soft and surrendering against his. He held her face in his hands, touched her hair and her eyes, as he had done in the garden.

"Will you always remember me like this?" she said.

"Always."

"I think they're coming."

A key turned in the lock, and he stood up. Vogel came in first, with his right hand still in his side pocket, and two of his crew framed themselves in the doorway behind him.

"Have you made up your mind?" he asked.

"I'm ready when you are," said Simon Templar. . . .

THEY were settling the forty-pound lead weights over his shoulders, one on his back and one on his chest. He was already encased in the heavy, rubber-lined twill overall, which covered him completely from foot to neck, with the vulcanized rubber cuffs adjusted on his wrists and the tinned copper corselet in position; and the weighted boots, each of them turning the scale at sixteen pounds, had been strapped on his feet. Another member of the crew, similarly clad, was explaining the working of the air-outlet valve to him before the helmet was put on.

"Ivaloff will go down with you—in case you should be tempted to forget your position," Vogel explained. "He will lead you to the strong-room, which I have shown him on the plans of the ship. He will also carry the underwater hydro-oxygen torch, which will cut through an inch and a half of solid steel—to be used as and when you direct him."

Simon nodded. He fingered an instrument from the kit of safe-cracking tools which he had been examining. "This looks like a pretty adequate outfit," he observed thoughtfully.

The heavy casque was put over the Saint's head, settled in the segmental neck

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rings on the corselet, and secured with a one-eighth turn. Through the plate-glass window in the front Simon watched the same process being performed on Ivaloff.

"Can you hear me?"

It was Vogel's voice, reverberating metallically through the telephone.

"Okay," answered the Saint mechanically.

As the water closed over his window, it seemed to change startlingly from pale, limpid blue to green. In an instant all the light and warmth of the world was blotted out, leaving nothing but that dim, emerald phosphorescence.

They were sinking through deeper and deeper shades of green into an olive-green semi-darkness. There was a thin, slight ringing in his ears, an impression of deafness. A long spar rose out of the green gloom to meet them, and he realized it was a mast; he looked down and saw the dim shapes of the funne s rising after it, slipping by . . . the white paintwork of the upper decks.

THE grating on which they stood jarred against the rail of the promenade deck, and their descent ceased. Ivaloff was clambering down over the rail, and Simon followed him. As they moved on, he found that the weights with which he was loaded just ba'anced the buoyancy of his body, so that he was not conscious of walking under a load; and the air inside his helmet was just sufficient to relieve his shoulders of the burden of the heavy corselet. Overcoming the resistance of the water itself was the only labor of movement, and that was rather like wading through molasses.

In that ghostly and fatiguing slow-motion they went down through the ship to the strong-room. It was indescribably eerie, an unforgettable experience, to trudge down the carpeted main stairway in that dark green twilight, to stand in front of the strong-room door, presently, and see a limpet firmly planted beside the lock.

The Saint knelt down and opened his kit of tools, and spoke into the telephone transmitter:

"I'm starting work."

Loretta stared down into the half-translucent water. She knew Simon would open the strong-room; knew that he had made his choice and that he would go through with it.

It was almost impossible to believe that only forty minutes went by before the Saint's voice came again through the loud-speaker, ending the silence and the suspense with one cool, steady sentence:

"The strong-room is open."

Arnheim jumped as if he had been prodded, and got up, to come waddling over. Vogel turned a switch in the telephone connection box beside him. His calm checkup went back over the line.

"Everything is all right, Ivaloff?"

"Yes. The door is open. The gold is here."

"What do you want us to send down?"

"The strong-room is close to the main stairway. Above the stairway there is a glass dome. We can go up on deck again and break through the glass, and you can send down the grab. But we cannot stay down here more than a few minutes. We have been here three quarters of an hour already, which is too long for this depth."

Vogel considered for a moment.

"Break down the glass first, and then we will bring you up," he directed, and turned to the men who were standing by the winch. "Calvieri—Orbel—you will get ready to go down as soon as these two come up. Grondin, you will attend to the grab . . ."

And as he finished, Ivaloff's voice came through again:

"We have made a large enough opening in the dome. Now we should come up."

Vogel nodded, and a man stepped to the controls of the winch. And at last Vogel got up. He got up, strolled over the yard or two that separated him from the air pump, and bent over one of the rubber tubes. His approach was so placid and unemotional that for a moment even Loretta, with her eyes riveted mutely on him, could not quite believe what she was seeing.

Suddenly, somehow, in another instant of time, she was beside Vogel, grasping his wrist and arm, tearing his hand away. She heard someone sobbing, "No! No! Not that!"—and realized in a dazed sort of way that she was hearing her own voice.

"You were going to take one of those air lines off the pump."

"And if I was? How deeply will his death hurt you?"

"I know why he went down. I know why he opened that strong-room for you. He wouldn't have done that to save his own life. He knew you meant to kill him as soon as it was done. He lied to me. He was splendid. But I knew. You offered him something that he could believe. You made him do it for me."

"Really, my dear Loretta, this is so dramatic. So he becomes the perfect gentle knight, dying to save a lady's honor . . ."

"Yes. I told you that you wouldn't understand."

He gave a short, harsh laugh.

"You little fool! He never did anything of the kind."

Then she remembered.

"No. But I told him that I should like to live. He did it to save my life."

"The perfect knight again!"

"He never had any right to bargain for me," she said, and tried not to let her voice tremble. "The Saint's done all you wanted him to. Why not let him go?"

"To come back presently and interfere with me again?"

"You could make it a condition that he said nothing—that he forgot everything he knew. He'd keep his word."

HE DRAGGED her up against him and ravished her mouth, briefly, cold-bloodedly. "Now," he said, "you are not in a position to make bargains."

"You can't do it!" she panted. "You haven't everything you want yet. Yes, my body's here. You can do what you like with me, I suppose. What you want, you can take by force. If that's all you want—"

"It will be enough."

"But I could give . . ."

"What?"

"If you let him go I will stay with you willingly—I will be to you anything that you like." . . .

Altogether they took over forty minutes to come up—nearly as long as they had spent on the bottom. The Saint felt no ill effects from his long submersion other than a growing fatigue, which had become al-

most overpowering when they had been breaking through the glass dome above the stairway.

The water above his head thinned and lightened, became a mere film which broke against his helmet. Then expert hands unlocked the helmet and detached it from the breastplate, and he filled his lungs with the clean sea air.

Vogel stood in front of him.

"You will go to your cabin below while I consider what is to be done with you."

He left the Saint with a satirical bow. Simon sat on a stool and loosened the cords and straps of his boots while his own breastplate was taken off. As he wriggled out of the cumbersome twill and rubber suit he managed to get the instrument in his sleeve into his hand, and during the process of peeling off the heavy woolen sweater and pants with which he had been provided to protect him against the cold of the water he managed to transfer it undetected into an inside pocket of his clothes. . . . And then he was seized by the arms and hurried down the companion.

LORETTA heard him go, without looking round. She rested her elbows on the rail and her chin on her hands. A touch on her shoulder roused her. Vogel stood beside her, with his hands in his pockets.

"Would you like a drink?"

"Yes."

He led her into the wheelhouse and pressed the bell for a steward. As the man entered silently, he said, "A highball?—I think that would be your national prescription."

Was it to be so soon? She wished it could be over before she was weakened by her fear. "You don't burn your house down because mud has been trodden into the floor." She, her essential self, could triumph even in the defeat of the flesh.

"Excuse me a moment."

Either he had observed nothing or he was insensible to her emotions. Without touching her, he turned away and moved over to the bookcase at the after end of the room. She looked to see what Vogel was doing. He had taken a chair over to the bookcase and sat down in front of it. The upper shelves had opened like a door, carrying the books with them, and in the aperture behind was the compact instrument panel of a medium-powered radio transmitting station. Vogel had clipped a pair of earphones over his head, and his long white fingers were flitting delicately over the dials. And then she heard tapping. Vogel was sending a message.

Dot-dot-dash-dot . . . dot-dot-dash . . . dash-dot-dash-dot. . . . She searched through her memory. Wasn't that the call signal of the radio station at Cherbourg? Then he was giving his own call signal. After that, with the swift efficiency of a professional operator, he was tapping out his message. A telegram: "Baudier, Herqueville."

The names meant nothing to her; the message was unimportant. But the fact that was thundering through her head was the radio itself. It wasn't merely in touch with a similar station at his headquarters—it could communicate openly with Cherbourg, and therefore presumably with any other wireless telegraph receiving station that it could reach.

"I didn't know you were so well equipped," she said.

"It is useful sometimes," he said. "I have just sent a message to announce that we shall soon be on our way."

"Where?"

"To Herqueville—below Cap de la Hague, at the northern end of the Anse de Vauville. I have a château there where you can be as comfortable as you wish—after tomorrow."

She half turned her head towards a window, so that she need not look at his smooth, gloating face. Her head was throbbing with disjointed thoughts that she could not discipline. . . . Radio. Peter Quentin. Roger Conway. Orace. Steve Murdoch. The Corsair. At St. Peter Port. The Royal Hotel. If only a message could get through to them. . . . And Vogel was still talking, with leisured condescension.

He was coming closer to her. His lips were an inch from hers; his black, stony eyes burned into hers. Something seemed to break inside her head. Then her head fell back and she went limp in his arms.

Vogel held her for a second, staring at her; and then he put her down in a chair. She lay there with her head lolling sideways and her red lips open, all the warm, golden life of her tempting and unconscious; and he gazed at her in triumph for a moment before he rang the bell again for the steward.

"We will dine at eight," he said; and the man nodded woodenly. "Yes, sir."

Vogel dismissed the man with a wave of his hand. On his way out onto the deck he stopped by Loretta's chair and stroked her cheek. . . .

THE lock of Simon's cabin surrendered after only five minutes of the Saint's silent and scientific attack with the instrument which fortune had placed so strangely in his hands. Simon kissed the shining steel implement ecstatically before he put it away again in his pocket. At that moment it represented the consummation of Vogel's first and only and most staggering mistake. By sending him down to open the strong-room, Vogel had given him the chance to select the instrument from the burglar's kit with which he had been provided. By letting him come up alive, Vogel had given him the chance to use it.

The latch turned back to its limit, and Simon drew the door stealthily towards him. Opposite him were other doors, all of them closed. He put his head cautiously out and looked left and right. Nothing. And in another second the Saint had closed the door of his prison silently behind him and flitted up the after companion onto the deck. He stood there for a little while in the shadow of the deckhouse and absorbed the scene. Remembering the former occasion on which he had prowled over the ship, he climbed up over the conveniently arranged stairway of wet, wooden cases from the Chalfonte Castle, climbed onto the deckhouse roof, and went forward on all fours.

A minute or so later he was lying flat on his tummy on the roof of the streamlined wheelhouse.

"Some more coffee, Loretta?"

Vogel's bland, toneless voice suddenly came to him through one of the open windows. They were all there—Vogel, Arnheim, Loretta.

"The lights, sir."

A new voice jarred into his attention,

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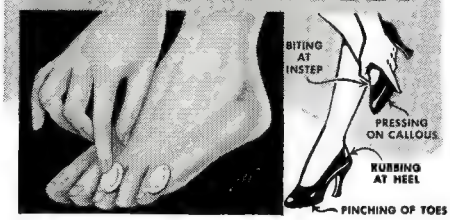

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and he realized that it must be the helmsman speaking. He turned over on his elbow and looked out over the bows. The lights of the shore were very close now; and he saw that two new pairs of lights had appeared on the coast ahead, red and very bright, one pair on the port beam and one pair on the starboard. He guessed that they had been set by Vogel's accomplices on shore to guide the Falkenberg between the tricky reefs and shoals to its anchorage.

"Very well," Vogel was answering; and then he was addressing Loretta: "You will forgive me if I send you below, my dear? I fear you might be tempted to try to swim ashore."

She nodded without speaking, and walked past the steward, who had appeared in the doorway.

"Will you unload the gold tonight?"

It was Arnheim's fat, throaty voice; and Simon waited breathlessly for the reply. It came:

"Yes—it will be safer. It will be a pity to sink the Falkenberg, but I think it will be wise. We can easily fit out a trawler to recover the gold."

SIMON glanced forward and saw that they were very near the shore. The lights of a village were dotted up the slope beyond, and to left and right the pairs of red lights which he had noticed before were now nearly in line. Closer still, another light danced on the water.

So unexpectedly that it made the Saint flatten himself on the roof like a startled hare, a searchlight, mounted close to his head, sprang into life. As they glided on over the black water, the dancing light which he had observed proved to be a lantern standing on one of the thwarts of a dinghy in which a solitary man was leaning over the gunwale fishing for a cork buoy. The helmsman came forward into the drench of light and took the mooring from him with a boat hook, and the dinghy bumped along the side until the boatman caught the short gangway and hauled himself dexterously on board, while the Falkenberg's engines roared for a moment in reverse. Then the engines stopped, and the searchlight went out again.

"Ah, my dear Baudier!" Vogel greeted his visitor at the door of the wheelhouse. "Come in."

He turned to the helmsman:

"Tell Ivaloff to be ready to go down in a quarter of an hour. And tell Calvieri to have a dress ready for me. I shall be along in a few minutes."

"Yes, sir."

The seaman moved aft along the deck, and Vogel rejoined Baudier and Arnheim in the wheelhouse. And the Saint drew himself up on his toes and finger tips and shot after the helmsman like a great, ghostly crab.

Without knowing very clearly why, the Saint found himself spread-eagled on the roof again in front of the unsuspectingly ambulating seaman; and as the man passed underneath him Simon's arm shot out and grasped him by the throat.

The Saint's fierce whisper sizzled in his ear:

"One sound and I'll cut your head off."

The man lay still, and the Saint slowly released the grip on his throat and used his freed hand to take the automatic from the man's hip pocket.

"Get up."

The man worked himself slowly to his feet, with the muzzle of the gun grinding into his breastbone.

"Listen carefully to what I'm saying," said the Saint. "You're not going to take all of that message to Ivaloff. You're going to take me along, and tell him that Vogel says *I'm* to go down. That's all. You won't see this gun any more, because it'll be in my pocket; but it'll be quite close enough to hit you."

As they moved on, Simon amplified his instructions. He slipped the gun into his trousers pocket, turning it up so that he could fire fairly easily across his body. He was still building up his plan while he was giving his orders. At last the Saint knew where the treasure was. And he was going down there to find it. Vogel was going down with him to show him the last secret. And down there, in the heavy silence of that ultimate underworld, where no other soul could interfere, their duel would be fought out to its finish.

As they came to the companion, Simon was ripping off his tie and threading it through the trigger guard of his automatic. He steadied the helmsman as they reached the lower deck.

"Hold my arm."

The man looked at him and obeyed.

They moved on. The helmsman stopped at a door a little farther up the alleyway and on the opposite side from the cabin in which Simon had been locked up, and opened it. Ivaloff and the two men who had dressed the Saint before were there, and they looked up in dour interrogation.

Simon held his breath. The second in which he waited for the helmsman to speak was the longest he could remember.

"The chief says Templar is to go down again."

Without a question, the two dressers got to their feet and stumped out into the alleyway, as the helmsman completed the order:

"He says you, Calvieri, see that there is a dress ready for him. He goes down himself also. He will be along in a few minutes. You are to be quick."

"Okay."

THE two dressers went on, and Ivaloff was coming out to follow them, when the helmsman stopped him:

"You are to stay here. You change into your shore clothes at once, and then you stay below here to see that none of the others come out on deck. No one except the engineer and his assistant must come out for any reason, he says, until this work is finished. Then you will go ashore with him."

Ivaloff grunted and turned back. It had worked.

As he drew the helmsman, now white and trembling with the knowledge of what he had done, farther along the alleyway, Simon flashed a lightning glance over the details of his organization, and found no flaw. There remained only the helmsman himself, who could undo all the good work with the speech which he would undoubtedly make as soon as he had the chance. Opposite the cabin where he had been imprisoned Simon halted the man and grinned at him amiably. And then his fist smoked up in a terrific uppercut. He caught the man as he fell, lowered him to the floor of the cabin which he should have

been occupying, himself, and silently shut the door.

As he hurried up the companion, Simon was rapidly knotting his tie behind his neck and stuffing it under his shirt. The automatic, already threaded on it by the trigger guard, hung at his collar bone, where he could reach it in full diving kit so long as the helmet was off. Calvieri and his assistant had been out of sight when the Saint struck that vital blow, and they showed no surprise when he appeared on deck alone.

While they were tightening down the wing-nuts around the straps he was listening tensely for the first warning of Vogel's approach, but Calvieri had stepped back from the job before he heard footsteps and voices on the deck behind him.

Simon stood up. He heard the wooden clumping of Baudier climbing down into his dinghy, and then the double steps of Vogel and Arnheim coming along the deck. The hazards were not yet past.

AT LAST he heard the *chuff-chuff* of the air pump and the slow, thudding tramp of heavy boots behind him; and Calvieri appeared beside him with his helmet. He stooped for it to be put on, without turning his head, and waited for the front window to be screwed on before he looked around.

Then, safely hidden behind the small panel of reflecting plate glass, he turned round to the ladder which had been fitted into sockets on the counter, and saw Vogel following cumbrously after him. And at the same moment a three-hundred-watt submarine lamp suspended from the boom was switched on, deluging the after deck and the sea over the stern with light.

They sank in the center of its cone of brilliance. There was the sudden shock of air pressure thumping into the eardrums, the sudden lifting of the load of the heavy gear, and then the eerie silence and loneliness of the deep.

Vogel was already plowing away towards a huge, rounded boulder that was dimly visible on the blurred outskirts of their field of light, and Simon adjusted his escape valve and waded after him.

He saw that Vogel was looking upwards. Simon looked up also, and saw that the grab was coming down through the roof of the tent of light over them. Vogel began to work himself out to meet it, and the Saint did the same. Following what he could divine of Vogel's intention, he helped to drag the great claw over and settle it around the rock by which they had been standing. Then they moved back; and he heard Vogel's voice reverberating in his helmet:

"All ready. Lift!"

The wire cables straightened, became taut and rigid as steel bars. The rock was going up, rolling over to follow the diagonal drag.

"Stop!"

The boulder lurched once, and settled; the hawsers became slack again. Looking down breathlessly through the wispy gray fog that curled sluggishly up around his legs, the Saint saw that where the stone had once rested was now an irregular black oval crater in the uneven floor. He knew that the shifting of that rock had laid open the last of Kurt Vogel's secrets, the most amazing Aladdin's cave that the hoards of piracy had ever known.

Vogel floundered to the edge of the hole. He sank to his knees and lowered his legs into the pit; there seemed to be a ladder fixed to the rock inside, for presently his feet found the rungs and he began to descend, step by step.

Simon started to follow him, but Vogel waved him back. He heard the muffled clatter of the telephone:

"Stay there and guide the cases down to me."

A vague bulk swaying into the margins of his vision made him turn with a start. The grab had released the boulder and gone up, and now it was descending again with a stack of bullion cases clutched in its giant grip.

"Steady!" snapped the Saint into his telephone, and heaved himself towards it.

"Lower slowly!"

The grab descended again, while he strained against it—the Falkenberg was not quite vertically overhead, and the five or six feet which the load had to be held out seemed like a hundred yards. He kept his weight thrusting against it till it was below the lip of the hole, and presently Vogel gave the order to stop.

The claw opened when Vogel gave the word, and presently came up empty. Simon tried to estimate how much had gone down on its first voyage. Half a million? A million? But he could judge time better than he could judge the value of bar gold. About four minutes, he concluded, was all that went by between the time when the grab vanished, empty, out of the light and the time when it came down again with the second load. Therefore, it would be wise to prepare the setting for the last scene at once.

AGAIN he toiled and struggled to steer the laden grab over the hole. But this time, as soon as it had gone below his reach, he groped for Vogel's life line and drew down a fathom of slack from the hands that held it up on the deck.

Then he took the keen, heavy-bladed diver's knife out of its sheath on his belt. He began to cut through the fibers of Vogel's life line.

Load after load of gold came down, and he had to put his knife away while he fought it over to the hole and held it clear while it went down to Vogel; but in the four-minute intervals between those spasms of back-breaking labor he cut through Vogel's life line until only the telephone wires were left intact. Then he cut through his own line till it hung together only by the same slender link. When he had finished, either line could be severed completely with one powerful slash of the knife blade. It had to be done that way; because, while the loud-speaker would not tell which line a voice came over, and the telephonic distortion, combined with the reverberation inside the helmet, would make it practically impossible to identify the voice, the man who held the other ends of the lines would still know which was which when the time came to haul them up. . . .

"That's all."

It must have been Arnheim's voice. The Saint heard it through a sort of muffling fog for which the acoustics of the helmet could not have been wholly responsible. The gold was all down, and only the account remained for settlement.

The thudding beat of the Saint's pulses

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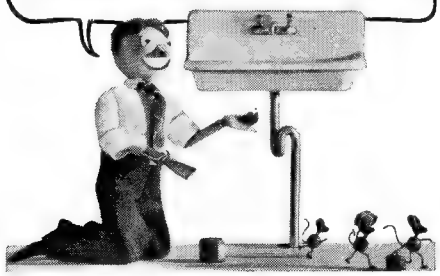

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which had crept up imperceptibly to a pounding crescendo during those last minutes of nerve-splitting suspense suddenly died down. His blood ran as cool and smooth as a river of liquid ice as he laid Vogel's telephone wires and life line over his knife blade and snapped them through with one powerful jerk of his arm.

Quietly and steadily he brought the end of Vogel's life line round his own waist and knotted it in a careful bowline. He spoke into the telephone in a sufficient imitation of the flat rhythm of Vogel's accent:

"Wait a moment."

He drew down some more of his own life line and hitched it round a jagged spur of granite above the cut he had made in it, so that it would still be anchored there after he broke the telephone wires.

The top of Vogel's helmet was coming to the surface as he climbed up the ladder.

SIMON went down on one knee at the edge of the hole. His right hand dabbed round and found a large loose stone, twice the size of his fist. He picked it up.

"No," he said, still speaking with Vogel's intonation. "You stay here. I have something else for you to do. I shall come down again in a few minutes."

Vogel's hand came over the top of the hole and clutched for a hold. His head rose above the surface, and he waved the Saint impatiently back to make room for him to clamber out.

Simon did not move.

Vogel's head turned up towards the light, and his lips moved in some words which no one would ever hear.

The Saint stayed where he was.

Perhaps it was the fact that he received no answer to whatever he had said that started the first wild and ghastly doubt in Vogel's mind. Whatever it may have been, he stopped. And then he brought his helmet slowly nearer to the Saint's, until barely six inches separated their front windows.

The Saint let him look. It had never been part of his plan that Vogel should be spared that final revelation. For the first time he held up his head and turned it so that the other could get a straight view into his helmet. The light above them reflected through the side panels to outline his features. The effect must still have been dim and shadowy, but at that close range his face would still be recognizable.

And Vogel recognized it. His black, burning eyes widened into fathomless pools of horror, and the thin, bloodless lips drew back from his teeth in a snarl. Then he began to speak. His mouth twisted in the shape of soundless words that no human ears would ever hear—until he found that there was no answer and no obedience; and one of his hands groped round and found the loose, trailing end of his severed line.

No one will know what thoughts, what roaring maelstroms of incredulous understanding, must have gone thundering through Vogel's brain in those infinite seconds. He had left Simon Templar a prisoner, disarmed and beaten, locked up to await the moment when he chose to remove him forever from the power of interference. And yet the Saint, smiling at him with set lips and bleak, steel-blue eyes, was there where Ivaloff should have been.

He fought. As if the shock had wiped away the last fragments of that more than human self-control, his hand shot out and clawed at the Saint's shoulder.

From the distance of a foot, which might have been the breadth of the Atlantic, Simon Templar looked at him through the wall of water which cut them off, and his blue eyes smiled with a soundless and terrible laughter into the wild, distorted face. And he brought down the stone he held in a fearful blow on the fingers of Vogel's right hand where they clung to the rock.

A spasm of agony crawled across Vogel's features. And as the crushed hand released its hold, Simon slashed his knife clean through Vogel's air pipe and pushed him away.

Vogel fell, absurdly slowly, toppling backwards from the ladder very gradually and deliberately, with his arms waving and his hands clutching spasmodically at the yielding water. He went down, and the darkness of his own treasure cave closed on his gleaming helmet. A slender trickle of bubbles curled up out of the gloom. . . .

The Saint climbed lumberingly to his feet.

"Otto," he said, imitating Vogel's voice, "bring me up alone."

Vogel's life line, knotted around his waist, tightened against his body. And at once he slashed through the telephone wires which were his last link with his own line.

Hands helped him up to the deck, tapped on his helmet, and pointed, guiding him to the stool that was placed behind him. He sat down, facing the sea, and they unscrewed the porthole in the front of his helmet.

The round opening where the porthole had been slid sideways across his vision as the helmet was released. He bent his head for it to be lifted off, and at the same time he slipped his knife out of its sheath into his left hand. As the helmet came off, he kept his head bowed and felt for the automatic inside his collar. He found it; and the knife flashed momentarily as he cut through the tie on which he had slung the gun. Then he turned round and faced the deck.

"I think this is the end, boys," he said quietly.

AT THE sound of his voice, those who had not been looking at him turned round. Calvieri, who was putting down the helmet, dropped it. It fell with a deep, hollow thud. And then there was utter stillness. Then the Saint spoke:

"Kurt Vogel is dead. That is my justice. . . ." Simon paused for a moment, and his calm gaze swept over the rest of them there with the timeless impassivity of a judge. "As for the rest of you," he said, "some of you may get away with a nice, long rest in prison—if you live long enough to stand your trial. But to do that you will have to put your hands high up above your heads and take great care not to annoy me, because if any of you give me a scare—"

The automatic in his hand cracked once, and Otto Arnheim, with his hand halfway to his pocket, went down limply onto the deck, rolled over, and lay still.

"—this gun is liable to go off," continued the Saint.

None of the men moved. They kept their hands stretched well above their heads. And the Saint smiled with his lips.

"I think we shall have to put you away

for a while," he said. "Calvieri, you take some of that life line and tie your playmates together. Lash 'em by the waists about a yard apart, and then add yourself to the string. Then we'll all go below, with you leading the way and me holding the other end of the line, and see about rounding up the rest of the herd."

"THAT'S already been done, old boy," murmured Roger Conway, stepping out onto the deck from the after companion with a gun in each hand and Peter Quentin and Steve Murdoch following him.

"It was quite easy really," said Roger Conway patronizingly. "When we got Loretta's radiogram we set off at once, straight for here. We dropped our hook about a quarter of a mile away, and as soon as we'd given the Falkenberg time to get well settled in we manned the dinghy and paddled over to reconnoiter. Everybody on deck seemed to be pretty busy with the diving business, so we came aboard on the other side and went below. We collected seven specimens altogether on the roundup, including a bloke who seems to have got a broken jaw. Anyway, he's still asleep. The rest of 'em we gagged and tied up and left for inspection."

Simon Templar regarded them disparagingly.

"You always were frightfully efficient at clearing up the battlefield after all the troops had gone home," he remarked appreciatively. "And where did you collect the American Tragedy?"

"Oh, him? He crashed onto the Corsair while we were having a drink with Orace, earlier in the afternoon," Peter explained. "Seemed to be all steamed up about something so we brought him along."

"Yeah, I'm here," Steve Murdoch stated truculently. "I guess I owe you something for helpin' me clean up this job, Saint. I'll see that Ingerbeck's hear about what you've done, and probably they'll offer you a share of the reward. But for the time being I'll look after things myself."

"What a lot of modest violets there are around here," sighed the Saint. "Of course, I wouldn't dream of trying to steal your curtain, Steve, after all the brilliant work you've put in. But what exactly are you going to do?"

"I'm goin' to ask one of you boys to go ashore an' see if you can knock up the gendarmery. If you can find a telegraph office, you can send one or two cables for me as well. The gendarmes can grab this guy Baudier before he skips, an' come on down to post a guard on board here. But until I've got that guard posted I'm goin' to sit over the diving gear myself, in case one of you thought he might go down an' see what he could pick up."

"Oh, I get you, Steve," said the Saint thoughtfully. "And I did tell Loretta I was tempted to come in for a share of the commission."

He slid off the edge of the table and stood up, stroking his chin meditatively for a moment. "We'll let you have your fun," he drawled. "Peter, be a good boy and toddle along and do what Mr. Murdoch asks you to."

"Right-ho," said Peter doubtfully.

"Roger, you can keep Steve company on his vigil. You'll have lots of fun telling each other how clever you are, but I'd much rather not listen to you."

They filed out, Murdoch going most reluctantly, as if even then he couldn't believe it was safe to let the Saint out of his sight.

Simon turned round and came towards Loretta, who was sitting in a chair, rather still and quiet.

He stood looking down at her, half smiling. And then, with a sudden, soft breath of laughter, she took both his hands and came up into his arms.

"So you don't like your dotted line?" she said.

He thought for a moment. Between them, who had lived so much, a lie had no place.

"This job is finished," he said. "Steve Murdoch's mounting guard over the diving gear, and I promise I won't touch him. We can start again. Wash out the dotted line."

"And then?"

"For the future?" he said carelessly. "I shall still have the fun of being chivvied by every policeman in the world. I shall steal and fight, win and lose, go on—didn't you say it?—wanting so much that I can never have, fighting against life. But I shall live. I shall get into more trouble. I may even fall in love again. I shall end up by being hanged, or shot, or stabbed in the back, or something—if I don't find a safe berth in prison first. But that's my life. If I tried to live any other way, I'd feel like a caged eagle."

"But tomorrow?"

He laughed.

"I suppose I'll have to dump Peter and Roger somewhere. But the Corsair's still ready to go anywhere. And about a hundred years ago I was in the middle of a vacation."

His hands were on her shoulders; and she smiled into his eyes.

"What do either of us know about the day after tomorrow?" she said.

NEARLY an hour later he came out on deck, as half a dozen palpitating gendarmes were scrambling up the gangway. Simon drew Peter and Roger to one side.

"We're going back to the Corsair," he said.

"Without the heroine?" protested Peter. "Why, I was only just getting to know her."

The Saint took him by the arm.

"You'll be able to improve the acquaintance tomorrow," he said kindly. "For as long as it takes us to sail back to St. Peter Port and get rid of you."

They dropped into the dinghy; and Simon settled himself lazily in the stern, leaving the others to take the oars. He gazed up at the star-dusted sky.

Roger's voice broke into his thoughts:

"Well, that's good-by to those millions you promised us," he remarked glumly; and Simon sat up, with the old buccaneering glint wakening in his eyes.

"Who said good-by? My dear Roger, we're not going to bed yet! We're going to bring the Corsair up closer and unpack those nice new diving suits we've got on board. Steve and his gendarmes can mount guard over Vogel's diving gear all night for all I care. But they don't know how much boodle is stowed away down there, and what they don't know about they'll never miss. We're going to make sure of our share of the reward tonight," said the Saint.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

THIS MONTH ONE YEAR AGO

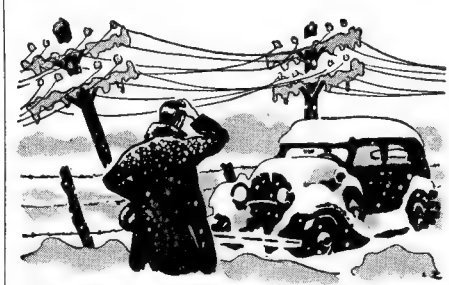
High-spot happenings during November, 1934

Nov. 1—Last night's closing of the Chicago World's Fair turned into a riot as thousands ran over the grounds destroying property.

Nov. 13—*Threat of "war" over Parker Dam site vanishes when Federal Reclamation Bureau stops construction work on Arizona territory and Gov. Moeur of Arizona withdraws his martial-law proclamation.*

Nov. 14—Severe cold snap in many sections of country sends motorists to garages for anti-freeze. Some gamble on weather, putting in cheap "boil-away" liquids. Others, remembering last winter, fill up with Eveready Prestone.

Nov. 17—*Thousands at Yale-Princeton football game shed overcoats as thermometer hits high for this time of year. Warm weather and hard driving evaporate much of the "boil-away" anti-freezes now in cars. Those using Eveready Prestone not bothered . . . it* doesn't *boil away or evaporate.*



Nov. 25—Freezing weather sweeps down from north. Many cars using "boil-away" anti-freezes frozen up because of the evaporation of the anti-freeze during the warm weather of Nov. 17, 18 and 19. Cars using Eveready Prestone still have perfect protection.

Don't confuse Eveready Prestone with alcohol or glycerine. Eveready Prestone meets every specification of the U. S. Bureau of Standards for "the perfect anti-freeze." *One* shot lasts all winter. The price of *guaranteed* Eveready Prestone has been reduced again this year. Check the chart on Page 115 and see how little it will cost to have perfect protection against both freeze-up and rust in *your* car *all* winter long.

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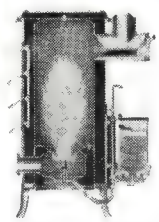

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Question: May I have your advice in regard to finishing new white pine floors? I want them a little darker than the natural color of the wood. And how should I finish the woodwork, to harmonize with these floors? Would ivory be too light? The present finish is dark.—R. H. D., Montgomery, Tex.

Answer: For your floors I recommend a first coat of varnish-stain. You can get this in a tint called light oak. If this isn't light enough to suit you, add clear varnish. Put on a first and second coat—even a third—of clear varnish, and finish by waxing.

Ivory would be satisfactory for the woodwork. You will have to use three coats of ordinary paint—possibly four—to hide the dark paint. Before applying, go over the old paint with turpentine for cleaning and cutting any gloss.

• • •

In screening a chimney to keep out swifts and other birds, the screen should not be laid flat on the chimney top, for it will quickly clog with flying ashes. The screen should be formed into a five-sided box with the open side on the chimney. Wind can then blow through and keep the meshes clear. The box can be secured by extending the sides down into the flue.

Question: My problem is how to rid my home of water bugs and roaches. They seem to come out at night on the kitchen and bathroom floors and in the kitchen sink.—Mrs. W. G., Omaha, Nebr.

Answer: During the day roaches are in the walls. They can be reached by blowing a poison through the crack under the baseboard. Powdered borax is good and sodium fluoride powder especially so. Use a powder puffer, and leave a dust on the floor—at the baseboard crack or wherever the roaches come out.

Phosphorus paste is also good. It is sold by drug and seed stores. Spread it on slices of apple or potato, and leave it exposed at night. Renew it daily.

• • •

Ink stains and flecks of paint on linoleum do not sink in. Usually they can be removed by gentle scraping with a razor blade. In the case of printed floor oilcloth, in which the pattern is only on the surface, care should be taken not to scrape more deeply than is needed.

• • •

Question: Our cellar wall is of brick. In places where there is too much moisture the mortar is crumbling away. Can you give me advice about a surfacing cover?—N. E. C., Milan, Mich.

Answer: Mix one part of cement and three parts of clean building sand with only enough water to make a usable mortar. Clean the wall with a wire brush to take off loose particles. Then dampen the brickwork and apply the mortar immediately. Make it ¼ inch thick. While it is still soft scratch the surface with a stick so that the next coat will have roughnesses to cling to. After 24 hours or so dampen the first coat and apply a second, also ¼ inch thick. Keep the coat damp for four days. Should it dry out before that time it will lose strength and density.

By Roger B. Whitman

Steam and hot-water radiators give off about one sixth more heat when finished with oil paint than when the finish is so-called gold or silver. In refinishing, new paint can go on over the old. Take off the dust, rust, and loose particles with a wire brush, and wipe well with turpentine. Use flat-drying wall paint, thinned with turpentine in the proportion of ½ pint to the quart of paint. Apply evenly when the radiator is cold, and do not turn on the heat until the paint has dried. The second coat should be the same as the first. The paint used should be several shades lighter than the tone desired, as it will darken under heating

• • •

Question: We are remodeling an old house in which the ceilings are 7 ½ feet and 8 feet high. My husband wants to make the rooms all 7 ½ feet high but I think that would be too low, and would make them very hot in the summertime. If we increase all the ceilings to 8 feet, the roof must be raised if we are to use the upstairs rooms. What do you advise?—Mrs. W. C. W., LaPorte, Ind.

Answer: A difference of 6 inches will not be enough to count, so I should not go to the expense of raising ceilings and roof. Of course, a low ceiling is likely to make a room hot, but you can overcome this by having the tops of the window and door openings as close to the ceiling as possible, so that heated air can flow out and escape. In doing over the house I strongly recommend that you put a layer of insulation in the attic floor or on the under side of the roof. This will keep the house much cooler than raising the ceilings.

You can make the rooms appear higher than they are by putting the picture molding close to the ceiling, and by painting it to match the ceiling or the walls. Also, have vertical instead of horizontal lines in the wall decorations. They make rooms appear higher.

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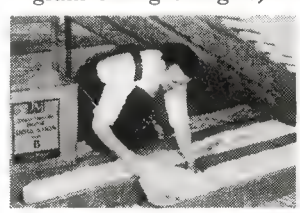

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Big Eye

(Continued from page 63)

which the Big Eye will catch are other suns like our own. But they are so far away that their distances baffle the scientists. Sirius, the bright Dog Star, for instance, is considered a very close neighbor, because it is only 53,000,000,000 (fifty-three trillion) miles away.

Most of the stars are so far away that their distance simply cannot be calculated in miles. So star-catchers speak of "light-years." A light-year is the distance light can travel in a year—which is, roughly, 6 trillion miles.

THE sun's light travels only 92,900,000 miles to the earth in about eight minutes. But Andromeda, another of the "near-by" stars, is 900,000 *light-years* distant. The first beam from Andromeda that the Big Eye catches will have been traveling 900,000 years at the rate of 6 trillion miles a year when it reaches the big mirror. The light from the most distant star that the Big Eye can catch will have been en route to the earth 400,000,000 years.

Compared to the vast heavenly world, the Big Eye will reveal that our own earth is like nothing more than a tiny pearl floating in the Pacific Ocean!

Within this range will be 135,000,000 universes, one for each man, woman, and child in the United States. Not just a planet, understand, but a universe.

Our own sun has the mass of 332,000 earths rolled into one, but it is only a moderately sized star. For example, Betelgeuse, one of the larger stars, has a diameter of 260,000,000 miles. It would occupy a stellar space almost three times the distance between the earth and the sun.

Or, for something small enough to be measured in earthly proportions, take our own moon, which is a mere 238,860 miles distant, and which is but 2,160 miles in diameter.

With existing large telescopes, scientists have mapped the mountain ranges of the moon, some of them rising 18,000 feet into the airless space surrounding the moon. They have studied its tremendous craters, some of them a hundred miles across, and they have been able to distinguish geographic objects a mile in length. With the Big Eye, they expect to see objects the size of a long city block. For example, they could see buildings as large as the Yankee Stadium, or the Capitol in Washington, or Boulder Dam—if there were structures of that kind on the moon. They don't expect to find any, because the moon is devoid of water, air, and life.

But the moon is our nearest astral neighbor. It belongs to the earth, being forever joined to our globe by gravity, so it is of especial interest to us. Then, too, it is but nine circumferences of the earth away, and that is distance in terms we can comprehend.

With these figures as an appetizer, let your imagination run riot, then multiply your wildest fancies by a million, and still you will not do justice to the vast spaces shortly to be brought, by the unbelievable farsightedness of the Big Eye, as close at hand as this magazine you are reading.

But let's come back to earth and the story of the series of astronomical "eyes," each outseeing its predecessor, which have culminated in the 200-inch reflecting telescope for Palomar Mountain.

The scene shifts to 1874, when James Lick, who had come to California in 1847 with a thirst for gold and likewise learning, dedicated part of his wealth to building an observatory on Mt. Hamilton near San Jose. The 36-inch refractor telescope, set up on the mountaintop and finished in 1887, brought before astronomers' eyes an astonishing array of new worlds.

A few years later Yerkes Observatory, at Williams Bay in Wisconsin, was opened, with a 40-inch reflector telescope. Scientists expected even greater discoveries, but to their surprise Lick's 36-inch lens far overshadowed the Yerkes mirror in its revelations. The difference lay in the clear atmosphere, the freedom from fog and haze, atop the California mountains.

The rich catches of stars made by Lick Observatory convinced astronomers that the Southwestern mountains provide the best place to study the heavens in this country. In 1905, Dr. George E. Hale, head of Yerkes, prevailed upon the Carnegie Institution to install still another world's largest "eye" atop Mt. Wilson. It was the marvel of the scientific world. It pushed back the curtains of heaven miraculously, and led to the erection in 1918 of the 100-inch Hooker telescope, until now the world's largest.

Choosing a setting for a giant astronomical "eye" is a most complicated undertaking. Dr. John A. Anderson told me that in seeking the ideal site for the new 200-inch telescope he drove 88,000 miles up every mountain peak in southern California before he decided upon Palomar Mountain, a huge, humpbacked range, 6,126 feet high, inland, and eighty miles from Mt. Wilson.

"Why go' way up there?" I asked.

"Several reasons," he replied. "First, because there's an equable climate, free from haze and fog. Second, there are ample water and good living conditions. Third, it is remote from cities and their lights, and there isn't any place near it where anyone can build a city."

CLIMATE is a vital consideration in the erection of a star-seeing eye. You need a climate free of haze, fog, clouds, and storms, first of all, so that you can observe as many nights a year as possible. On Mt. Wilson the average is 290 clear nights a year. Palomar will do even better.

Aside from that, you need a climate conducive to good working conditions. The Big Eye will keep a staff of a score of scientists and many more skilled mechanics busy, and they and their families must be housed. And the Big Eye itself demands equable weather.

Variations of temperature from warm daytime to cold nights cause the glass in the Big Eye to expand and contract. The focus of the mirror is worked out so

delicately that even slight changes may destroy the sharpness of the pictures. The metal that houses the mirror and holds the photographic equipment is subject to similar expansion and contraction. A smooth, mild climate, therefore, is a tremendous asset.

Near-by cities have become a nightmare of the star-catchers. The reason is night lights. Neon signs and other forms of brilliant illumination fill the sky with reflected lights that blacken the photographic plates upon which the Big Eye records its findings. Star-catchers do not squint at stars, but learn about the heavens by studying the pictures made by the camera and comparing them with hundreds of others taken on previous occasions. But the lights from the near-by valleys have just about ended picture-making of the more distant stars from Mt. Wilson.

Strangely enough, in 1905 Palomar Mountain was suggested as a location for the observatory now on Mt. Wilson. The recommendation was turned down because of Palomar's isolation.

Thirty years ago it meant a hard day's trip by wagon or the uncertain, chugging, two-lung autos of that time to reach the top of Palomar. So the authorities selected Mt. Wilson, which was but a dozen miles from Pasadena, where, thirty years ago, there were no such bright lights as we have now. At Pasadena they built their offices, their laboratory, their library of 11,000 volumes, their files for 50,000 negatives, and their shops for grinding lenses and repairing machinery.

Today city lights have made an asset of isolation. Today the eighty-mile journey to Palomar from Pasadena is but an hour's flight. Today they are planning a landing field on Palomar. And today, how the astronomers wish they had their several million dollars' worth of equipment on Palomar instead of Mt. Wilson.

Palomar Mountain not only has no neon-lighted towns near it, but it has no place near by where anybody could even try to toss up a city at some future date.

IT RUNS into real money to set up the world's greatest star-catching outfit, and the astronomers in charge of the building of the Big Eye do not intend to have their investment threatened within their lifetime as was the one on Mt. Wilson.

The Big Eye, alone, for the Palomar Observatory will cost over $1,000,000, and the delicate machinery, the great dome, the concrete base, the roadways and landing field, and the necessary shops and other buildings will run the total cost of the observatory to more than $5,000,000.

You can appreciate that catching stars 400,000,000 light-years away is no piker's sport when the astronomers explain some of the problems that have kept them awake nights.

Take the Big Eye, the 200-inch mirror itself: Poured in a glass works in Corning, N. Y., it is a single block of glass weighing more than 20 tons. It was so big and so hot that it has taken a year to cool it before shipment to the grinding laboratory at the California Institute of Technology in Pasadena, where two tons of glass will be hollowed out to convert it into an "eye."

This is the second 20-ton block of glass poured in the attempt to get a flawless piece 16¾ feet across and 13 inches thick. When the first one was poured, some cores

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in the mold loosened and floated to the surface. The defect could have been repaired, but it was just about as cheap to pour another block. The second one is perfect.

The Big Eye is so heavy that it must be held in place by bearings attached in cavities all over its under surface.

How would you go about it to move a 16-foot "eye" from Corning, N. Y., to Pasadena, Calif.? It is a tremendous transportation feat, and if the casting were a foot or two wider, they would have to clear all passing trains off the railroad line to get the Big Eye out to California. As it is, they can just make it.

Grinding two tons off the top side of the cake of glass is the biggest optical job ever undertaken. A special machine will be used. It will grind steadily day and night for three years to give the proper concave to the Big Eye.

Impatient as they are to have the Big Eye in place, these star-catchers will use only soft wax surfaces for grinding the glass, with water and emery dust to do the cutting. It may be slow, but it is sure, and every inch in the vast light-catching surface of the Big Eye will be accurate to the ten-thousandth of an inch.

WHY do they grind the concave surface for the mirror? That is the whole trick in catching light. That is what makes the Big Eye 640,000 times as powerful as the ordinary eye. The surface forms a great hollow concave mirror, and every inch of area on the mirror focuses all the light it catches on one spot high up in the 60-foot telescope skeleton framework where the pictures are made.

In other words, all the light entering the telescope hits the mirror and bounces back, but on angles, so that it forms a cone of light concentrating at the smaller end on one spot. If any spot on the mirror is out of focus, by reason of inaccurate grinding or bending of the glass or expansion due to heat, the picture of the heavens is blurred. Putting the mirror on the glass is another tricky undertaking. In the making of previous mirrors the glass was encased in a shallow tank which was filled with ammonia and nitrate of silver. Then someone dropped rock candy in the bath, and that caused the silver to settle and attach itself to the glass. When the liquid was drained off, the mirror was silvered.

But the huge glass for the Big Eye when finally ground, will be enclosed in a tank resembling a Turkish bath. Then aluminum steam will be shot into the tank under pressure and allowed to settle. In no time at all the glass will be coated with an aluminum mirror, bright as silver and much easier to keep polished.

The Big Eye, like your own eye, must be cleansed regularly. But, in place of an eye-cup and water, the mirror of the astronomical eye is swabbed off with rouge on soft cotton. Twice a year the mirrors of the Hooker "eye" have to be re-silvered completely. The aluminum surface on the Big Eye will last much longer than that.

The giant telescope framework at the bottom of which the Big Eye will rest will be 20 feet across and 60 feet long. Its enormous weight, as well as the 18 tons that the mirror will weigh when ground, will be supported by great arms, all on bearings which permit the tilting of the mirror to every conceivable position as slowly and steadily as the stars move in their courses. The Big Eye must follow them, like a staring owl, hour after hour, as the faint lights are recorded on the photographic plates. The machine will be like that designed so successfully for the 100-inch telescope, but much larger. It is one of the most elaborate engineering devices imaginable, and although weighing over 200 tons, functions with a clockwork nicety. In fact, it *is* clockwork and is run by electric clocks.

The photographer who exposes the negatives hangs in an oversized canary cage, dangling from a monorail, inside the huge telescope tube. He spends his nights on what might be called a slow-motion Ferris wheel.

Photographic plates are only one of the lures used to catch stars. They are particularly valuable to record the positions of the heavenly bodies, their shapes and their numbers, and to trace their movements. Mt. Wilson observatory has now accumulated a library of 50,000 negatives covering three fourths of the midnight skies. Many are duplicates of the same heavenly scene, but comparison of this year's catch with those of previous years is the way to discover the straying of stars.

Most of a star-catcher's time is spent in studying pictures or records or delving into astronomical books. Each member of the staff is assigned certain hours with the "eye." When he gets the pictures or the data he needs, another star-catcher takes his place at the mirror.

There are various other instruments which you will need if you ever set up a Big Eye. One important device is the spectroscope. It separates the colors in the rays from stars. Each color indicates a different gas or metal in the burning state. Thus the astronomer is able to tell what each distant sun or star is made of.

The Big Eye, like its predecessors, is counted upon to bring to light many new gases and materials. The 100-inch "eye" on Mt. Wilson revealed the existence of helium in the sun, long before that rare and valuable gas was discovered on the earth. One of the hopes of astronomers is that they may discover the secret of releasing the enormous sources of energy wasted in the burning of the suns. That might save much fuel on this planet.

ANOTHER instrument is the thermocouple. Attached to the 100-inch "eye," this device has measured the differences in temperature of the stars to a millionth of a degree. Used in conjunction with the Big Eye, the thermocouple will enable the star catchers to answer the question of whether or not conditions on distant planets permit the existence of life.

The interferometer attached to the Big Eye is a neat gadget for measuring distances and studying movements in the heavens. Through its use astronomers may tell accurately the size of even small stars millions of light-years away and how far apart they hang in space.

The star-catchers can even weigh the heavenly bodies. Sirius, the bright Dog Star, it was revealed by the Mt. Wilson instruments, is of a material so dense and solid that a cubic inch weighs one ton. Betelgeuse, on the other hand, a star which expands at times until it is 30,000,000 times as great in diameter as the earth, is made of material so light that it weighs less than the thinnest air!

With the Big Eye staring into space, astronomers will have spread out before them a gigantic stellar laboratory in which the whole drama of creation is being enacted. They will catch stars and study the reactions of many gaseous and material substances under heats and pressures so terrific that they are unattainable even in advanced scientific laboratories. In this way the scientific staff of the California Institute of Technology hopes to answer some of the questions of the universe that have perplexed thinkers through the ages.

By 1938, the Big Eye will be working for the astronomers. Shortly thereafter it will be spying on sunspots for the meteorologists, revealing new chemicals and gases for the chemists, delving into new worlds for the physicists. It may unearth new sources of energy for the engineer, provide new theories of relativity for the philosopher. And for some of us common, garden-variety citizens, it may provide a new clue to "What's it all about?"

Right now, while the Big Eye is in the making, its possibilities seem almost limitless, a 200-inch mirror with a 640,000 eye-power light-gathering capacity, an "eye" that will push back interstellar space 400,000,000 light-years. Marvelous!

I was gloating over man's ingenuity in the office of one of the Mt. Wilson astronomers the other day.

"What next?" I said.

He looked at me in all seriousness.

"If we had the money," he said, "we could build a telescope with a 300-inch mirror, and then we could see perhaps 800,000,000 light-years into space. There's no limit to space, you know!"

kindling

(*Continued from page 72*)

allows it to spread. Presently half of the house bursts into flame.

The prudent householder, therefore, will do well to look to his chimney. Above all, it should be cleaned by a man who knows his job, after which it should be examined for cracks, either by looking down from the top or by shoving a mirror into the flue from below. Some like the smudge fire method.

For the remainder of the heating plant, guard against the menace of overheating. This usually means removing combustibles from close proximity to the furnace or stove. No heat pipe should come within 18 inches of any wooden floor beams or of wooden lath and plaster ceilings or walls; no steam or hot-water pipe should be closer than one inch to any woodwork. If they are, then get a competent man to provide the proper insulation.

Still another form of fire's treachery was graphically demonstrated a few months ago in a New York residence. The wife was writing in the drawing-room, when she was amazed to see part of the ceiling fall and a tongue of flame leap through the gap. This stealthy blaze had been burning so long unnoticed that it had complete control of the premises before introducing itself so rudely. The upshot was a two-alarm fire costing more than $100,000 in damages. Defective wiring, to be sure.

In cities where competent investigators are on the job, we have found that as high as 15 per cent of the building fires of known origin are due to the failures, abuse, or misuse of electricity. And this is after we throw out 25 per cent for reasonable doubt!

Chief among these is the simplest of all abuses—forgetting the electric iron. It accounts for 37 per cent of our electrical fire loss and the wasting of $5,500,000 every year.

Irons can be bought with thermostats which shut off the heat at a given point, and you should by all means have one.

This doesn't imply that women are the only offenders here. The handy-man husband or son has a lot to answer for in the field of electrical outbreaks.

A New Hampshire family, for instance, bought an electric range from a mail-order house. Instead of having it installed by a competent man, they entrusted the job to two sons who were studying manual training. They got the thing in. It worked beautifully—until three nights later their handiwork went blooey and the house burned to the ground.

Let me advise all householders, then, to LET ELECTRICITY ALONE. If repairs or extensions are to be made, let somebody do it who knows what it's all about—and get an underwriters' certificate for the job before you pay the bill.

ANOTHER tip is, don't overload your circuits and then attempt to "remedy" a blown fuse by replacing it with plugs of a heavier amperage. In other words, if you're blowing out a 15 amp. fuse frequently, you've got too much load on the line. The cure is not to insert, say, a 25 amp. fuse or to "bridge" a lighter one. *Reduce the load* by putting some of it on another circuit.

The fuse is made weaker than the wire to warn you if you are putting too much current on a line. Consequently, when you turn around and make the fuse *stronger* than the wire, you're arranging the stage for future trouble.

"Bridging" a fuse with a penny is a mad practice, and unfortunately so common that inspections by investigators in Indianapolis netted a haul of 3,200 pennies from fuse boxes in one week.

Another common cause of electrical difficulties is the universal abuse of the extension cord. No sensible man will buy an extension cord which doesn't bear the approved label of the Underwriters' Laboratories. And surely nobody should give a cord the kind of punishment so generally accorded them.

What we invariably forget is that these cords are "alive" with current. And when

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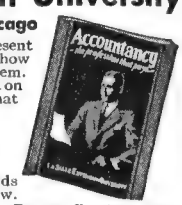

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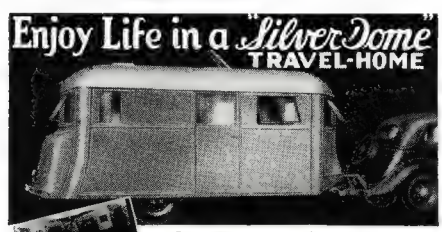

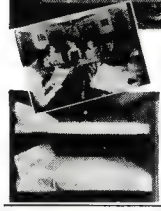

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we run them under rugs and rocking-chairs, over bare nails or hooks which gradually cut through the covering, we are just begging for trouble.

There are thousands of cases of fires from abused cords. The smart householder will disconnect all such extensions from the base plug or wall outlet before leaving the house for any prolonged period. If that abused cord should give way during your absence, it will be just too bad.

THE fourth factor on the list of fire causes is the mishandling of flammable liquids.

Summed up under the general heading of dry cleaning in the home, this hazard is vital because it is increasing. Twenty years ago New York reported 271 "volatile liquid" fires in a year: now they total around 6,000 annually, or about 16 a day.

The danger here is the limited knowledge which tempts the housekeeper to dabble with gasoline, benzine, or naphtha for domestic cleaning. The newspapers carry so many harrowing accounts of explosions with such ghastly regularity that you would think intelligent women would learn by example—but they don't.

Gasoline, benzine, naphtha, etc., are highly volatile: that is, they vaporize or evaporate very rapidly. Mixed with air in a ratio of about 1:15, this vapor becomes explosive. One gallon of liquid produces sufficient vapor to charge all the air in a typical kitchen, producing an explosive mixture *more powerful than one pound of dynamite.*

The heat of red coals, a friction spark from, say, a nail in a shoe, or even a static spark generated by rubbing the garment, is sufficient to ignite or explode the vapor. Where open flame is concerned, flashbacks have occurred over distances of 200 feet from fire to liquid.

Gasoline cannot be used safely for domestic cleaning, because you can't check the vapor—can't see it—can't control it. As soon as you open the can the liquid begins to vaporize—and the moment that happens you're flirting with disaster.

Yet women have no qualms about cleaning clothing, spraying furniture, or scrubbing waxed floors with gasoline, whose accident mortality rate is *80 per cent!*

A little thought along these four simple lines, then, will help immeasurably in saving our homes and the people in them. For the fact remains that two thirds of the fire deaths in this country take place in the home—and one third of them are children under ten. The stealthy outbreaks are especially grave because they get under full headway before detection. And because the nature of our residential construction is abominable, these undiscovered fires soon take full possession of the premises because our homes are "built to burn."

I am not knocking frame construction as such, even though it is an important factor. I am referring to the wide-open, unprotected layout of the typical house, which invites the small outbreak to become a sweeping blaze in a few moments. The upshot is that three quarters of these residential fire victims are trapped upstairs by downstairs fires. Many have died from fumes or superheated air even before they knew there was a fire.

When more of us take to heart the doctrine that fire prevention should begin at home, we will curtail this stupid American practice of burning a home almost every minute of the day.

Kit and I

(*Continued from page 23*)

Europe, she took her dachshund, much to the annoyance of the other three. They are most jealous of one another.

While Kit, as a child, was afraid to feed elephants, she was not afraid of walking wire and tightrope. She went to her father's theaters often and watched performers trip along the tightwire.

And then, one day, in her back yard in Buffalo, she stretched a clothesline from fence post to tree and mounted it, parasol in hand. Family and neighbors looked on aghast. But she walked it. After repeated effort she became expert.

In Buffalo, Kit had outgrown the physical handicap of her premature birth, but she had not outgrown the peculiar and psychic sensitiveness which has always been her principal asset as an artist and her principal liability as a person. From remarks passed about her appearance, she became convinced that she was homely and ungainly. She had only one real admirer in those days (that was long before my advent), her Grandmother Plimpton, who used so many superlatives in describing little Katharine that the family complained she would spoil the child. So, after that, Grandmother Plimpton always qualified her praise with, "She's not a repulsive child at all." And Kit gave up her last hope that she might be good to look at.

In the conventional sense, Kit, herself, is not a beautiful woman. But she has something far more important to a great actress than beauty. I mean the *capacity* to be beautiful at will—through feeling!

Her forehead is very low and the hairline is broken by eleven triangular points, commonly called "widows' peaks." When her hair is drawn back the effect is startling. Her features are most contradictory—the eyes set far apart, the mouth extraordinarily wide. Her legs are most shapely, but she doesn't know it. Once, at a house party, a prankster took motion pictures of everybody from the knees down, then asked the crowd to identify their friends by their legs. Kit went into raptures over one pair and was very much surprised and embarrassed when I told her the legs were her own.

But the important thing is that Kit embodies and projects beauty. She can be old or young, radiant or dull, splendid, drab, inspired, degraded, buoyant, harsh, grief-stricken, whatever she chooses to be. This is a difficult passage in the story. At home it is a little joke of ours.

One morning, when we were keeping colored servants, the elderly Negro man who was serving breakfast remarked that he had attended Miss Cornell's performance the night before and had enjoyed it immensely. She thanked him, and silence fell. After a while, he resumed:

"Between de acks, Miss Kittie, ah wish you could heah what de gemmuns say about you. Dey say dat you is de mos' beautiful lady dey eber see."

"Oh, thank you, Nelson," she said.

"But," he went on obliviously, "ah sho wish dey could see you de way ah does in de mawnin' befo' breakfuss."

"Nelson!" she cried. "Just what do you mean?"

"Nuthin'," he groaned, beating a retreat. "Ah jes' mean you is so much mo' beautifullah in de mawnin', dat's all."

THINGS like this may seem trivial, unless you realize that they have to do with a childhood that was very difficult. Just a little more than fifteen years ago Katharine Cornell brought her sensitiveness to New York. She had studied expression in Buffalo and had written a few little plays and appeared in them with school casts, once under the direction of Edward Goodman, a professional. Mr. Goodman had told her if she ever considered serious theatrical work to look him up.

Later, she did. Mr. Goodman had no place for her—he was then with the Washington Square Players—but told her to try again some time. That was a refusal—but not to Kit Cornell. She went back to him every day for three weeks, until, out of desperation, he asked her to read a part several words long.

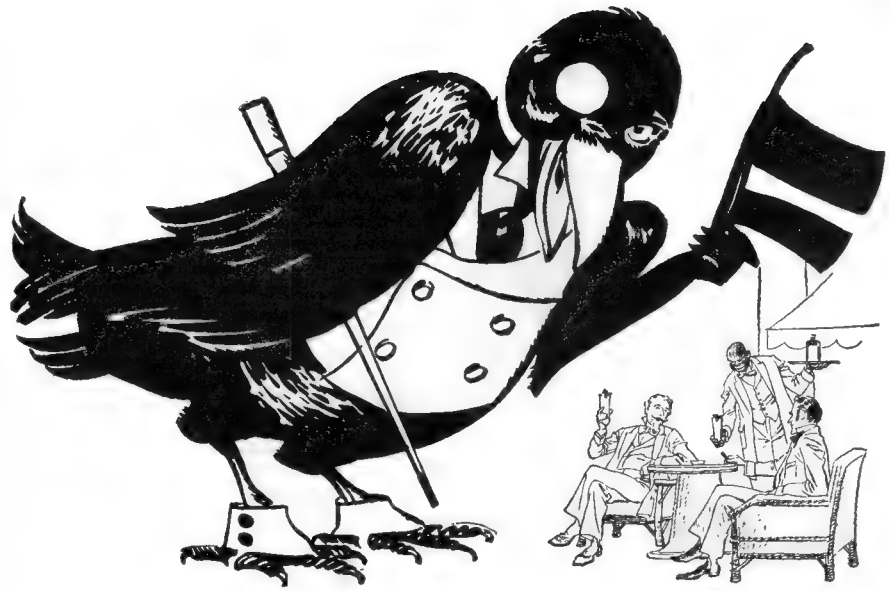
When she appeared before the rest of the cast, fright struck her dumb. She could not move. And when she managed to blurt out her line, it was not audible.

But she tried again and again, until Goodman, out of sheer pity, permitted her to understudy a character who had only to walk upon the stage and say, "My son, my son." Kit studied that line hours upon end. And, luckily, the casted woman got a job in another show and Kit was able to say the four words.

Again, when she was asked to read a part for Grace George, a splendid opportunity, she was overcome with fright.

Two or three years before our marriage I saw Katharine Cornell for the first time. I judged her then as an actress, not as a person. At that time, I was a young casting director for Winthrop Ames, famous producer. I rambled from one show to another, in search of possibilities for Ames's future casts.

Katharine Cornell, about whom I knew absolutely nothing, was appearing in one of the leading roles of *Plots and Playwrights*, presented by the Washington Square Players. I shall not try now to imagine that I saw her tremendous possibilities. I did not. I did, however, observe her unusual grace, the power of her voice, her striking appearance. After her name, for future reference, I simply wrote, "Interesting—monotonous—watch." I,



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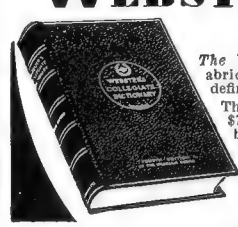

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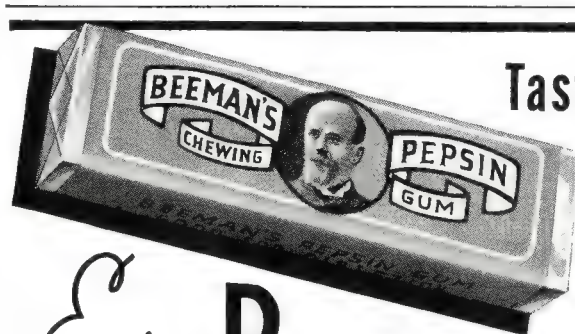

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usually wrote only one word if the performer impressed me—"Watch."

Some time later—in January, 1919, to be exact—I met Miss Cornell at a gathering of the Washington Square Players in Greenwich Village. When it was over, somebody said, "Miss Cornell, may I present Mr. McClintic?" She said, "How do you do?" and I said, "How do you do?" and later, when I was walking up Fifth Avenue with some of the crowd, I noticed vaguely that she was with us.

Not long afterward Ames sent me to Europe to do some scouting, and Miss Cornell went into stock. Then I received a letter from a friend containing this excited paragraph: "You remember Miss Katharine Cornell, don't you? Well, she is to play Jo in *Little Women* this season in London. Be sure to go."

I did not go. I had seen Miss Cornell. Mr. Ames's casting director was a cocksure young man.

She did very well in London, and laid the background for the opportunity that brought her fame.

When I came home from abroad, Mr. Ames told me he would put up the money for a production if I could find a good play. I would direct it and produce it under my name. It was a wonderful opportunity. But I could not get my hands on a play. So, as I bided my time, Jessie Bonstelle took me on as director for her stock company. We assembled the cast in New York, and Kit Cornell was in it.

I am pretty much of a psychic, or mystic, or what you will. I mean I have hunches. And that day, when Kit Cornell walked in to sign up for the stock season, I had one. I glanced up and saw her with her boyish stride and nonchalant air. In that instant I knew that we would be married some day. I was not in love with her. And yet I had a tranquil, deep, and perfectly natural conviction that Kit and I would be married.

I don't remember that Kit impressed me very much more as an actress in those days than she had before. But she impressed me as a person. She had an extraordinary theater *quality*, but as leading lady in stock she was not so good. She had no time to study her parts properly. She invokes her best for every role; she must have time to find that best.

Before the next summer was over, we were sitting together on park benches after theater, talking, dreaming, talking. We have been talking and dreaming ever since. We still do most of our living after theater—and most of our talking.

ON MY return to New York I had begun to read plays in the hope of finding one that Ames would back me to produce and direct. Kit and I used to take long hikes on Sunday into the country, build a fire, cook our luncheon, then go over possible scripts. On one of those walks, I discovered *Bill of Divorcement*, which had been produced in London by Allan Pollock. Kit and I saw at once that the leading role of Sidney was hers. It was a perfect vehicle for her powers. I rushed to Ames with it. He was delighted. And then he discovered he could not get the play, after all. Pollock intended to produce it himself. So Kit had lost her opportunity.

A few days later, Kit told me the part was hers. I was amazed. How had she done it? Well, she hadn't done it. By a strange coincidence, Pollock was guest in the house of three elderly ladies who had seen Kit in the role of Jo in *Little Women*. When they saw the English production of *Bill of Divorcement*, the second play they had ever seen in their lives, they told Pollock that the girl who had played Jo should have played the part of Sidney. Pollock cabled his American agents that Katharine Cornell and no other was to have the leading role.

And then, at this most inopportune time, September 8, 1921, we were married. I was, in a manner of speaking, down to my last fifteen cents, and our mutual friends, apparently, held little hope for my future, because they warned Kit repeatedly against marrying me. But we went ahead.

We were married one day and, the next, spent our honeymoon on a little island off the coast of Connecticut, swimming, boating, and rehearsing difficult passages in *Bill of Divorcement*. After our one day of bliss we returned to New York, and, on the following night, Kit opened in her new play. . . . The praise was dazzling! Her name blazed on Broadway. Kit's fame was our wedding present.

And, a little while later, backed by my former employer, Winthrop Ames, I produced and directed my first play, *The Dover Road*, one of Broadway's greatest hits.

THERE is an erroneous idea current that fame, particularly theatrical fame, is an enemy of domestic happiness. Then there is that other notion that marriage interferes with a career. I think we disprove both. Our careers did not begin until we had set up housekeeping; our happiness has been deeper for our successful pursuit of our professions.

Since our marriage Kit has starred gloriously in everything she has undertaken. She was acclaimed in *The Green Hat*, even while critics condemned the play itself. W. Somerset Maugham would have no other actress than Kit in his play, *The Letter*, because, he said, struggling for a reason he could not define, "The lady knows how to handle a pistol."

And all of this time I have been doing well, myself, producing at least one Broadway success a year since our marriage. I directed this year's Pulitzer prize play, *The Old Maid*. I produced and directed such successes as *Saturday's Children*, *The Trial of Mary Dugan*, *Shanghai Gesture*, *Age of Innocence*, *Yellow Jack*, and a score of others. Kit and I hit together.

It is not mere coincidence. We have had an unswerving belief in the capacity of each other to succeed. We knew that together we were right, divided we were wrong.

It is often said that Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne are the happiest married couple in the American theater today. With the exception of Kit and me, I think they are. This, of course, may come as a surprise to any persons who ever happened to listen beneath our open windows on certain summer evenings. Our romance has not always been sweetly poetical. We are people—very much so.

One evening at a dinner party our voices vibrated over the countryside for two hours. We were so consumed with passion over our pointless argument that we forgot guests, food, neighbors—everything. I don't even remember what it was

all about. I do recall the end of it, however, when Kit unfurled the full power of her wonderful voice to the night winds, flung up her arms, and cried, "I love the countryside! Don't you see? I must have peace, *peace*, PEACE!" And we usually do have it—a peace that comes with certainty, understanding, and appreciation.

I am a producer and director of plays. Katharine Cornell is one of the greatest actresses in the world today. Both of us are purveyors of emotion. It is our stock in trade. We cultivate emotion, dramatize it, live it. Sometimes it comes roaring out the safety valve, and we have on our hands a domestic scene of tremendous feeling and very little sense. It is quite natural.

Fortunately, Kit and I live in one of those venerable Manhattan houses. We can, if necessary, get four or five floors apart. She can wait for me to come up or, if I am in a proud mood, I can wait for her to come down.

IT SEEMS strange to me that Kit should ever have been afraid. I never knew anyone who had less to fear.

Kit has been successful at everything she had undertaken. A golf champion once told me, after watching Kit's drives, that she could have been the greatest woman golf player in the country. She swims expertly. She is more than just a sportswoman. Her every move is graceful.

There is nothing, there never was anything, in Kit's life that should make her afraid. She is on the stage because the theater is the passion of her life, unhampered in its full expression by any thought of gain. When *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* was coining money on Broadway she closed her season, packed up, and went on tour. And touring was not accepted two or three years ago as a profitable pastime. She could have been comfortable in New York. Instead she preferred the hardships of the road. Why? Because she believed that the theater belonged to the nation, not only to money and Broadway.

I do not mean to say that Kit scorns money. She needs it as much as anyone I know because she dares to do big things. But not long ago I came home to find her in a tearful argument with a representative of a radio chain. He was offering her a very profitable contract.

"But I can't," she said. "The time interferes with my performance. I must go from the radio to the theater—perhaps in a state of discomposure. I can't take chances. Nothing must disturb my performance on the stage."

"But you'll chance it for the money, won't you?" he said.

"I don't want the money," she cried.

Unruffled, he suggested that she give the money to the milk fund. "Think," he said, "of the poor little babies . . ."

When I arrived she was piteously turning down his offer. To her it seemed as if she had only two choices in life—to give up her art or to be good to the poor. Yet she is most charitable.

Kit went on the road at a time when tried and seasoned producers were hesitating even about opening on Broadway. But, with a courage and certainty that amounted almost to naïveté, Kit struck out across country with *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* and *Romeo and Juliet*.

Her tours were tremendous successes. She played to capacity audiences. It was not only an achievement for Kit Cornell, it was an achievement for the American theater. She had set out to prove that good drama was not dead.

Kit received her greatest tribute, I think, in Seattle, Wash., on Christmas night two years ago. Throughout her long tour, she had never failed to keep an engagement, but on that Christmas day she gave up hope of maintaining her record. Delayed by snowdrifts and blizzards, the train pulled into Seattle at 11:30 at night, just about the time the curtain would have dropped. She was deeply distressed.

But, as she left the train, a man seized her arm.

"Come on!" he cried. "The crowd's still waiting at the theater."

"But," she faltered, "it'll take an hour, at least, to get the sets into the theater."

"They'll wait an hour," he said breathlessly; "two hours. . . . Come on!"

The curtain rose at 1:05 A. M. Tired from a long journey and all the worry about her failure to arrive on time, she went on the stage.

The curtain fell at 4:05 in the morning! I think Seattle, sleeping toward the dawn, trembled with that applause. Kit was exhausted, but she was so happy she cried.

Certain? She went on that 18,000-mile journey with a certainty that was like shining faith. And her faith was justified.

Yes. Kit Cornell, who was frightened, is certain today. Her certainty means much to me, and I am supposed to be bold and blatant when I'm hard at work. I shout and tear my hair. I am not unaware, nor is Kit, that men raise the roof only when they are afraid of opposition. Be that as it may.

I remember the night she opened with *Romeo and Juliet*. I had been most disagreeable. I had raved and stormed and shrieked, until Kit, at whom my vituperation was not directed, put her fingers in her ears. When that did not drown me out, she swept away to her dressing-room and locked the door.

In the first place, I cried, her costume simply would not do.

"No," I screamed. "It will not do. And that balcony won't do. Play the scene in the dark, if necessary, but not in that balcony."

AND so I went on, from bad to worse, until everybody was almost crazy. One set was wiped out. One costume, the principal one, was torn to shreds. It couldn't be helped. Those hours before a show opens are tense and full of fear. But I was afraid for Kit. She had worked harder than any of us. She had studied her role for months. She had taken infinite pains. It came to me, in a moment of new consternation, that I had disturbed her composure. I began to perspire. . . .

Soon before the curtain rose, she came to my side and looked at me with cool, tranquil eyes—everything forgiven. everything understood.

"I shall not be nervous tonight," she said. "I shall not be frightened. Do not be afraid. Everything will be right. Everything will be good."

Good? It was magnificent! And it was magnificent, too, that she, who had been afraid, should have stood beside me that moment to comfort my own fears.

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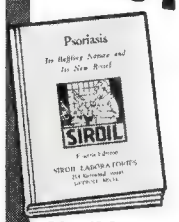

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BAND INSTRUMENTS

Drumbeats

(*Continued from page 69*)

Jackson Grange Silver Cornet Band, which rehearsed at a Grange house, five miles away. Once or twice a week, after the chores were done, six farm boys jogged along on tired farm horses to the rendezvous and for hours practiced marches under McAllister's inexperienced leadership.

The noise was terrific, and the Jackson Grange Silver Cornet Band did not last long. All the musicians were conscious of a discord. They preferred, at last, to go each his separate way, sit on a stump apart, and play in solitude. But McAl ister had made a discovery. He wanted to be a bandmaster. When he had saved enough money from selling pigs, he went to Joliet and then to Chicago to perfect his cornet playing.

But there were no amateur bands in need of a young master. In the smaller communities there were not musicians enough to make a band. In the larger towns, professors with gray goatees were directing, and the best young McAllister could do was to join a band as a player. Finally he took up manual training.

FOR four years, the bandless bandmaster taught boys how to make hatracks and pencil holders. And then one day opportunity came.

H. A. Stillman, a city father and a member of the board of education, suggested that the high school in Joliet organize a little band to play at football games. Didn't have to be good music—just loud and rousing. Up from his carpenter shop, with shavings in his hair, came Mr. McAllister, with a request that he might organize the band and direct it. Nobody else was eligible, so he was chosen.

Mr. McAllister became a bandmaster at last, without pay and without relief from his duties in the manual-training department.

When, after months of rehearsal, the bandmaster took his marching band across the home-town gridiron at the football game, the football team was forgotten for the moment in the town's wild acclaim of "real band music." Today that high school's case of band trophies is as large as its case of football cups, and far more valuable.

Today Mr. McAllister directs a marching concert band of 100 pieces and a military band of 70 pieces—all schoolboys. In every national competition the concert band, fed by underclassmen from the military band, has won first place in the United States.

The Joliet high-school band started the band movement. Those original bands of McAllister's traveled widely, leaving uproar and enthusiasm behind them. And out of that enthusiasm new bands sprang.

The school band movement was being financed by Rotary, Kiwanis, and co-operative clubs before boards of education deigned to take notice. When they did, America began to play. A national association of bands was formed. McAllister was named president. The Joliet board of education brought him up from the carpenter shop and gave him an office.

His son, Forrest L. McAllister, is now directing a school band at Petersburg, Ill., and has already won the district state high-school band contest. Archie, the youngest son, sixteen years old, will play flute in his father's orchestra next year. Another son, Leslie McAllister, played the trombone in the school orchestra, and a daughter, Mrs. Lois Cox, played the flute.

The whole structure of school orchestra and band education today is illustrated pretty well in Stamford, Conn. I watched Miss Mary Marshall, instructor in an elementary school, direct her class of babies in the *Blue Danube Waltz*, which the phonograph played. She beat the time, and the band swung into rhythm, using the primitive noise-making instruments—sticks, triangles, cymbals, bells, clappers, tambourines, wood blocks, and tiny drums. They made a strangely moving medley of sounds—something like the music of a marching band of elves, I fancy.

Then Bill O'Shaughnessy, the bandmaster, took me to older grades in the elementary school, where simple marches and a Viennese waltz were played. Then on to a junior high school I went, to hear an orchestra more mature. I thought I had reached the peak of school music when I heard the senior high-school musicians rehearse César Franck's *Symphony in D Minor* with what seemed to me to be almost a professional touch. But I was mistaken.

A few years ago the choral society of Stamford gave a concert, and asked the high-school orchestra to play the accompaniments. The orchestra was the hit of the evening. Dr. Frederick Getman, a distinguished chemist and amateur musician, was so impressed that he suggested that a symphony orchestra be formed, with graduates of the high-school orchestra as the nucleus. A few other musicians, amateur and professional, were asked to join. And the symphony orchestra, grown out of McAllister's school band project, became the center of the town's musical life.

IT USED to be, I was told, that the average youngster didn't know much about instruments. Now his musical understanding is so broad that he selects from the whole range of instruments the one for which he is best suited physically and mentally. There are exceptions, of course.

A band teacher in an Ohio city told me about a boy who had had two fingers of one hand paralyzed since babyhood, but insisted upon playing the flute. He exercised those fingers hour upon hour, day in and day out, until he *made* them work. Today he is a first-rate flute player.

In two different New York State towns I met boys crippled with infantile paralysis who had found a means of expressing themselves in the school band.

"I can't march," one of them said, "but when the band goes to the stand at a football game, I'm there, waiting with my cornet. When we're sitting down, I'm as good as anybody."

Mr. McAllister believes that every band

should be a marching band. "Contrary to general belief," he told me, "marching does not impair a concert band. It improves it, teaches carriage, rhythm, teamwork, co-ordination of mind and muscle."

American girls are sharing, too, in this national movement. In many bands I have seen girl "drummer boys," bass as well as trap. Before long I expect to see a girl peering out from the coils of a double bass horn.

IT IS impossible, without a census, to ascertain just how much money is invested in the school band and orchestra movement of America. I know there are several million dollars, at least. Joliet has $30,000 invested in instruments and uniforms alone.

In Indiana, I found a small town, Hobart, with a population of 5,700, which has already invested $4,000 in instruments.

"We made such a good showing in the state contest," said Will Revelli, the band director, "that the people decided to buy us new instruments."

As a result of community interest, the band won first prize for "B" size towns in the National School Band Contest for five successive years.

Few small towns and cities, of course, can afford such an investment. Sometimes a philanthropist helps out. Sometimes students buy their own instruments on the installment plan. But every town that has wanted to organize a band has managed to equip it somehow.

In a town in Pennsylvania I talked with a grocer named Fred Mason who was devoting his spare time to helping the band.

"I picked up a cornet the other day for $7," he said, "and I've got my eye on a $50 bass drum that I think I can buy for $10. It's fun. When that band marches, I like to feel that I am marching with it—in spirit, dollars, time. The way I look at it," he went on, "is that kids are eager for adventures. If they don't have good adventures they will have bad ones. What better adventure can they have than working with and for a band? Music, in the way of bands, attracts a boy quicker than a poolroom."

Many a dramatic story of community loyalty and self-sacrifice has come out of the National School Band Contests. A few years ago in the California state contest, the winner was a small village called Princeton, whose consolidated school of 103 pupils had a 45-piece band. Second place went to Arcata, another small town. Both first and second in the state contest are eligible to go to the national contest, but neither Princeton nor Arcata thought it could possibly get the cash for the 1,500-mile trip to Council Bluffs, Iowa, where the national contest was being held that year. The boys at Arcata heard that the Princeton band was working desperately to raise the money. They sent word to Princeton: "We can't go, but we'll do our best to help you." The Princeton band raised enough to take them one way of the journey, and set off. Meanwhile, the Arcata boys had raised $100. They wired it. Princeton won first place that year in "B" towns.

Curiously enough, the radio—which was supposed to have killed the popular impulse to make music—has played an important part in the national band movement.

In the past five years, music broadcasting has gradually contributed a new desire to make music, especially among boys and girls. Walter Damrosch tells me that at least 6,000,000 school children listen to his weekly music-appreciation hour, and that he can trace the starting of many school bands and orchestras to his broadcasts. Several state universities are sending out radio music lessons to schools.

Take Michigan, for example. Reading, Mich., population 954, started taking University of Michigan radio music lessons in 1932, organized school classes in string and band the following year, and now has a 53-piece band and an orchestra. Maybee, population 346, began radio lessons in 1932, with seven pupils. Now the entire school takes the lessons, and boasts two bands, two orchestras, and a chorus.

Other small villages can show results quite as remarkable.

But these things don't just happen. Almost always it takes some one energetic personality like Mr. McAllister to get things going.

The most appealing case I have found recently is Bridgeport, Conn. Up to this year, in this industrial city of 150,000, the high-school band was taught by an ex-member of Sousa's Band named Fred Bayers, who runs a music store in town. At the beginning of the year the school board cut out his salary. Discouraged, the band melted away. But there was a boy of sixteen named Abe Wolfthal, a small, dark-eyed live wire, who made up his mind that the band wasn't going to die. He canvassed the school and found 60 boys eager to take hand. They organized a committee of three, and put it up to the principal. The principal laid the matter before the school alumni. The alumni got up an entertainment, and raised enough money to get Bayers back for a few lessons. In the spring, the band played in the Yale tournament, and made such a fine showing that now the school alumni are swung to permanent support.

"You are going to follow a musical career?" I asked Abe.

"No," he said, "I'm going to be a doctor. But I'll always play an instrument. I like it."

WHAT are the youngsters getting out of all this? What does it all mean?

One thing these 2,000,000 boys and girls are getting is a keen lesson in co-operation. "The flutes may play like angels, but if the trumpets are sour, then the whole band is sour," said a high-school music director in a Kentucky town. "Everybody has got to be alive and thinking only of his contribution to the whole effect."

They are getting a proficiency, too, that may help them through college, even though they perhaps have no thought of a musical career. As I sat in the office of a Michigan high-school principal, he opened a letter from a Southern college offering a $200 scholarship to any graduate of that school of good academic standing who was also an A-1 clarinet player. Will Revelli, at Hobart, Ind., told me that ten graduates of his championship band are putting themselves through college by playing in the college bands and orchestras.

"The boys and girls who go in for band and orchestra usually rank above the average in general studies," the head of a New Jersey high school told me. "Work in band and orchestra seems to sharpen the mind."

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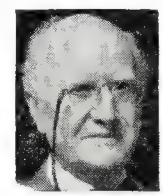

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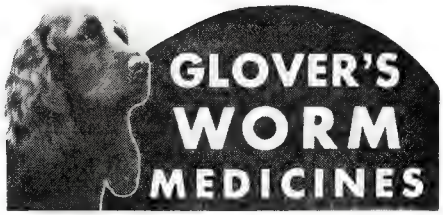

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bands and orchestras ranked 2.8 per cent above the scholastic average.

You remember that Fred Mason, the grocer, told me that a band or an orchestra was a way of exposing a kid to something good instead of something bad. Well, I have run across several instances of this very thing.

"Frank was apparently cut out to be the town bum. No teacher had ever been able to do a thing with him. He was about to be thrown out on his ear. Then," said Ray Harrington, "I decided one day to make him drum major. The job was a chance to show off and wear a handsome uniform, and he grabbed it. But its importance impressed him and he began to practice to make himself good. Then he got back into his studies. He isn't anything startling, but he's begun to take a tremendous interest in dramatics. The kid is really going to amount to something."

Then he told me about Bill. Bill was another of those don't-care kids. A big, hulking fellow. He had a violin, but he wouldn't practice. Didn't care. Then one night the music leader took him over to another town where he was conducting a professional orchestra. He made Bill sit down among the cellos during the rehearsal. The earnestness of those players, their concentration, seemed to make a deep impression on the don't-care kid. Afterward, the leader said, "How would you like to be able to play like that?" "Gee, I'd love it," said Bill. "Well, I'll teach you," the leader told him. From then on, Bill was a different lad. He got a cello and worked hard. This year he's assistant conductor of the band at a large Eastern university. . . .

Of course, there is always the possibility that your daughter may take the flute in her teeth or your son swing the tuba over his shoulder and march into music as a life job, despite all advice to the contrary.

"Generally speaking," said George H. Gartlan, music director of the New York City public schools, "we discourage any player in our bands or orchestras who seems tempted to go into a musical career. There are too many musicians starving already. But if boys or girls have exceptional talent and ambition you can't stop them! You don't *want* to stop them. No matter how crowded a profession is, there is always room for the newcomer with the magic combination of ability and grit."

Gartlan told me that graduates of New York school bands and orchestras are playing in all but one of the forty leading symphony orchestras of America.

Yet the fact remains that most of the youngsters in school bands and orchestras are playing for the fun of it, and they are giving themselves to an activity that carries school over into life.

"Few boys play football or baseball after they get out," said an Ohio high-school principal. "But music is a thing that very often they go on with."

AS I traveled up and down the land, hearing music on every wind, I thought again of Whitman's poetic line, "I hear America singing . . ." and was glad.

Youth, America-to-be, for which all manner of dire things had been predicted in these troublous times, has massed and marched out into the morning voicing its everlasting gladness and hope in the thrilling sound of music. America, new America, is singing. . . .

Blue Ribbon

(*Continued from page 51*)

have come to town with excellent introductions. The Forresters' somewhat stodgy dinners were nothing if not exclusive. Nor were they anything but dinners. At about ten Nancy was descending the Forrester steps. Bob McKenzie walked beside her.

"It's rather early to go home, don't you think?" he asked.

Nancy eyed him warily. "The orchestra at the hotel plays till one," she said.

But Bob McKenzie shook his head. "Sorry, but I don't feel much like dancing tonight. And there's to be a late showing of that new German movie."

Nancy raised her chin. "I," she said, "can imagine nothing more deadly than going to a picture that has dialogue in a language you don't understand. Unless," she added acidly, "it's going to one of them with somebody who explains everything into your left ear!"

Bob McKenzie studied her in silence for a moment. "Of course I could take you home and go alone. But I don't care much for going places alone, and I could manage to dance. So if you feel like gambling—" He had drawn a coin from his pocket and was looking at her inquiringly. His smile was particularly infuriating.

Nancy's teeth clicked together. Then suddenly, she laughed. "In a quiet way you're quite the rudest man I've ever met," she said. "But you *can* dance. All right! Heads we dance. Tails we go to your silly Dutch picture!"

It was a long picture, and it might, Nancy decided, have been rather exciting if she had had the faintest idea what it was all about. Bob McKenzie carefully abstained from interpreting any of it.

NANCY met Bob McKenzie at an anagrams party at the Hadleys' two evenings later. Thereafter she continued to find herself meeting him nearly everywhere. Bob had been accepted as a member of the cheerfully informal set in which Nancy usually moved; and the fact that for the moment Nancy was the only unattached girl in that set automatically threw them together. They both accepted the situation a little guardedly.

While they somehow managed to avoid any quarrel which would be final, their minor disagreements were frequent, prolonged, and intense. When the question at issue was one of what to do or where to go,

Bob's fifty-cent piece was called upon to settle it.

Of course, fundamental differences could hardly be settled by the toss of a coin. But at the end of three or four weeks, it occurred to Nancy that these last were oddly few and unimportant. It was disconcerting to discover that two people who didn't like each other at all could have so many likes and dislikes in common. For Bob, too, disliked whipped cream and golf and bridge. Bob, too, liked horses and sailboats and tennis and lots of lemon in his tea. They even liked or disliked the same books. Yes, it was disconcerting.

Nancy spent several otherwise unoccupied half-hours trying to make up her mind what she really thought of Bob McKenzie. She disliked him intensely—but she enjoyed herself in his company. He irritated her constantly—but she continued to go out with him.

And if it was hard to arrive at any final conclusion as to her opinion of Bob, it was practically impossible to guess what he thought of her. Something had obviously left him with a poor impression of girls in general.

IT WAS not often that Bob said anything which might help Nancy in her vague and irritated speculations. But there was the night when Nancy casually mentioned having had a letter from a friend at Vassar. Bob smiled sourly. "I was engaged to a Vassar graduate once," he said.

"Oh," said Nancy innocently. "Do you go in for engagements, too?" She added the last word a little defiantly. Bob had undoubtedly heard all about Bill and Jack and Tommy.

"The trouble with women—" Bob began suddenly; and stopped.

"Please tell me!" Nancy begged. "I've always wanted to hear an established authority on that subject."

"The trouble with women," Bob resumed grimly, "is that there are just two kinds of them. Either they're cute little cases of arrested development, dying to have somebody call them Baby, or else they're strong-jawed females who want to lead you through life by the nose."

"Men seem to offer more variety," she said sweetly. "I've succeeded in isolating at least three types: There's the dominant male, for example. He wants to lead *you* around by the nose." That had been Bill Hendryx. "Then there's the neuter type, who simply drifts through life refusing to take anything seriously, and radiating bored charm." That, Nancy thought, summed up Jack Cartwright rather neatly. "And then there's the male clinging vine, who never says anything but, 'Yes, darling.'" And that, of course, was poor Tommy Jennings.

Nancy waited, rather hopefully, to see if Bob would risk asking which type she thought he was. But then, quite suddenly, she unexpectedly realized that he didn't belong in any of her three classes. He was more like Bill than Jack or Tommy, of course; but he wasn't just another Bill. Bob had been insistent on having his own way simply because he wanted it; not at all because he wanted to dominate her. She was relieved when Bob changed the subject.

"I saw that cup Judge Courtney's putting up in a jeweler's window," he remarked. "It reminded me that the dog show's less than a week off. . . . Of course, you don't show your dog yourself?"

Nancy had handled Tam in last year's show. But that had been in the puppy class. She had been thinking of employing a professional handler this year. But now —"I certainly do!" she said. . . .

Nancy rose early on Saturday morning, the first day of the show. Tam, she had decided, was to have a long walk before being taken to the straw-lined stall at the armory in which he must stay until late Sunday night. But two hours of the briskest walking seemed to have no effect on Tam's bounding exuberance.

"I'll stop by the park and let him run awhile," Nancy thought.

At the edge of the park she unsnapped his leash, and Tam dashed happily away. Nancy followed him more slowly. Then, as she rounded a tall clump of laurels, she gave a frightened gasp. For, a hundred yards away, stood a familiar coal-black Scotty. With a stifled cry Nancy began to run. A hand locked about her arm and jerked her back.

"Don't bother them," Bob McKenzie advised calmly.

"They'll hurt each other!" Nancy cried.

Bob's fingers only tightened. "No, they won't. Watch them!" he commanded.

Nancy watched incredulously. Tam and the Scotty stood nose to nose now—and Tam's tail was describing brisk, placatory circles. So was the Scotty's. In another moment Tam dropped his head to his paws, barked excitedly, and turned to run, and an instant later the Scotty had joined him.

"They'll be back when they've had their romp," Bob said cheerfully. "Not many dogs really want to fight. But when excited people dash in, they get excited, too. . . . We might as well sit down."

IT WAS several minutes before Tam and his new-found friend, panting rapturously, returned to their owners. Bob ran an appraising hand over Tam's crisp coat.

"You didn't trim him yourself, of course?" he asked.

"But I did," Nancy declared proudly.

"You made a good job of it." Bob's tone was very nearly respectful. "You call him Tam, don't you? What's the full name?"

Nancy laughed. "It's pretty orgulous. He's registered as Waring's Tamburlaine the Great."

Bob chuckled responsively. "Cully's is just about as extravagant—McKenzie's Highland Color Sergeant." He rubbed Tam's ears. "They're really rather amusing little brutes," he conceded. "I can see how you might get attached to one of them, in time. . . . That is, if you'd never owned a Scotty," he added quickly.

Nancy had accepted the paw which Cully was offering her. "Your dog has an awfully interesting head," she said, trying to duplicate Bob's tone. "And I suppose you'd eventually get used to his front legs looking so much like flippers." . . .

Nancy was breathing a little quickly as she led Tam into the ring that night. Tam behaved perfectly—dancing on his toes, his head held high, when he was walked around the ring; posing like a faintly restive statue on the boards; raising his head with just the proper degree of bright-eyed alertness when the judge snapped his fingers. And Tam's expensive pedigree justified itself

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once more when the judge handed Nancy the blue ribbon.

Nancy escorted Tam back to his place on the bench and returned to the ring in time to watch the entry of the Scotties. Bob McKenzie, she admitted grudgingly, could probably teach her a thing or two about handling a dog in the show ring. Cully's first was, if anything, a more sweeping victory than Tam's had been.

By walking slowly Nancy contrived a quite accidental meeting with Bob as they were leaving the armory.

"Well, tomorrow will be the big night," she said.

Bob nodded. "And it'll be between our dogs. One of us'll be taking that cup home."

Nancy laughed. "Suppose we make a penalty bet," she suggested. "The next time we can't agree about something, the loser tomorrow night has to—to give in!"

Bob hesitated for a moment. Then he, too, laughed. "It's a bet," he agreed.

THEY had reached the street now; another half-dozen steps brought them to Nancy's roadster. Nancy stepped off the curb to go around it. The curb was high and her heel caught on its edge. She collapsed into the street.

Bob leaped forward and pulled her to her feet. "Hurt?" he demanded.

Nancy took a tentative step. "Twisted my ankle," she muttered. "I don't think it's serious, but I'm afraid I'd better not try to drive. Could you run me home?"

Nancy's ankle was throbbing viciously before Bob stopped his car in front of her home. Clinging to his arm, she managed three very painful steps. Then Bob stopped suddenly. "Here, this won't do," he said; and, bending toward her, he picked her up lightly. He carried her up the walk, up the flight of steps which led to the front door. "You see—much easier that way," he said. "Much easier!" he repeated as he set her down. His voice was queerly uneven; he retreated half a step, almost hurriedly. And then, even more hurriedly, he retraced that half step.

Men had been kissing Nancy—not always without a certain amount of co-operation on Nancy's part—ever since she was fifteen. But there hadn't ever been anything like this. It left Nancy dizzy and shaken. Bob moved back. In the dim light his face was tight and strained.

"I suppose you think—" he began hoarsely. "Just because I kissed you—"

Nancy caught at the doorknob. "And just because I let you," she cried bitterly, "I suppose you think—"

There was another minute of silence. "Let's—let's not talk about it any more now," Bob said finally, in the same hoarse voice. "Maybe it means something. I don't know. But let's think it over first. . . . Good night!"

Supporting herself on one of her father's canes, Nancy hobbled through the Sunday-night crowd toward Tam's place. Surprisingly, Bob McKenzie stood there.

"He seemed a bit lonely, so I stopped to talk to him," he explained with nervous haste. "How is the ankle?"

"The doctor says he won't have to amputate." Nancy's tone fell far short of the defiant gaiety for which she strove. "But it's pretty sore right now. So I guess you'll get the cup by default, as far as Tam's concerned."

"That's too bad," Bob said in a lifelessly conventional voice. Then, after a minute's silence: "Look here—would you like to have me take him into the ring? Handle him with Cully, I mean."

"Why—if you think you could do it without hurting Cully's chances—"

"I think I can." Bob's voice was suddenly briskly businesslike. "I'll get them off in a corner for the next hour and let them get used to walking on leash together," he planned. "Why don't you go over and find a seat close to the ring?"

"He's glad to be rid of me for an hour," Nancy thought. She, too, was glad to have postponed the necessity for deciding whether last night had meant anything.

She was staring morosely at a class which consisted of a single disconsolate Afghan hound when Bob touched her shoulder. "I think they're going to be all right," he said encouragingly.

"That's nice," Nancy said, without a great deal of conviction. Somehow, the Courtney Cup seemed less important than it had been until—well, until last night.

"I'd better be getting back to my—to our dogs," Bob was saying. He was smiling now—a slightly crooked, rather ambiguous smile. "You haven't forgotten our little bet, have you?" he asked softly.

Nancy drew in a long, uneven breath. Tam *had* to win! "Because I simply won't start by giving in to him," Nancy thought. "Not even if—"

Tam and Cully did not lead the dozen-odd assorted terriers in their entering parade around the ring. But after the most cursory of inspections the dour Welshman who was judging gave all his attention to them. For several minutes he studied them as they stood posed on the boards. Then he had Bob walk them around the ring once more. When they came back to the boards he knelt to examine their eyes and teeth, to run his square, brown hands over their coats. Tam, Nancy realized, was getting rather more than half of Bob's care.

The dour Welshman rose to his feet. He said something to Bob. Bob stared at him incredulously; then his eyes sought Nancy's. The judge walked across to her.

"Could you come out into the ring for a minute, Miss Waring?" he asked.

NANCY got to her feet and hobbled puzzledly beside him toward Tam and Cully.

"You see, I can't make up my mind what to do," the judge explained. "It wouldn't be fair for me or anybody else to say that your dog is better than Mr. McKenzie's—or that his is better than yours. They're both of 'em as fine specimens of their breeds as I've ever seen. There's no choice between them; it's a perfect tie. But you can't cut that trophy in two. And I thought maybe you'd like to settle between yourselves who's to take it. You might," he suggested, "toss a coin for it."

Nancy felt no inclination to laugh. She was looking at Bob now, and Bob was looking back. There was no doubt left in Bob's eyes now; only the question.

"You take it Nancy," he said.

"No, you take it," Nancy said.

And then Nancy knew the answer to everything. She began to laugh shakily. "It—it doesn't matter who takes it," she told the Welshman. "Because—because we'll always keep it on the mantel."

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I believe

A bewildered young AMERICAN reader recently wrote to the editor, saying that he could find nothing in which to believe any longer. In the July issue we published his letter and asked for replies from other readers, outlining a few of their own articles of faith. The three winning letters came from:

DONALD AIRD, Deer River, Minn.
First prize, $25.

FRED MAI, Jr., Tulsa, Okla.
Second prize, $15.

J. H. VAN NICE, San Diego, Calif.
Third prize, $10.

Here is Mr. Aird's reply:

I AM twenty-seven years old, working in a CCC camp, with nothing much to show for some of the best years of my life and not a great deal to look forward to. But in spite of all that I am still a believer. The storm of the depression has washed away some of the false conceptions I entertained and has made the real truths stand out all the more clearly.

I Believe:

That I cannot get something for nothing.

That I have the right to do anything which will not infringe on the rights of another.

In the honesty of the average man and in his willingness to do the right thing if he possibly can.

In the government under which we live. It has some imperfections, but I still think it the best in the world.

That my destiny is in my own hands. Though conditions and events may alter it some, eventually my own actions and thoughts will determine what I shall be.

That happiness is not something in the future to be striven for, but rather the ability to appreciate what I have and experience daily.

In a Supreme Being and a Hereafter. There are times when nothing but this Faith can help me.

That I shall have lived well if my neighbors say of me: "He is my friend. You can depend on him. His word is as good as his bond."

The Kitchen is the Heart of the "NEW AMERICAN" HOME!

The "New American" Home marks the greatest step forward in the science of living. It is designed from the inside out — built to live in as well as to look at. After the interior is planned and equipped the exterior architectural style is determined. The "New American" offers convenience, comfort and livability never before attained in a home — and at a cost amazingly low.

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Modernize your kitchen with these General Electric Home Servants. They bring better living and make it easier for you to balance the household budget — because of the savings they effect.

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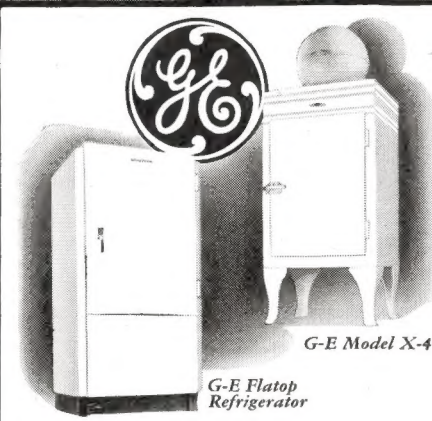

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Every kitchen needs dependable refrigeration all year 'round — especially now that food prices are soaring.

The famous G-E sealed-in-steel mechanism that set a new standard of dependable refrigeration service at low cost, now uses 40% less current, and has double the cold producing capacity of 1930 models. If your refrigerator is five years old, put a new G-E in your kitchen and be money ahead. Three G-E styles from which to choose: Monitor Top, Flatop and Liftop models.

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What the Readers Say

Beans

Boston, Mass.—Beverly Smith's account of his tour in search of choice New England dishes (*Let's Eat*, September, 1935) was most interesting. But what surprised and disappointed me, a New England housewife, was that our famous beans apparently left him cold. I gathered that he was not only quite at sea as to how we make them appetizing, but that he has no taste for beans anyway, in any form. It is hard to believe, but am I right?—Mrs. L. A. B.

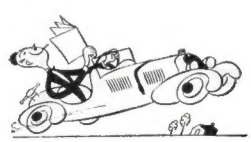
We air-mailed this letter to Mr. Smith, who, with Mrs. Smith, is, at this writing, in the Southwest, continuing his gastronomical tour of the country. Here is his reply:

El Paso, Tex.—I am mighty sorry if I gave the lady in Boston the wrong impression. Most emphatically I *do* like beans; but I also know how I like them, and my wife, who is a New Englander, knows how to fix them that way. She goes down to a nice store on the corner and buys a fresh, shiny can of high-grade baked beans. Skillfully stripping the beans of their tin shell with a can opener, she puts them into a flat Spanish earthenware baking dish. She adds powdered mustard, a little butter, and brown sugar. Then she brings the pork to the top so it can crisp in the heat, shoves the open dish into the oven, and bakes for twenty minutes.

This may not be cricket, or it may be treason, but I enjoy it mightily.—Beverly Smith.

Under the Breath

Waltham, Mass.—I hereby commend you for substituting the phrase "thirty seconds of profanity" for the profanity itself, in a recent story. Cigarette smoking, drinking, lying, and cursing in heroes and heroines—bah!—F. F.



Willy-Nilly

Waco, Tex.—Thanks a lot for *Mile-a-Minute Men* (August) by Governor Hoffman. At times I have been what he terms a "willy-nilly" driver, and he surely opened my eyes. I promise to be more careful. I am also passing this article on to a few "willy-nilly" friends of mine.—C. M.

Monterey, Calif.—Governor Hoffman's article is worth a year's subscription, even if a person read nothing else. I hope some of these other mile-a-minute men read and think of these important facts about driving, when they are doing 60 and watching the blond girl in the car ahead.—C. H.

Daring?

Craig, Mo.—Hero worship is as natural to me as breathing. A tale of daring can always stir the blood along my veins to a quicker pace. But after reading Hubert Kelley's *A "Weakling" Conquers the Arctic* (August), I am appalled to find myself left not only cold but distinctly disgusted. Why a sane human being should do what David Irwin did, *with such a motive*, is more than I can see. Had he undergone such hardship and degradation for some purpose—to save a life, to further science, even to make a lot of money, I could admire his fortitude. But to go bearded, unwashed, starved, and frozen, reducing life to stone-age elements just to satisfy some primitive urge within himself, is beyond me.—Miss G. P.

Do you agree?

Cheers

Brookfield, Ill.—Those nifty-looking outfits designed for men by Elizabeth Hawes should be recognized by American manhood as a means of emancipation from the generally uncomfortable clothes we have had wished on us by the stylists of this generation.

I'll be one of the twenty in that theater party, and I'll bet there are more than nineteen other young men in this country who would give three cheers for a change to those styles.—J. E. M.

From the response we've had to "Tailor Beware" (September), it's beginning to look as though Miss Hawes will have to hire a hall for her theater party.

• • •

Random Shots

Flat River, Mo.—Let's not turn our American boys into a bunch of mollycoddles who go in for mushy internationalism.—Mrs. A. P.

Charles Town, W. Va.—One of my life's ambitions is to be considered a true gentleman by one and all alike.—K. B.

Cleveland, Ohio.—Will you please tell me the polite thing to do when your wife and daughter laugh at you?—P. H.

Cumberland, Md.—The present generation is highly polluted with nitwits who imagine themselves so mentally efficient and indispensable to mankind that they are worthy of only the very finest positions and infinite salaries.—A. B.

Patriot, Ind.—Would you be pleased or astonished (or both) if you received a letter from someone contented with the way the world is treating him?—O. N.

Beaumont, Tex.—Most of the people of the universe *needed* the depression.—Mrs. C. H.

Indianapolis, Ind.—Can you pronounce "quintuplets" correctly?—M. W.

St. Paul, Minn.—I'm glad The American has good illustrations for its stories, because I'm one of those persons who don't read the stories unless they like the pictures.—Miss H. G.

Where?

Tulsa, Okla.—I have been a reader of your magazine for many years and I can't help but note the difference in today's type of hero as contrasted with that of a few years ago. What has become of the overnight millionaire successes we used to read about? We used to look up to this type of individual as a mark to shoot at. Since they ain't what they used to be, what has happened to them?—L. B.

Personal: Ex-overnight heroes and millionaires, please communicate. Where are you? Worried.

It's the Berries

Fairbanks, Alaska—In Jack Dempsey's article, *He-Men Wear Aprons* (July), he says bear meat ain't much good. It must be that his bears on the Rio Grande is different to ours on the Tanana. Let him come up here, get one of our bears when it is young, and after it has had a straight diet of blueberries for two or three weeks. After he has put a hunk of it through its kitchen paces, and throwed two or three servings into his tummy, if he don't give praises to his Good Lord for sending so fine an animal to this earth, he is a veritable heathen.—W. C.

Mother

Flint, Mich.—I have just finished reading one of those "poor, neglected, dear old mother" yarns that make me see red. Why, tell me, do mothers have to feel so sorry for themselves because the boys go away on a boat trip and the girls go out to the lake for a week end? Why do they have to wail about "empty rooms" and "mother's usefulness being gone"? I am a widow with four children. My youngsters are out, here, there, and everywhere—and leave me alone—and I LOVE IT. I have my own interests, which are not theirs at all. I enjoy being with them, but I don't want them all the time, and I can't get a martyr complex when they prefer their friends to me. I've had my young life and my play days, and I don't expect to have them again. I believe in living my age.—Mrs. C. M.

Puzzle

Here's a ticklish question which jumped up at us out of our mail this month. Just to be mean, we're passing it along, so you readers can stay up nights arguing.

Uvalde, Tex.—Should I, firmly believing the defendant to be guilty, when my eleven fellow jurors believed him innocent, have continued to vote guilty and thereby caused great additional expense and delay, or should I have freed him?—A. D.

Missing Ad Page

United States Treasury Building

From 1900 up to 1934 the leaf tobacco used for cigarettes increased from
13,084,037 lbs. to
326,093,357 lbs.;
an increase of 2392%

. . .

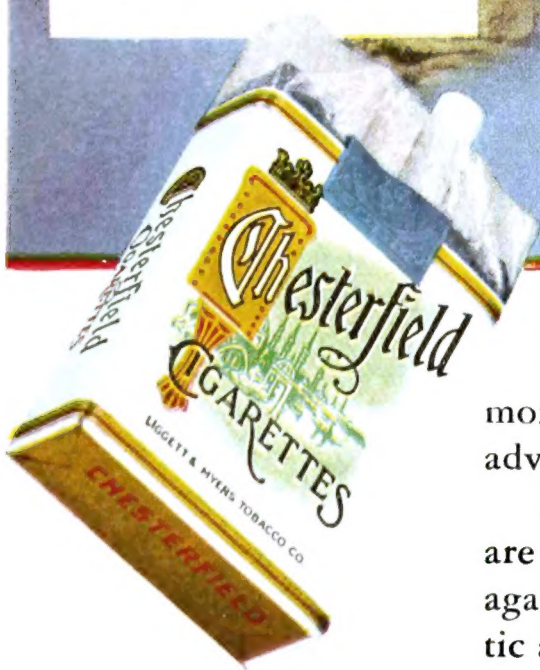
There is no substitute for mild, ripe tobacco

During the year ending June 30, 1900, the Government collected from cigarette taxes
$3,969,191
For the year ending June 30, 1934, the same taxes were
$350,299,442
an increase of 8725%

—a lot of money.

. . .

Cigarettes give a lot of pleasure to a lot of people.



More cigarettes are smoked today because more people know about them—they are better advertised.

But the main reason for the increase is that they are made better—made of better tobaccos; then again the tobaccos are blended—a blend of Domestic and Turkish tobaccos.

Chesterfield is made of mild, ripe tobaccos. Everything that science knows about is used in making it a milder and better-tasting cigarette.

We believe you will enjoy them.

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